

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 2014

RED SOX
NATION: AN
ORAL HISTORY
PART II OF
DON WINSLOW'S
EXCLUSIVE
NOVELLA
THE INTERVIEW:
JONAH HILL
INSANE
BACHELOR PADS
THE GUIDE
TO GOURMET
BATHING
THE PIONEERING
EROTIC AUTEUR
PUNK ROCK
IN IRAN
20Q WITH
KEVIN HART

2014
*Playmate
of the
Year*

KENNEDY
SUMMERS

*Bonus
Slideshow
Included!*

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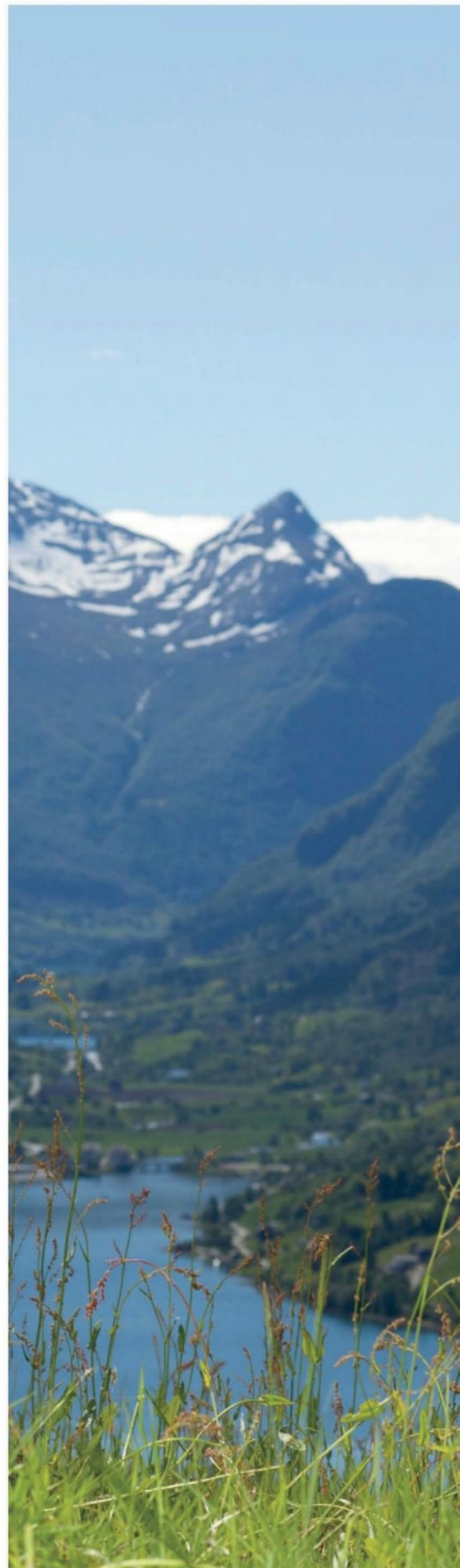
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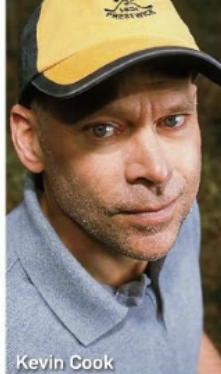
FORTUNE™

YOUR FORTUNE AWAITS.



What divides man from beast? Self-mastery, of course. Our June issue is packed with tales of those conquerors, the people who constantly push culture, sport, design and human ability to their limits. We'll start with a story for our baseball fans, who know Boston has mastered the management of expectations.

Kevin Cook's *Red Sox Nation* is an intricate oral history detailing how the team reversed the nearly century-long curse of the Bambino, with Denis Leary, Conan O'Brien, fans, former players and journalists reliving the good times and the bad. BoSox faithful will relate to endurance master Wim Hof, whose hobbies include swimming in icy arctic waters and climbing Mount Everest in shorts. In *Iceman Cometh*, his superhuman feats, as witnessed by **Scott Carney**, will have you questioning whether Hof is a genetic anomaly or a genius of self-control. Erotic writer **Toni Bentley** uncovers a more sensual type of brilliance in *The Legend of Henry Paris*, a profile of Radley Metzger, the godfather of pornography's golden age. What makes him different? He transformed sex in cinema by imbuing his work with "that most underrated erotic component of all: love." We also talk to a man who describes himself as a five-foot-four sex god: In *20Q*, comedian **Kevin Hart** explains how he achieved such a lofty status, chronicles his endless appetite for work and shares why Robert De Niro has the best war stories in the business. If your comedic tastes run more toward the Frat Pack, Jonah Hill explains to **David Hochman** in our *Playboy Interview* how he went from high school cutup to shrewd leading man, revealing the secret to having a successful career on nobody's terms but his own. In her *Talk* article, "Does Porn Have a Prostitution Problem?" **Jessica Ogilvie** looks at how hard times are leading adult-film actresses to escort on the side. **Hilary Winston's** *Women* column spells out one way to keep your girl happy: Spring for that European vacation. (But best not take romance tips from the new show Winston produces—the hilarious *Bad Teacher* on CBS.) Europe may win points with its fairy-tale cobblestone streets, but contemporary architects capture the ineffable through horizon-slicing, jaw-dropping design. **Nicholas Tamarin** presents the work of three cutting-edge firms in *Mod Men*. Lastly, we have the pleasure to present our 2014 Playmate of the Year: the boundlessly sexy **Kennedy Summers**, who poses through the decades for celebrated photographer **Michael Bernard**. She holds two degrees and is now conquering medical school—how's that for self-mastery?



Kevin Cook



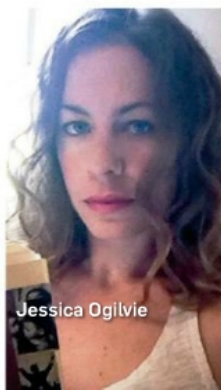
Scott Carney



Toni Bentley



David Hochman



Jessica Ogilvie

PLAYBILL



Kevin Hart



Hilary Winston



Nicholas Tamarin



Michael Bernard with Kennedy Summers



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A BRETT RATNER FILM

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JULY

PLAYBOY

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BILL DONAHUE reveals the loud, angry and illegal music bubbling up from the Iranian underground.

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Indulge her with a bath she'll never forget. Indulge yourself too. We show you how, in intimate detail.

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His erotic films have transcended pornography to become masterpieces, and their origins, as **TONI BENTLEY** finds out, are as unlikely as Radley Metzger's life itself.

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DAVID HOCHMAN uncovers the actor's best stories and new outlook on fame as he journeys from Frat Pack to Oscar favorite.



COVER STORY

Who better to play a flower child for our cover than Kennedy Summers, a woman as altruistic as she is ravishing. Our Rabbit is attracted to both traits, and this month you'll find him right under her nose.

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96 KEVIN HART

Whether it's sex or comedy, Hart's life is a self-fulfilling prophecy. By **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

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With their lives and livelihoods on the line, **DON WINSLOW**'s extreme athletes embark from sky, ocean and land on a heist that makes James Bond look sedentary.

PHOTOGRAPHY, THIS PAGE AND COVER, BY **MICHAEL BERNARD**

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

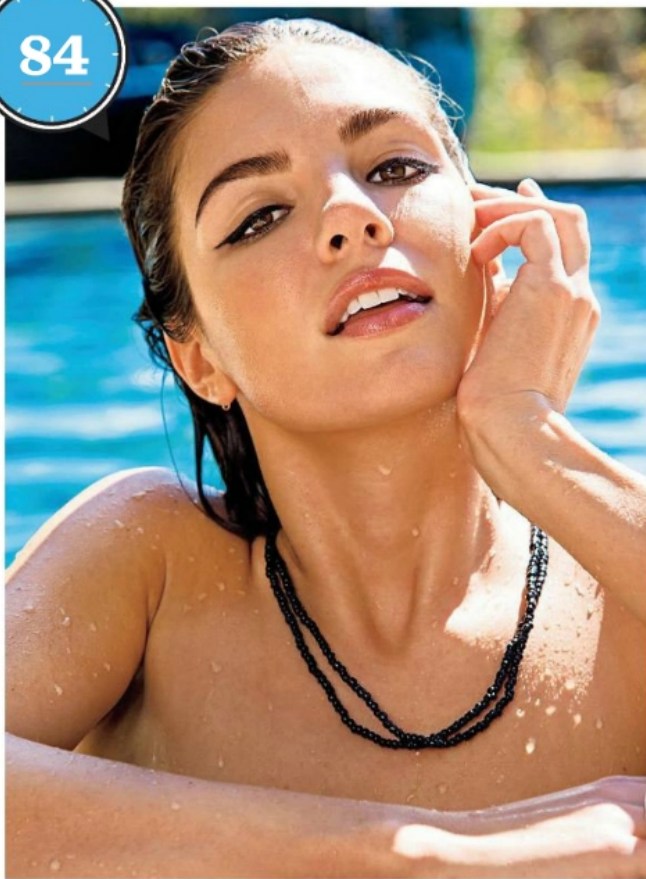
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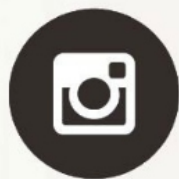
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FROM THE ARCHIVES: PRETTY IN PINK

Fifty years ago, PMOY 1964 Donna Michelle was showered with "Playmate pink" gifts, including Ventura luggage, Mr. Mort clothing and a custom Ford Mustang. As it happens, this summer style authority British *Vogue* is "looking forward to a new season seen through rose or fuchsia, blush, bubble gum or neon pink tinted spectacles. If in doubt, make it pink." What goes around, comes around.

playmates.com



SITE FOR SORE EYES

In conjunction with the PMOY 2014 announcement, Playmates.com debuted as a one-stop source of information about your favorite Centerfolds, past and present. Going beyond the girls' social media feeds, the site will give you personal updates far greater than 140 characters. It will also feature behind-the-scenes photos from Playmate shoots and never-before-seen outtakes. It's also entirely SFW, so feel free to bookmark it on your office computer. Eating at your desk has never been so enjoyable.



THE BUNNY IS BIG IN JAPAN

As part of our 60th year of influencing international culture, we teamed with Japanese streetwear brand Hysteric Glamour to create a line of Playboy-inspired fashion. Launched in Tokyo but available online, the chic wares range from men's camo blazers to women's high-waisted miniskirts.



HOORAY FOR HEF

In appreciation of Hef's multiple efforts to save the Hollywood sign, artist Bill Mack painted two images of our Editor-in-Chief on a piece of metal sourced from the original sign that stood in the hills.

THE VIRUS ISN'T THE ONLY ENEMY



FROM MICHAEL BAY

THE LAST SHIP

NEW SERIES SUNDAY JUNE 22 9/8c



AN HONEST WAR

I was saddened to read Vince Beiser's article chronicling the death of War, West Virginia mayor Tom Hatcher (*Prescription for Death*, March). Beiser's earlier PLAYBOY article on Mayor Hatcher ("Overdose County, USA," *Forum*, April 2012) detailed his struggle to maintain the health and safety of the citizens of this small Appalachian coal town beset by poverty, unemployment and drug use. The mayor's efforts ultimately ended with his own death at the hands of a family member. My father's family lived in War; I remember as a child spending summer vacations in this town with clean streets and welcoming people. The coal mines had not yet been shut down, and people lived a relatively content life. Unfortunately, my thoughts of a future visit for a nostalgic remembrance of my family roots have ended with Beiser's writings.

John Murphy
Alexandria, Virginia

I got to know Vince Beiser several years ago when he interviewed our beloved former mayor Tom Hatcher. Tom's death has devastated our little town. Things like this just don't happen in War, West Virginia. Vince related the true story, just as it unfolded. His article is an accurate and honest report on our town, its people, the drug problems and the troubled life of Tom Hatcher. All the comments I have received from the public here at City Hall have been positive. It's not often that a small town such as ours gets this kind of recognition. I am positive that Tom would have approved of the article. A big thank-you from all of us in War.

Mayor Kitten Cempella
War, West Virginia

NO GETO BOYS? WTF?

I know that top-20 lists (*20 Greatest Songs With Swearing*, April) are supposed to create discussion and debate, but how could Craig Marks and Rob Tannenbaum fail to mention the Geto Boys' "Gangsta of Love," a groundbreaking, expletive-filled and ridiculously catchy rap anthem? Its absence calls into question the credibility of the entire article.

Donald Adam
New York, New York

We asked Marks and Tannenbaum for a response. They replied, "Would you believe that song was number 21?"

TRÈS SHEIK

Great article about the Iron Sheik (*I Will Make You Humble!*, March). As a lifelong wrestling fan, I know the Sheik refers to those he disdains as "jabronis," but I didn't know he refers to those he admires as being "Sheik class." Keith Elliot Greenberg's story shows that as far as being a character—both in and

DEAR PLAYBOY

Stan Lee's Due Credit

April's *Playboy Interview* delighted me by uniting two American icons, Stan Lee and PLAYBOY. But it irks me that although Lee gained fame for creating Hulk, the X-Men and other characters, it is the movie executives who get to swim in their Scrooge McDuck money bins, thanks to Marvel's House of Ideas. Meanwhile, the folks responsible for these creations—especially Lee's cohorts, including artists Steve Ditko and Jack Kirby—are relegated to the shadows. At least Kirby is accustomed to being ripped off: Roy Lichtenstein cleverly appropriated Kirby's style, the same pop art your girlfriend raves about at museums despite chiding you for the juvenile nature of your comic-book collection. In the end, Stan Lee's answers underscore that we should enjoy Lee while we can. "Who the hell is Ultron?" indeed.

Ashok Selvam
Chicago, Illinois

I remember when comic books were disreputable; neighborhoods held bonfires to destroy them, and it was embarrassing to say you produced them. It's wonderful to see Stan Lee receive the accolades he has truly earned for the exceptional writing and editing he did in the 1960s.

out of the ring—the Iron Sheik is in a class all by himself.

Ian Springer
Los Angeles, California

My family and I used to know the Iron Sheik when he lived in Texas, and I have fond memories of him. I was only five at the time, but I can still recall this great man of giant physique and stature. Moreover, around us kids he did not use the colorful language he exchanged in your article. He was kind and considerate, and that is the way I will always remember him. I wish him all the best.

Tracey Henderson
Springfield, Missouri

ALTERNATIVE HEALTH CARE?

Thank you for the enlightening glimpse into OneTaste and orgasmic meditation (*Pleasure Seekers*, March). It has always surprised me that more wellness programs don't incorporate pleasure. We should all embrace the body's potential as wholeheartedly as these "OMing" practitioners do. As a woman, I was also



His work still stands as the foundation of Marvel Comics half a century later.
Via the internet

I'm baffled. Stan Lee is such an awesome and kind guy, but every time I hear him talk about comics I lose a bit of respect. He really doesn't recognize Ultron, one of Marvel's biggest villains, created nearly 50 years ago? Did he just stop reading comics once he stopped writing them? How can he have so little passion for them? It's mind-boggling.

Via the internet

impressed to learn about the intense focus on female arousal. It's not often that clits are granted more attention than their male counterparts. Kudos to writer Molly Oswaks for (*ahem*) penetrating this awesome world and writing such an insightful, thorough piece.

Mélanie Berliet
New York, New York

In Molly Oswaks's article about OneTaste, the size of the convention group—more than 1,000 people—stood out to me. In a gathering that large, I would imagine the intimacy has been removed from the equation and the focus is more technical and meditative, as it is in yoga. Is that the intent? Also, I wish the article included more about the experiences of the couples who met for the first time at the seminar and how their experiences differ from those of longtime couples.

Camilo Quiroz-Vazquez
New York, New York



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A man with dark hair and a beard is captured in a dynamic, mid-stride pose, leaning forward. He is shirtless, wearing a black watch on his left wrist, a checkered necktie, and dark shorts. He is holding a newspaper in his right hand, and another newspaper is flying through the air to his right. He is wearing bright green and black striped socks and black dress shoes. The background is a solid dark grey.

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PLAYBOY

Afterhours

- JUNE -
2014

BECOMING ATTRACTION

KATHERINE BAILLESS

- "SOUTHERN women get what they want by using their charm," says Mississippi-born actress Katherine Bailless. On VH1's *Hit the Floor*, she plays a former stripper who joins a basketball team's dance squad. The role provides the sultry blonde with a chance to use the moves she learned as a competitive gymnast. "I can jump in the air and land in a split with a smile," Katherine says. "Who doesn't feel sexy making heads turn?"

Photography by MICHAEL EDWARDS/
MEINMYPLACE.COM

FULL-COURT DEPRESSION

THE NBA EXPANDED THE PLAYOFFS MORE THAN A DECADE AGO IN AN ATTEMPT TO PROVE BAD BASKETBALL IS BETTER THAN NONE AT ALL. THE NBA WAS WRONG

Among the many common denominators of major sports is a mantra as old as America itself: More is better. Major league baseball added wild-card spots to the playoffs, the NFL is talking about it, and the new college football playoff system implemented this year will bring the total number of bowl games to 39—including the Beef ‘O’ Brady’s Bowl, the *TaxSlayer.com* Bowl and the Famous Idaho Potato Bowl. So when does too much of a good thing sag toward mediocrity? Just look at the NBA, which this year will mark the 11th post-season since it moved the first round from five games to a best-of-seven format. Conspiracy theorists will insist the move was then NBA commissioner David Stern’s attempt to give the Kobe-and-Shaq Los Angeles Lakers more airtime in an era when the league was struggling for stars. More likely the motivation was money: More games mean added profits from tickets and advertisements, no small deal considering the pool of money divvied up every year among playoff teams.

But has the change been good for competition? The numbers say no: Nearly half the series played since the change have been 4–0 or 4–1 blowouts, which means we aren’t being served more quality basketball, just miserable mismatches. That’s what happens when more than half the teams in the league qualify for the playoffs. What’s more, the best-of-seven format makes it harder for underdog teams to defeat higher-seeded teams and create the type of chaos on which the playoffs thrive. Minnesota Timberwolves center Ronny Turiaf played on the 2005–2006

Lakers, a team that built a 3–1 first-round lead against the higher-seeded Phoenix Suns before losing three in a row. “It’s harder to pull off an upset because it’s more games. With March Madness, you have to invest because you never know what can happen over one game,” Turiaf says. He’s ambivalent about the need for change, though. “Upsets do happen,” he says. “Usually the best team at that moment wins.” (The subtext: There’s no whining in sports.)

Indeed, there have been a few colossal upsets since the NBA moved to the best-of-seven format. Most memorably, in 2007 the Golden State Warriors upset the Dallas Mavericks as an eight seed, needing only six games to pull it off. The result arguably generated more interest than if Dallas had cruised to victory. Why not encourage that kind of drama by reducing the number of games and teams? There’s no indication the league is thinking about switching back. “We changed it more than 10 years ago. No real new ground here,” wrote Tim Frank, the NBA’s senior vice president of communications, when asked for comment. Fine. But who really wins when one of the best teams in the league lays down another ugly four-game sweep on a collection of schlubs? Don’t ask us. We won’t be watching either.—*Jeremy Gordon*



COURT JESTERS

THE NBA'S MOST FORGETTABLE PLAYOFFS



Pacers-Celtics

2005

→ Antoine Walker’s last gasp with the Celtics saw Boston needing a game-seven home win against the lower-seeded Pacers. They lost by 27 points.



Hawks-Heat

2009

→ If the ideal series is closely contested, this wasn’t ideal: seven games of double-digit margins as Dwyane Wade tried (and failed) to beat Atlanta by himself.



Hawks-Bucks

2010

→ Seven games without a single player a casual fan could name. The Hawks eventually won, then proceeded to get swept in the second round.



Bulls-Nets

2013

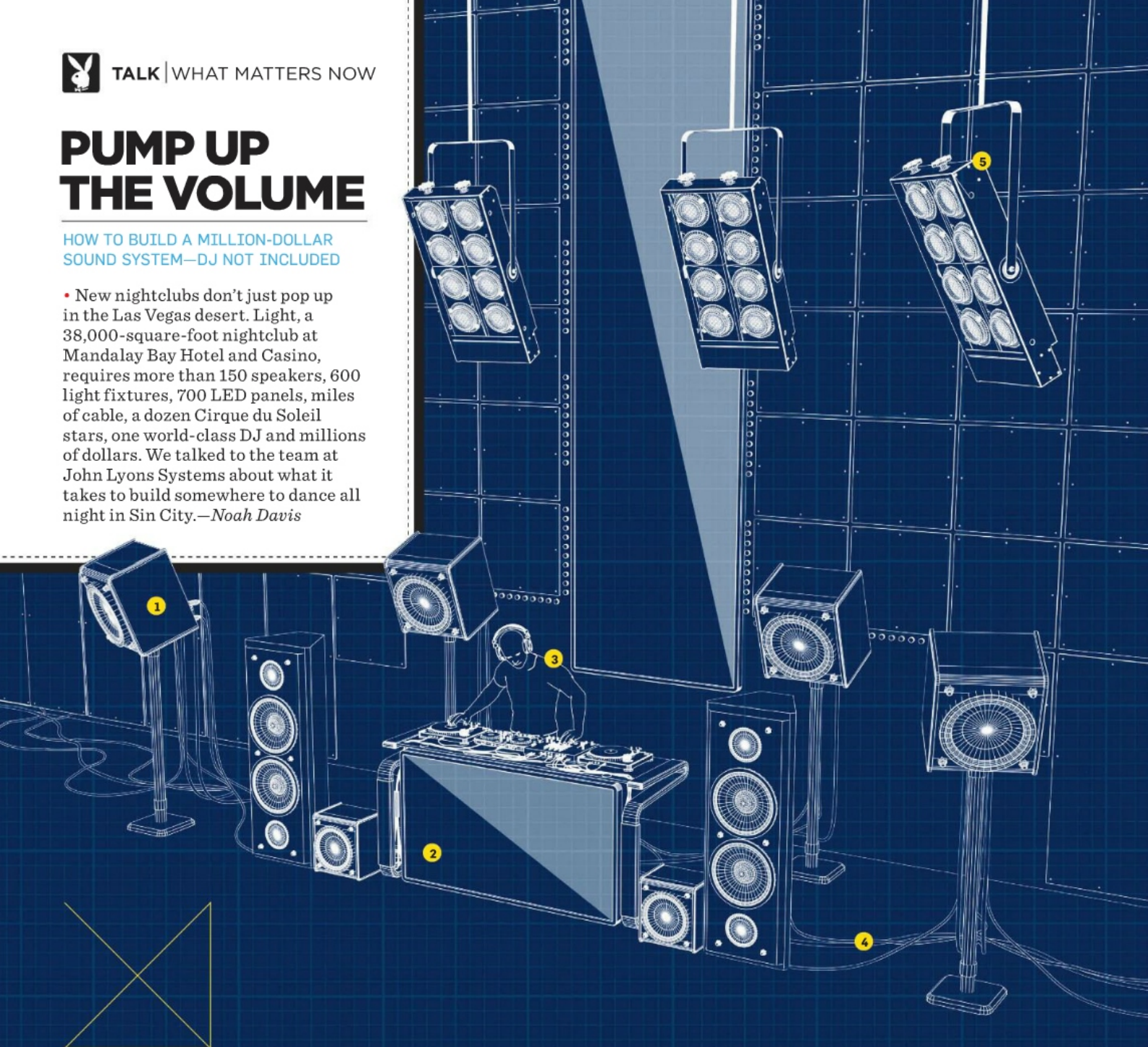
→ Playing without Derrick Rose, the downtrodden Bulls pulled off a series of ugly wins over the passionless Nets, who lost game seven at home.



PUMP UP THE VOLUME

HOW TO BUILD A MILLION-DOLLAR SOUND SYSTEM—DJ NOT INCLUDED

• New nightclubs don't just pop up in the Las Vegas desert. Light, a 38,000-square-foot nightclub at Mandalay Bay Hotel and Casino, requires more than 150 speakers, 600 light fixtures, 700 LED panels, miles of cable, a dozen Cirque du Soleil stars, one world-class DJ and millions of dollars. We talked to the team at John Lyons Systems about what it takes to build somewhere to dance all night in Sin City. —Noah Davis



1. BRING THE NOISE

• Light has 167 speakers, including a dance-floor system of eight mains and 10 two-by-21-inch subs. Each of the four bathrooms has six speakers. The system cranks out 141 decibels per speaker. Your iPhone earbuds won't go over 100 decibels; a jet engine taking off is roughly 140 decibels. Yes, Light can get really loud.

Cost: \$190,000.

Fact: Technicians spent two weeks equalizing the system; a mere 15-millisecond delay

between speakers can cause migraines.

2. VIDEO STAR

• Start with 724 LED panels that cover more than 2,500 square feet and gulp nearly 200,000 watts. Add another 3,800 individual nodes (900 square feet) and four video projectors (925 square feet). At 4,400 square feet, Light's total video output would cover an area about the size of an NBA court, or nearly 500 51-inch TVs.

Cost: A replacement lamp for just one

of the projectors costs \$4,250.

Fact: Moment Factory, which has created computer animation for artists ranging from Madonna (her Super Bowl halftime show) to Jay Z, designed Light's video content.

3. HEY, DJ

• When superstar DJ Sebastian Ingrosso spins, he uses four CD players, a mixing board and a computer interface box. He also needs a set of speakers to monitor the music and a way to amplify and

digitally process the speakers.

Cost: More than \$50,000—that's \$9,000 for the setup, \$27,000 for the speakers and \$18,000 for the processors.

Fact: The grand total for a world-class DJ setup costs more than a 2014 Porsche Boxster (which has a price tag of \$50,400).

4. GET WIRED

• The combined length of Light's sound-, lighting- and video-related wiring is somewhere between eight and

12 miles—twice the length of the entire Vegas Strip. You wouldn't want to run that far, especially in the Vegas heat.

Cost: At 50 cents a foot, Light's wiring cost around \$25,000.

Fact: We haven't even touched on the wiring Light needs for its data networks, point-of-sale system and more.

5. LIGHT 'EM UP

• Light's lights include 651 fixtures capable of gobbling up a total of 150,000 watts per

hour. The system uses 25,000 DMX channels (think on-off switches for each movement) to control every aspect. The club has eight snow machines, eight fog machines, two confetti cannons and 18 hazers for atmospheric. Gotta have hazers.

Cost: The 144 Elation lights alone clocked in around \$625,000.

Fact: It took five months to program the lighting system, which offers, quite literally, an infinite number of possible configurations.



DOES PORN HAVE A PROSTITUTION PROBLEM?

A NEW GENERATION OF PORN STARS IS MAKING MONEY ON—AND OFF—THE SCREEN

Jennifer (not her real name) is reluctant to talk. She is sitting in a brown leather booth in a throwback Hollywood diner, her arms folded gently across her chest. The look on her face is skeptical, and not without reason.

She agreed to meet here to discuss her work, and that work happens to hinge on one crucial component: discretion. As the owner of a Los Angeles-based escort agency, she could land in jail. On top of that, she deals with a unique group of employees: They are almost exclusively porn stars. "There is definitely a social stigma around what the girls are doing," says Jennifer. "People will pawn off their judgments on the girls. They'll tell them that they're bad for escorting, and it's hard to break through that."

Stigma or no stigma, escorting on the side is becoming more and more common for porn actresses. The big money that could once be made in adult films is gone, thanks to the growth of the web. The market is increasingly saturated with new talent, leading the industry's women to look to other avenues to pay the bills.

As recently as the mid- to late 2000s, porn workers would be blackballed for seeing clients in private. The stars had an image to uphold—the Jenna Jamesons



of the adult-film world had made their lifestyle appear glamorous, and associating themselves with escorting put a crack in the facade.

But now, moonlighting as an escort is commonplace. Today there's even a reversal: Because porn stars can charge more for private sessions, women who see a financial opportunity are getting into porn with the sole intention of jacking up their escorting rates.

"There's a new breed of incoming girls who understand that you only do porn to make more money escorting," says Kayden Kross, a porn star who has been in the industry since 2007. "Girls come in who have been escorting, or who intend to, and they know that if they do porn and have a name, they are going to be able to charge \$1,000 or \$1,500 an hour, as opposed to a couple hundred otherwise."

For those who want to, it's not hard to break into escorting. Agencies like Jennifer's use recommendations of friends and clients to find new employees, and they promote their girls online. Other companies seek out escorts in person and find clients exclusively through word-of-mouth. Some women decide to go it alone, building their own websites and brands.

Either way, there is no shortage of men willing to pay for the thrill of sleeping with someone they've watched onscreen and lusted after. Because of the high rates and high rewards, these men tend to be wealthy, with a penchant for adrenaline-

inducing power grabs. Most are able to keep it on the down low, but some get caught. Last year, former Miramax executive Richard Nanula was accused of hiring porn stars to sleep with him and filming the sessions in an attempt to keep his activities legal.

Men aren't the only ones getting off on the experience. For women, hooking can also be a power trip. "They know there's a mystique around them," Jennifer says. "Girls really like to be able to blow guys' minds, knowing that they gave them something nobody else ever could."

In addition to the rush of feeling like a "goddess," as Jennifer puts it, there's the fact that women who hook can have more control over what they will and won't do. They call the shots when it comes to condom use. They set their own times and locations, and they pick and choose whom they will get into bed with.

No matter how common escorting becomes, it remains a dirty little secret inside the porn industry. Few porn actresses will admit to doing it, and very few people on the business side will cop to knowing it goes on.

The stigma exists in part for obvious reasons. Some porn stars and players in the industry think actresses who hook are more likely to bring sexually transmitted diseases onto sets. Others think escorts are taking money away from porn and putting it directly in their own pockets—or in the pockets of whoever represents them.

But there's also an unspoken hierarchy within the adult industry, one in which women judge one another rather mercilessly. "Strippers think they're better than porn stars because they're not doing porn," Kross explains. "Porn

stars think they're better than escorts because they're not escorting. Escorts think they're better than both because the others are dumb for not making all the money they can make. Each one kind of looks down on the others, unless they do all three."—Jessica Ogilvie

***"They know
there's a
mystique
around them.
Girls really
like to
be able to
blow guys'
minds."***



NOT JUST ANY DATA

THE CUP

Make your year not just any year as Playmate of the Year 2013, Raquel Pomplun, gives you the social currency needed on worldly events to always make you the most interesting man in the room. This month Playboy takes the field with 10 facts we bet you didn't know about international football's biggest competition of the year.

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1



Approximately
**3.2
BILLION**
people watched
the 2010 matches.
That's 46.4% of
the world.

2



3



A total of **3,587,538**
fans – averaging almost 69,000
per game - clicked through the
turnstiles during the 1994
USA competitions.

4

Brazil has won
5 TIMES,
and they are the
only team to have
played in every
tournament.



IN 1970, Mexico became the first
nation outside of Europe and South
America to host the competition.

7



OVER 30
referees work the
Cup, hailing from
28 countries.

8

9, the number
of tournaments
Team USA has
appeared in. Their
best finish was
third in 1930.

5

When the trophy was
stolen prior to the
1966 CUP
in England and was
missing for a week, a
dog named Pickles,
out for a walk by his
owner, discovered
the trophy wrapped
in newspapers at
the bottom of
some bushes.

6

171, total goals
scored during the
1998 matches in
France.

9



Germany has played a total of **99** matches,
more than any other nation. Brazil, with **97,**
follows in second place.



10

**76**

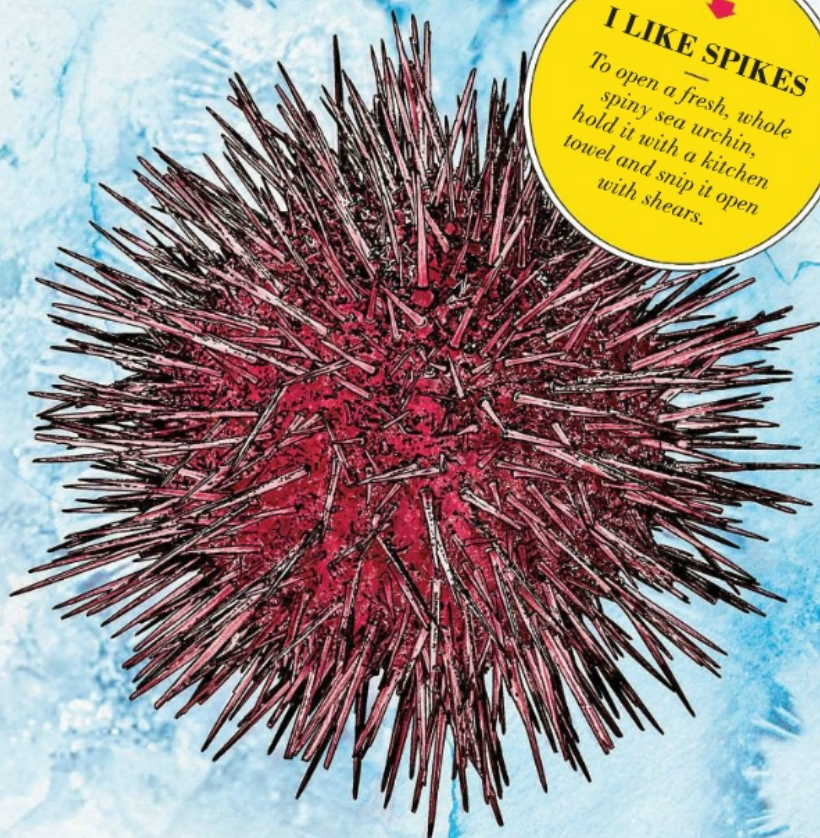
— number of nations that have played since
the first edition in 1930.

NUMERO UNI

SPINY AND SUBLIME SEA URCHIN IS THE SEAFOOD OF THE MOMENT

Sea urchin has overcome some major PR problems. On the outside it looks like a cross between a hand grenade and a hedgehog; on the inside it has roe sacs the texture of butterscotch pudding. Weird? Yes, but also delicious. Sea urchin, also known by its Japanese name, *uni*, was once the province of only the most intrepid sushi warriors. But it has slithered into the hands of some of the country's most creative chefs. "The clean, neutral taste of fresh sea urchin makes it very versatile," says Ori Menashe, chef-owner of Bestia in Los Angeles. "I can use it with pasta, pork, eggs and fish." With these three easy recipes from Menashe, now you can dive into *uni*'s buttery, briny lusciousness.—Carolynn Carreño

I LIKE SPIKES
To open a fresh, whole spiny sea urchin, hold it with a kitchen towel and snip it open with shears.



1



Uni Pasta

→ Cook one pound spaghetti. Sauté two minced shallots, two minced garlic cloves and a pinch of chili flakes in a pan over medium heat. Add splashes of white wine and vegetable stock. Whisk one-third cup sea urchin into a puree. Transfer cooked pasta to pan with shallots and garlic; turn off heat. Add puree and toss to coat spaghetti.

2



Uni Crudo

→ Lay eight half-inch-thick nectarine wedges on a serving platter. Place a sea urchin "tongue" on each nectarine and drape over each wedge one thin slice of *lardo* (Italian-style cured pork belly; order the La Quercia brand at murrayscheese.com). Sprinkle with sea salt and roughly torn fresh mint leaves. Drizzle with extra-virgin olive oil.

3



Uni Crostini

→ Beat six eggs with two tablespoons crème fraîche, two tablespoons cream, a quarter cup freshly grated Parmesan and a pinch of salt. Heat two tablespoons butter in a sauté pan over medium heat, add egg mix and soft-scramble. Spoon eggs over toasted baguette slices. Lay a sea urchin "tongue" on each; sprinkle with sea salt and minced chives.



TRAY COOL

• Some of the best sea urchin comes from Santa Barbara, California. Opening an urchin can be a hassle, so look for bamboo trays of "processed" urchin; it should be light orange in color.





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PARTY IN A BOTTLE

BOTTLING COCKTAILS BEFORE THE BASH IS A BARTENDER'S TRICK EVERY HOST SHOULD KNOW

If you've ever thrown a proper cocktail party only to find yourself spending more time measuring and mixing than mingling with guests, you know the perils of the age of mixology. Enter the prebatched cocktail, a no-brainer that catering bartenders and margarita masters know well but not enough other people do: Simply multiply the ingredients in your favorite cocktail by six, funnel them into a bottle and then shake or stir portions as requested. Be sure to serve a drink novel and delicious enough to improve your reputation as a tasteful host (martinis and margaritas are a little obvious). Here's a summery rum-based spin on the old fashioned to get you started.—*Charles Joly*

RUM OLD FASHIONED

(makes one 750-milliliter bottle/six servings)

You'll need a funnel, a measuring cup and 750-milliliter bottles to batch these up. Old wine or liquor bottles with the labels removed do the trick (soak bottles in hot, soapy water to make it easier). Mix up one bottle for every three guests so everyone can have seconds.

COCKTAILS TO GO

• No time to mix?
These bottled cocktails are top-shelf



1. High West 36th Vote Barreled Manhattan

→ A rye manhattan that's been mellowed in oak barrels for 120 days. (\$57, highwest.com)



2. Crafthouse Cocktails Southside

→ Gin, lime juice, cane sugar and mint make for a refreshing pre-game. (\$20, crafthousecocktails.com)



3. Fluid Dynamics Brandy Manhattan

→ Brandy produces an elegant version of the classic cocktail. (\$64, caddellwilliams.com)

Ingredients

- 12 oz. aged rum such as El Dorado 12 year, Mount Gay Black Barrel or Flor de Caña 12 year
- 3 oz. simple syrup
- 9 oz. water
- 6 dashes Angostura bitters
- Orange peel

Prep

→ Make simple syrup (enough for three batches): Heat nine ounces water in a pot. Stir in nine ounces sugar and stir to dissolve.

Let cool. Store extra syrup in refrigerator for up to one week.

Combine everything but the peel in a large bowl or pitcher. Pour through a funnel into a 750-milliliter bottle.

To serve, pour over ice into a rocks glass and garnish with orange peel, misting oils over the drink.

This cocktail is shelf stable and will last indefinitely.

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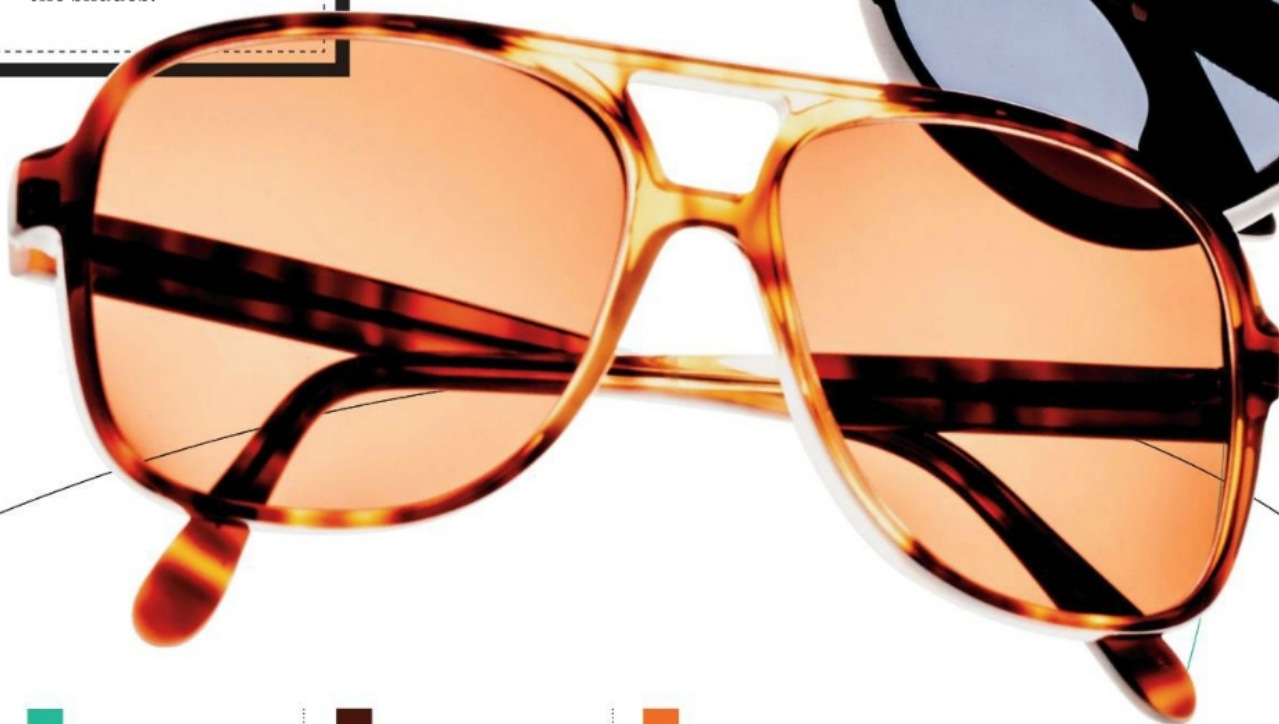




FLY BOYS

LOOK SHARP THIS SUMMER IN COOL, COLORFUL AVIATORS

• Wayfarers are way cool, but this summer you can stand out on the beach or on the streets with a pair of plastic aviator sunglasses. The oversize lenses provide practical protection, while the retro shape and cool colors demand just the right amount of attention. With styles like these, you'll have it made in the shades.



Green Flash

→ Emerald frames and a chrome detail on the arm are all you need to accessorize your rugged tan. Vegas pool party, anyone?

Just Cavalli, \$175 at
[Just Cavalli boutiques](#)

Chocolate City

→ These dangerously dark brown frames from Diesel feature a denim swatch on the side to match your weekend wardrobe.

Diesel, \$195 at select
[Dillard's stores](#)

Shell Game

→ Timeless tortoiseshell frames work with a suit, whether it's business or swim, and will stay in style for years to come.

Ivory + Mason, \$95 at
[ivorymason.com](#)

COLOGNE RANGERS

HOW TO SMELL LIKE YOUR HEROES

• Dressing well isn't just about looking good. If you do it with the right mind-set, it can motivate you to conquer the workday (or the night, for that matter). Once you have the whole dressing-for-success thing down pat, add tactical aromatherapy to your style arsenal. Pick a scent that channels your favorite artists and athletes to take your game to the next level. Here are five iconic colognes and the pop-culture icons rumored to have worn them.

Rock Solid

→ The British royal family favors this classic cologne, as does British rock royalty. It was also the go-to fragrance for none other than James Bond.

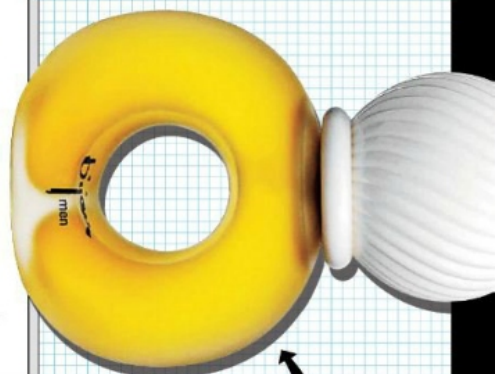
Floris Mahon Leather Eau de Parfum, \$180



Retro Rodeo

→ Go old-school with this fresh and floral Hollywood scent from Bijan, the Rodeo Drive fashion and perfume house to the stars of yesteryear.

Bijan Classic for Men, \$120



Francophile

→ Guerlain Homme may be French, but it smells as fresh and vibrant as a Cuban mojito. This wearable cocktail has floral and woody notes that suit a leading man.

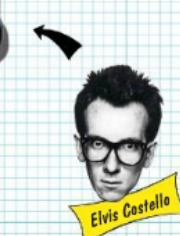
Guerlain Homme Eau de Toilette, \$82



Creed Demons

→ This elegant British status scent is worn by a motley gang of iconoclasts. It's pricey, but the top-shelf swagger it exudes is worth every penny.

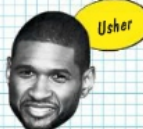
Creed Green Irish Tweed, \$330



Elvis Costello



CHEVY CHASE



Usher



GEORGE CLOONEY



Ozzy Osbourne



CLINT EASTWOOD



Russell Crowe



Jay Leno



CHARLES BORGE



Sylvester Stallone



Net Benefits

→ If excellence and career reinvention are among your goals, you could do worse than turn to the masculine and understated scent created by Renaissance man Michael Jordan.

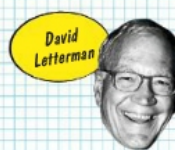
Michael Jordan by Michael Jordan, \$25



MICHAEL JORDAN



Spike Lee



David Letterman



DAVID BOWIE



Mick Jagger



Harrison Ford



MICHAEL CAINE

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Jessa Hinton
Miss July 2011

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Bawdy...*

and a little
naughty.

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in a bottle.

blackhearttrum.com



ROLLING THUNDER

TEARING UP PAVEMENT ON THE NEW CROP OF COOL CRUISERS

Chasing a narrow strip of blacktop to the distant horizon with nothing ahead of you but time, space and freedom. That's the idea behind the cruiser motorcycle, which offers instant entrée to a club of like-minded rebels. The cruiser is as definitively American as the cowboy and the muscle car, and this season a slew of new rides offers classic cruiser style with modern engineering. What was once a class of bike that tried to outdo itself—sacrificing performance and even safety in pursuit of a singular image—has been redefined with fast, capable machinery. We hammered everything out there; here are four of the best.



HARLEY LOW RIDER

→ In 1977 Harley invented the “factory custom” with the original Low Rider, a bike modified to follow customizing trends. Based on the Dyna, this new Low

Rider achieves something similar by dropping the seat height more than an inch and adding heaps of slick 1970s styling. Stats: 1,690 cc V-twin; \$14,199.



TRIUMPH THUNDERBIRD COMMANDER

→ The idea here is a cruiser feel with the European handling and performance that have made the Triumph range famous. Consider it a cruiser you can

ride hard. Triumph even fit its parallel-twin engine with a 270-degree crank to give it that uneven, V-twin rumble. Stats: 1,699 cc; \$15,699.

STAR BOLT

→ While previous entries from Star—Yamaha's cruiser brand—have tried to reinvent the class's formula, the 2014 Bolt is revolutionary in its derivativeness. Star is open about which bike it has in its sights: the best-selling motorcycle in America, Harley's Sportster. The Bolt is remarkably similar to that definitive hog, with just an extra

dose of 21st century braking and handling prowess, enough to make it a more practical companion for everyday use. The air-cooled, fuel-injected 942 cc V-twin is plenty of muscle for most, while the overall package delivers in the

looks department. Shopping for a first bike or a practical commuting vehicle? Start here. For a bit of added cool factor, the R-Spec version—which includes a sweet woven leather seat, black fenders, additional color choices and blacked-out mirror backs—goes for just \$300 extra.



2014 STAR BOLT

- Engine: 942 cc SOHC V-twin
- Horsepower: TBA
- MPG: 47
- Height: 44.1 inches
- Length: 90.2 inches
- Price tag: \$7,990



IMMACULATE COLLECTION

A HOT LAP WITH THE MAN BEHIND THE WORLD'S LARGEST MOTORCYCLE MUSEUM

George Barber launched his Barber Vintage Motorsports Museum in 1995 in an effort to collect in one place humankind's attempt to perfect the powered two-wheel machine. Located in Birmingham, Alabama, the 80,000-square-foot complex currently houses 1,400 bikes. "Guinness World Records has recognized us as the world's largest motorcycle museum," Barber says. "We have gas-, diesel-, electric- and steam-powered bikes, and everything in the museum will start and run except the things that don't have motors." The fastest bike in the collection? "A Suzuki GSX1300R. It will do 200 miles an hour out of the box. That's insane." Most valuable? "For me, the bikes John Surtees [the only person to win Grand Prix titles on two and four wheels] used to win his world championships in the 1950s. They're priceless to me." More than 200 different manufacturers are represented in the five-story collection, including 84 vintage Harleys and a selection of rare World War II bikes. The oldest? "Probably a 1902 Steffey. It's basically a bicycle frame with a motor. That's how it all started." If he could have only one, which would it be? "You can't have a favorite child, and all these bikes are my children. You know, if you listen, these bikes will talk to you. You get the vibrations, all that joyfulness. You can hear it and feel it when you stand by these motorcycles."

DUCATI DIAVEL

→ Redefining the cruiser aesthetic, the Diavel is Ducati's fastest-accelerating and strongest-braking bike. The liquid-cooled V-twin is derived from

Ducati's superbike line, but the long wheelbase and low center of gravity are cruiser hallmarks in 21st century garb. Stats: 1,198 cc; \$20,995.

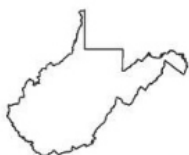




THE WHISKEY TRAIL

DRINK IN AMERICA ON A SPIRITED TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTH

Too much of anything is bad, but too much good whiskey is barely enough." That's a Mark Twain-ism we can all raise a glass to. The brown spirit is practically the backbone of America—after all, the liquor tariff was the first tax introduced in this country. Brush up on your whiskey history (and current developments in the small-batch revolution) on a multistate tour of the South.—*Jeralyn Gerba*



West Virginia

→ It's three hours off the beaten bourbon trail, and it's not even in Kentucky, but the hill country of West Virginia has a Scotch-Irish heritage—and therefore a strong whiskey tradition—along with access to viable agriculture, which means quality grains for distilling. Ease into the stiff-drink tradition with a meal at Livery Tavern in Lewisburg, a modern farm-to-table affair in wood-beam former stables. Order the local oysters, the rib eye and 99-proof Old Scout, served neat.

Spend the night at the **Greenbrier (A)**, a lavish antebellum



hotel in the Allegheny Mountains that's heavy on Southern charm, preppiness and Dorothy Draper interiors. If you own red pants, this is the place to wear them.

Wake up at sunrise for a round of golf on the **Old White TPC (B)**, a prestigious 18-hole course built on the resort grounds in 1914.

Then it's time to take a ride on Interstate 64 to Smooth Ambler Spirits, a hillside

craft distillery that is the pride of Maxwelton. The company uses organic, non-GMO corn, wheat and rye from local farms and specialty botanicals (coriander, black pepper) for its clear liquors. Call ahead for a tour; upon arrival at the tasting room, be sure to sample the award-winning Yearling, flagship Old Scout and barrel-aged Greenbrier gin.



Kentucky

→ Then it's on to the Bluegrass State, where you can get your bearings tasting and touring at **Old Pogue (C)**, run by fifth- and sixth-generation distillers, and Buffalo Trace, home of the Pappy Van Winkle brand.

The 78-year-old boutique brand Willett has renovated a Bardstown distillery that was shut down in the 1980s. Tour the place, then taste Willett Family Estate bourbon and rye. For good measure, hit some Old Bardstown, Noah's Mill and Pure Kentucky—all bottled there.

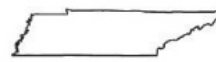
In Louisville, the finishing touches are being added to the downtown distillery and event space for Angel's Envy, a newcomer all about small-batch, hand-blended whiskeys. You should have yours with carbs. At Garage Bar, pair



an Angel's Envy Cask Strength with a wood-fired pizza topped with pickled peppers and house-made pepperoni.

Throw down your bags at the art-centric 21c Museum Hotel. Its restaurant, Proof on Main, offers more than 75 local Kentucky bourbons for straight drinking or for mixing in a cocktail.

From there, sample the smooth and unwavering hand-crafted **Jefferson's bourbon (D)** with a laid-back six-course seasonal menu at 610 Magnolia.



Tennessee

→ Head south and check in at the laid-back but good-looking Hutton Hotel in Nashville's West End. From there, walk to Corsair Distillery, an operation that prides itself on screwing with tradition—from *Reservoir Dogs*-style labels to alternative grains such as quinoa, hops and amaranth (they're craft brewers at heart). Corsair's new malting facility and farming ambitions point toward a grain-to-glass movement. The Nashville distillery doubles as a bar, so you can taste the liquor straight up or drink down a classic cocktail. Ideal flight: quinoa whiskey, Triple Smoke and the experimental hops whiskey Rasputin.

Chef Sean Brock's **Husk (E,F)**, arguably the most important restaurant for modern Southern cooking, has a new Nashville outpost nearby. Its tipping program highlights local spirits, of course, so get yourself a glass of that fine sipping liquor and enjoy the hospitality.



SWISS + MADE



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TRAIL BLAZERS

HOLD ON AS MOUNTAIN BIKES MEET THEIR IDEAL SIZE

• For years, mountain bikers have argued about which wheel size reigns supreme: 26 inches or 29 inches. It turns out the sweet spot may be right in the middle. "A 27.5-inch bike rolls fast and smooth over obstacles like a 29er does, but it's still nimble," says mountain bike legend Jeff Lenosky. Proper setup is still crucial. A good way to check whether your seat height is correct is to try pedaling with your heels. "If you pedal with your heels and your hips move from side to side or your knees flare out, you need an adjustment." Let's roll.—*Stan Horaczek*

Photography by **DANNY KIM**



Pivot Mach 6

→ This 27.5-inch frame sits lower than other bikes, giving it more stability over rough terrain, while 6.1 inches of suspension over the rear wheel protect your posterior.

• pivotcycles.com
\$6,099



Santa Cruz Bronson

→ Santa Cruz built the Bronson from scratch with racing in mind. The carbon-fiber frame weighs less than 30 pounds, and 5.9 inches of suspension in back help it float over choppy rocks.

• santacruz bicycles.com
\$4,299



Giant Trance SX

→ Six inches of suspension on the front and back wheels combined with a relatively slack geometry keep this 27.5-inch bike impressively fast and stable on the downhills.

• giant-bicycles.com
\$4,050



Transition Covert

→ The aluminum frame and race-grade components make the Covert stiff and light for climbing, while the high-quality suspension and frame linkage tackle rough terrain on the way down.

• transitionbikes.com
\$5,199

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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

TRANSFORMERS: AGE OF EXTINCTION

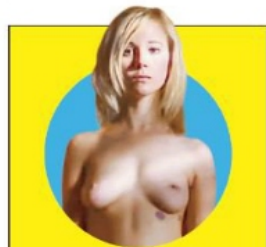
By Stephen Rebello

Fans of the *Transformers* franchise can expect more of the same, only different, from director Michael Bay's *Transformers: Age of Extinction*. Mark Wahlberg tops a cast that includes newcomer Nicola Peltz.

With Shia LaBeouf now on the dark side of the moon, the new flick introduces mass audiences to Jack Reynor, an American-born, Ireland-raised actor best known for big roles in small indies. "I play

a completely different character from what Shia has done," says Reynor. "I play a young floater, and there's a nice triangle going on with Mark and Nicola, who plays his daughter, and myself that's like a

dysfunctional family. We have the revamped Autobots, and everything's a little grittier but at the same time glossier. They've changed up how they designed the film in a way that's really striking."



TEASE FRAME

Juno Temple

→ Twenty-four-year-old English actress Juno Temple appears to be fearless when it comes to on-screen nudity, as you can see in this revealing shot from William Friedkin's *Killer Joe*. See her next as the green pixie Thistlethwaite opposite Angelina Jolie in *Maleficent*.

DVD OF THE MONTH

TRUE DETECTIVE

By Stacie Houglund

HBO's lauded Southern Gothic crime series uses multiple timelines to chronicle two detectives' 17-year hunt for a serial killer in Louisiana. Investigating the occultish murder of a prostitute is loner cop Rust Cohle (Matthew McConaughey) and his partner, Marty Hart (Woody Harrelson), whom we meet in 2012 as they recount the facts of the 1995 case. Cohle is a real downer ("Maybe the honorable thing for our species to do is deny our programming, stop reproducing, walk hand in hand into extinction") who drives Marty nuts with his existential philosophizing; Marty drinks too much and cheats on his wife. The pulpy swamp



noir's mysteries unravel over eight taut episodes as the men learn that making human connections is the only way to overcome their demons. (BD) **Best extra:** "Up Close With Matthew McConaughey and Woody Harrelson" exclusive interviews. **YYY½**



ON THE EDGE

Bill Paxton gets vocal with Tom Cruise in *Edge of Tomorrow*



Q: In *Edge of Tomorrow*, in which earthlings must unite to combat an alien invasion, how much fun did you have as a sergeant who gets to verbally brutalize Tom Cruise, who dies in combat and, in *Groundhog Day* style, is forced to live that day over and over?

A: Tom gets thrown into my platoon, and I'm the tough sergeant who is unshakable in his conviction that it's worth getting your balls blown off for a heroic cause. There was a lot of macho posturing and competitiveness, with Tom constantly challenging our stamina. I still laugh thinking of him going, "Come on, Paxton!" even when I'd say, laughing, "I'm not feeling so good today." He rallies everyone around the flag.

Q: Will *Edge of Tomorrow* give your fans more classic lines to quote and a death scene to savor?

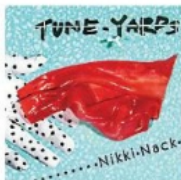
A: Oh, believe me, Sergeant Farrell has some great stuff to say and do. He's going to get under people's skins and into their memories. I'm not going to spoil whether or not he lives or dies. I'll just say I wouldn't bet on either outcome. —S.R.



ALBUM OF THE MONTH

NIKKI NACK

By Rob Tannenbaum



• Merrill Garbus is blunt about it: The oddball stylization she uses for the name of her music project, tUnE-yArDs, is “intended to annoy people.” Those letters symbolize her commitment to the unexpected, as heard on two previous albums full of dazzling invention and now on a new, even better one, *Nikki Nack*.

Her theme seems to be the moral idiocy of America. “I come from the land of slaves/Let’s go Redskins,

let’s go Braves” is a lyric written with the knowledge that it will be quoted. Garbus sings obliquely about violence, power and how close our society is to ruin. But mostly what you hear in her repertoire is the joy of uninhibited vocal whoops, discordant harmonies and the jarring, dynamic disruptions she adds to funky beats. Every 20 seconds her songs surprise you with sharp turns or unexpected sounds. We can’t promise that you’ll like Garbus’s musical whirlwinds, only that you’ll be astonished. 🙌🙌🙌

WINNING THE SKIES

Playboy Editor A.J. Baime on how Detroit did the impossible in WWII

By Cat Auer

Q: Your book tells how automakers reinvented themselves as defense contractors to help win the war. What impressed you most?

A: With zero

experience building planes, Ford created a huge plant, Willow Run, to produce B-24 Liberators—then the biggest, fastest, meanest heavy bomber in the U.S. arsenal—at a rate of one per hour. It was a miracle of production.

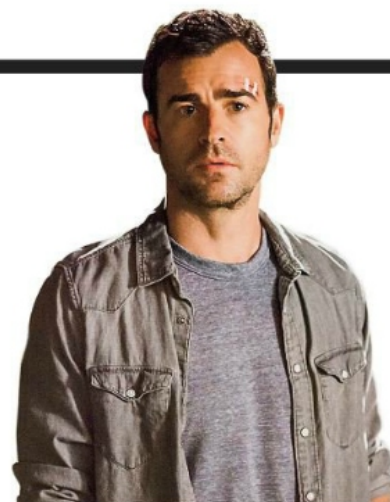
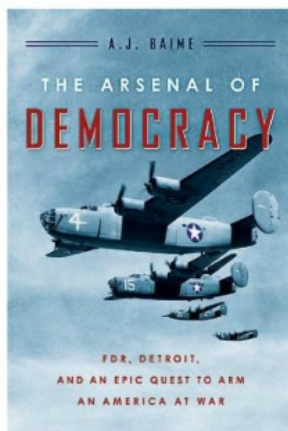
Q: And the effect of heavy bombers?

A: Never had a weapon dealt death and destruction with such

economy. General Hap Arnold basically said we had to fly big machines over Nazi Germany and tear the place down. So that’s what we did.

Q: Your wife’s grandfather trained at Willow Run.

A: He helped me paint a vivid picture: the world’s largest plane factory, with Charles Lindbergh roaring over in a B-24. Simply incredible.

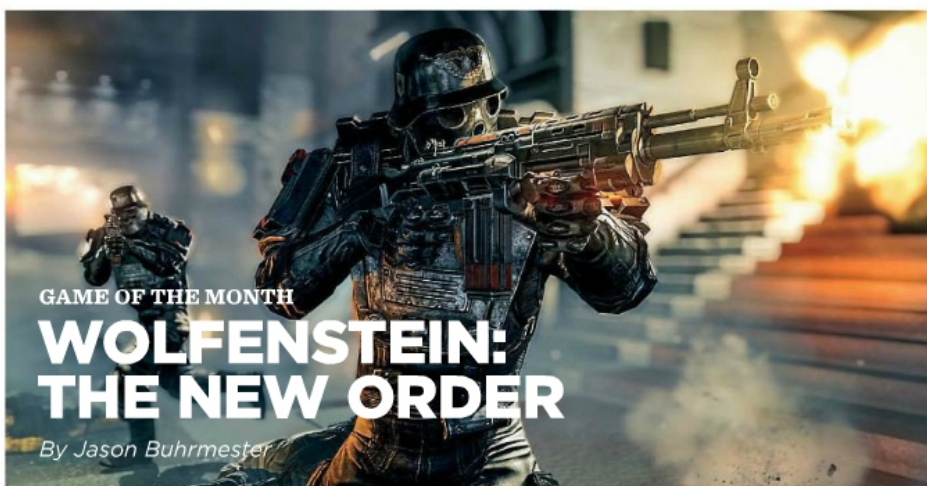


MUST-WATCH TV

THE LEFTOVERS

By Josef Adalian

• *Lost* guru Damon Lindelof’s new HBO series opens with two percent of the human population suddenly vanishing without warning or fanfare. Don’t expect another take on the Rapture prophecy, however. Instead, *The Leftovers*—based on Tom Perrotta’s novel of the same name—is as much mystery as thriller. After a low-key (yet wholly unnerving) depiction of the disappearances, the series jumps ahead three years to a world still unsure how or why millions were taken. Justin Theroux, Liv Tyler and the other residents of a small New York town become a microcosm of how those left behind are coping: Some join religious cults; most just seem numb. Despite the supernatural underpinnings, *The Leftovers* feels completely realistic. That makes it more frightening than any Bible story. 🙌🙌🙌🙌



GAME OF THE MONTH

WOLFENSTEIN: THE NEW ORDER

By Jason Buhrmester

• *Call of Duty* wasn’t even in boot camp when *Wolfenstein 3-D* revolutionized shooter games forever upon its release in 1992. *Wolfenstein: The New Order* (360, PC, PS3, PS4, Xbox One) reimagines the

original game as soldier B.J. Blazkowicz awakens from a 14-year coma to find the Nazis have won World War II and now rule the world. Toppling the regime means taking on Nazi supersoldiers, giant robots

and mechanical beasts in intense firefights and creeping into bases undiscovered. Stellar graphics heighten the tension, especially in gruesome torture scenes involving Dr. Deathshead. Seriously. 🙌🙌🙌

LOCKED & LOADED

75

of all international arms exports originate in the United States, Russia, Germany, China or France, according to the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute.

300

Increase in China's share since 2008, surpassing France.

top

3 CUSTOMERS OF THE U.S.:

1. Australia
2. South Korea
3. United Arab Emirates

UP IN SMOKE

- Boxes of cookies sold by a Girl Scout who set up a table outside a San Francisco marijuana dispensary: **117**
Total time: **2 hours**



Canadian Mounting

- Three Toronto-based adult channels faced an official reprimand from the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission after failing to broadcast the required **35%** minimum of Canadian-made pornography and failing to provide proper closed captioning for the porn they did run.



THE LONG & SHORT OF IT

Average duration of sex by state, according to Spreadsheets, an app that allows users to track sexual performance.

1. New Mexico (7:01 minutes)
2. West Virginia (5:38)
3. Idaho (5:11)
4. South Carolina (4:48)
5. Missouri (4:22)

TOP FIVE

46. Georgia (2:07)
47. Montana (2:03)
48. Vermont (1:48)
49. South Dakota (1:30)
50. Alaska (1:21)

BOTTOM FIVE

Everybody gets money!



- According to *Forbes*, there are now **172 female billionaires**, a 25% increase from 2013.

Hold the Guacamole

- Increasing temperatures across the Southwest in the next 36 years due to global warming will cause a **40% drop** in avocado crops, creating a potential guacamole shortage, according to Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory.

BRICK BY BRICK

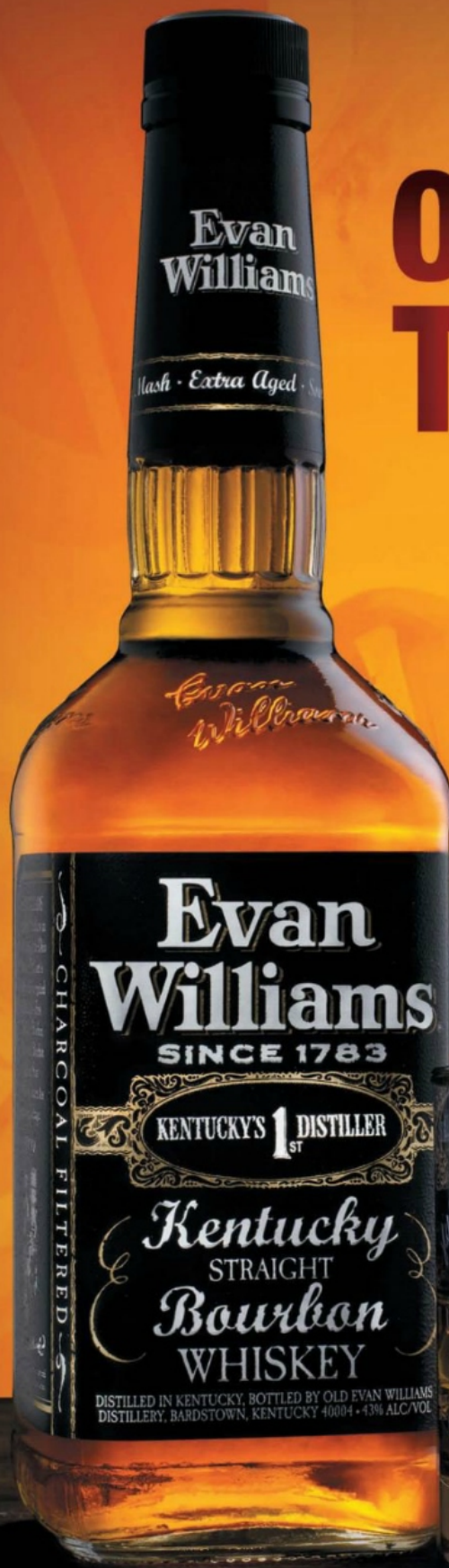
- Number of Lego master builders in the world: **40**
Number in the U.S.: **7**
Starting salary and job description: **\$37,500** a year to design, build, remove, repair and install attractions at Legoland.



FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

- 44%** of 18- to 24-year-olds surveyed received a sext in 2013, up from 26% in 2012.
- 20%** of cell phone users received nude or nearly nude images in 2013.
- 6%** of all 18- to 24-year-old cell phone users forwarded a sext in 2013.

ONE PIECE. TWO PIECE.



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GOOD NEIGHBORS

WHY YOUR GIRLFRIEND WANTS YOU TO PROTECT HER FROM THE JERK NEXT DOOR



Jesus said only two commandments matter: Love God and love your neighbor. Notice he didn't go with "Thou shalt love ice cream and boobs." He purposely chose the two hardest things to love: a supreme being that lets everyone die and the guy who can't park his car like a normal person.

Your relationship with your neighbors determines an inordinate amount of your happiness. When high school kids fret over picking the right college for their personality, I tell them to just pick the one that impresses people the most, since your school experience matters less than who your randomly selected roommate is. You get a Matthew McConaughey who appoints you his yearlong wingman, you'll be all right, all right, all right even if you're at the University of Alaska.

A bad neighbor, though, will ruin your life. I once attended a Coffee With a Cop event. Everyone came with questions about two things: traffic laws and what damage they could legally do to their neighbors. The trouble almost always starts with one of three things: noise, landscaping and parking. These are disputes two men can deal with reasonably—unless they have girlfriends. Man, by nature, does not really care about falling tree branches or late-night noises. But his girlfriend, by nature, does—not enough to deal with it herself, but more than enough to pester him incessantly to deal with it for her. So that otherwise reasonable man will scream and threaten his neighbor about these things, hoping the screaming and threatening increase his chances of getting laid. If the neighbor he's yelling at also has a girlfriend, there's no chance either side will back down. A neighbor dispute is just like a bar fight, only you can never leave this particular bar.

Since there's no walking away, a small fight quickly escalates into lawn feces, dog murder and eggs thrown by Justin

Bieber's bodyguards. A reality show in New Zealand called *Neighbours at War* is going into its eighth season, having already tackled issues such as "Tim blames farmer Rodney for a series of injustices suffered by his pet cows" and "Fay and Merrill are outraged over runoff and think the neighbor responsible might have rabies." The only surprising thing about any of this is that people in New Zealand sometimes have rabies.

You can't buy your way out of these issues by assuming a good neighborhood means good neighbors. In fact, the nicer the neighborhood, the more likely there will be insanity. Rich people and poor people both make awful neighbors. They both tend to drink too much, get

BY JOEL STEIN

too close to their extended family, act entitled, smoke, sue, own guns, gamble, get arrested and wear bathrobes during daylight hours. The real estate website Curbed.com has a whole section called *Celebrity Neighbor Wars*, with headlines such as *GLEE* ACTRESS STRAIGHT UP PARKS ON SIDEWALK BY APARTMENT and *ALAN BALL'S* BIRDS GOING CRETACEOUS ON NEIGHBOR QUENTIN TARANTINO. Katherine Heigl and her husband called the cops after a neighbor yelled at them for being in their hot tub late at night. Replace "Katherine Heigl" with "Jasmine" and "hot tub" with "inflatable pool filled with baby oil" and I'm a lot more interested. The only rich person I've ever heard of who's a good neighbor is Barbra Streisand, who bought the houses to the left and right of her own.

Neighbor issues aren't just a suburban thing. In an apartment building you just have more neighbors closer together—including vertical neighbors. I spent 11 years in Manhattan without giving the apartment upstairs any thought until one night at two A.M. when I discovered that

the guy who'd just moved in was a professional gay S&M bottom whose main gig was to dramatically crawl around on all fours for hours at a time. I don't actually know if that's what he was doing since I never met him, but based on the sounds, I feel 100 percent certain. I left him a note asking him to stop. He continued to do his chained-dog bit anyway. I moved, and I never told the new tenants.

Once, when I lived on a quiet, dead-end Hollywood Hills block in L.A., I had neighbors who put a huge skull and crossbones on their garage door. It was a tasteful metal one, but still not a signal that they'd be throwing block parties. I asked around and found out it was the headquarters of *Suicide Girls*, a punk soft-porn website. I decided to take preventative action and open a dialogue so if problems occurred, our relationship wouldn't start with a complaint. My friend Michael and I baked some brownies and brought them over as a gift for the new neighbors. We did this despite the fact that neither of us knew how to make brownies or talk to punk girls. Months later I was at a party with Dave Navarro and my new *Suicide Girl* friend, Bea. For the rest of my time at that house, I was as happy to wake up and see a skull and bones as a junior at Yale.

Just a few days after I moved into my next Hollywood Hills house, however, a neighbor started our relationship with a complaint, knocking on my door and demanding I cut down a 100-year-old eucalyptus tree, fearing a bad storm could cause it to fall on her young son's room. I had no idea if the 100-year-old tree was dangerous, but I did know it was the leverage I would need to deal with this crazy woman. I guarded the health of that tree like it was the Maginot Line. Years later, the neighbor's son took up the drums. I trimmed the tree, and he doesn't drum after eight P.M. I believe, deep in my heart, that's what Jesus would have done. ■



In college, I studied abroad in Vienna and had dreams of a semester-long fling during which my new beau and I would take in the sights and share cappuccinos while trying to keep our scarves out of the barista's pride-worthy foam. I spent a lot of time with one particular gentleman in my program, and after weeks of flirting he finally asked me to the theater. It was happening. So romantic. He even brought flowers on our date, but by the end of the performance he still hadn't given them to me. I started to suspect they weren't actually for me. We met the cast backstage because a girl he knew from opera class was in the production. I hated her. She was beautiful, had a beautiful singing voice and was now going to be living the dream with her cute, scarf-wearing American suitor. I was devastated, and right. The flowers weren't for me. They were for the star of the show—Klaus. Yep, Klaus. Not the beautiful girl from opera class but Klaus, an equally beautiful gentleman with a beautiful singing voice. Klaus was thrilled and headed off for a nightcap with his new American beau. I headed off to the subway for a long ride back to the suburbs, where I lived with an eccentric host family who watched reruns of *Full House* almost exclusively. Uncle Jesse's shenanigans were not exactly my idea of European romance. And I was left romantically unsatisfied.

That brings me to *this* summer. Vacation season. My guy and I, like couples everywhere, have been fighting for months about where to go. Staycation? Gocation? The kind of vacation for which

you need just a backpack, a bathing suit and the phone number of a good international lawyer? Or the kind of vacation for which you need a backpack to carry all the money you're going to spend? To me, the choice is easy. Like "every other girl" (according to my guy), I want to go to Europe. Women *like* Europe. I'm sure this has happened to you during vacation talks. But *why* is it that every woman is dying to go to Europe with you? Paris. Rome. Venice. All vacation discussions lead to an expensive flight you'll never be able to use miles for because everyone's lady wants to go to Europe. Well, I'll explain.

Women want to go to Europe because it's romantic. (Personally, I want the ro-

BY HILARY WINSTON

mance I missed out on in college.) And Europe is more romantic than other places because it's old. Yes, there are older places, but Europe is where fairy tales were born—on cobblestone streets and in tiny alleys that in America you'd avoid because you'd worry about being robbed but that in Europe are charming. Paint chipping off a door in the States is a sign that someone has a lazy handyman. In Europe, a door with chipped paint is quaint. Rusty water. Old pipes. Thin walls. Narrow staircases. Shared bathrooms. Small beds. All quaint. I stayed with a guy in Turkey at a bed-and-breakfast where we shared a bed generously called a twin. We also had to light a small wood fire to heat water for the shower. In America I would have called the police and demanded my

money back. But in Europe it was sweet. Different. Everything is charming. Even the pharmacy is charming. Just the idea of a foreign tampon is somehow charming. But why don't we just go to Europe with our lady friends and enjoy the charming hell out of it? Because we want to experience it with you.

We want to have a three-hour dinner without the TV on. We want to take a walk afterward, and not just to the car. We want to have only 12 channels to pick from—all in another language. We want to see French lovers making out in a park, even if we make fun of them. Because we want to believe we're still being romanced, even if we're a long way from that nerve-racking first date. And you should care, because romance fuels us. When you've had a hard day, we make you dinner (or pick up a much better dinner on the way home), because we care about you. We want to make you feel good. And what makes you not just another lazy relative or co-worker who also depends on us is the fact that we chose each other. There was an undeniable romantic spark when we met, and sometimes we just need to be reminded of that. And as weird as it might seem to you, Europe helps remind us. Does it mean that after we get back home we have to cram into a lumpy twin bed and dry our clothes on the balcony? No, but we do get to bring home a little bit of our own fairy tale. For six days and seven nights, we get to be princesses and you get to be princes. So skip the beach vacation this year. Maybe you'll have to stand in a lot of long museum lines, but at least you won't get skin cancer. ■



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I have a problem as old as time—or at least as old as best friends and their girlfriends. A couple of months into his latest relationship, a buddy of mine is deeply embroiled in la-la land. I'm happy for him, but the problem is I can't stand being around his new girlfriend. Of course I know the important thing is how they feel about each other. Still, I can't help but wonder if there's an acceptable way to say to him, "I miss seeing you without her." Or do I just wait until the honeymoon phase is over and he rediscovers his need for time away from his girlfriend? I've pretty much resigned myself to the latter, but is there an appropriate alternative?—T.W., Denver, Colorado

The right and proper thing to do is respectfully let your pal revel in the early days of his new relationship—but don't write him off altogether. The quickest way to sour your friendship is to act needy. As a guy (yes, we're stereotyping here), you should know that's a no-no. But so is distancing yourself from a friend just because you're jealous and can't handle his girlfriend. If you want to hang out, tell him you want to hang out, but definitely don't say "without her." You risk offending him and sounding like a jilted lover. Simply invite him for a guy's night out, which is unambiguous and uncreepy. If he takes you up on it, be prepared for the possibility that the night will include at least one story about how great his new girlfriend is. On the other hand, you might find he has been dying for a break. Either way, a true best friend will remain on his best behavior.

What is more pleasurable for a woman: a straight penis or one that's curved? I've heard that one with a curve provides more pleasure and stimulation. Is there any truth to this?—T.H., Cambridge, Massachusetts

Women who enjoy stimulation of the fabled G-spot might prefer a curved penis, as long as it curves upward; others might find it annoying. But generalizing about genitalia is a particularly male obsession. An informal poll of some of our female friends turned up responses ranging from "Absolutely. My last boyfriend's cock was curved, and I still miss it," to "Never noticed," to "You guys think we think about your dicks way more than we do." Questions of length, width and angle aside, what matters in the end is what you do with it.

When threading a belt through jeans, should I put it under or over the leather patch with the designer's name? The patch is left open on both ends, suggest-

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



Just how identical are identical twins in terms of their bodies? Do identical female twins have the same size, shape and color areolae? Do identical male twins have the same penis shape and size (both flaccid and erect)?—D.Q., Reno, Nevada

Identical twins are not as identical as previously thought. We all know anecdotally that there are subtle differences between twins. Rare is the carbon copy as judged by the naked eye. It was long believed that identical twins had the exact same genetic makeup and that behavioral and environmental influences caused the physical characteristics of twins to diverge over time. But recent research has shown that the DNA sequencing itself can differ slightly between twins. It's highly unlikely a perfectly identical pair exists, but please drop us a line if you can prove us wrong.

ing the belt should go under. Plus, putting it under doesn't cover up the maker's name.—R.B., Stamford, Connecticut

We're sure that's the intention of the maker, but we think threading your belt under the label makes it look as though you buy clothes for the brand, not for the fit and feel. It also interrupts the elegant horizontal line of the belt. If you want to do something useful with the space behind the patch, stash some extra cash in there; just remember to take it out before you wash your jeans.

I've recently discovered that I like to be squished by another person. I love

having my husband lie on top of me. We both stay fully clothed and do nothing but lie in place. I like the pressure and get a little turned on by it; the fact that it is harder to breathe adds to my enjoyment. I enjoy squishing him as well but not as much as I enjoy being squished. Have you ever heard of this? Is there a name for it?—S.H., Newville, Pennsylvania

We've heard of squashing but not squishing. Squashing is a fetish that most often involves men being laid on, sat on, partially suffocated and so on by large women. What you describe sounds like a less intense version, and squishing seems like a good name for it. Asphyxiophilia is the scientific term for liking squashing or squishing. Both involve some level of oxygen deprivation, which can cause a pleasurable light-headedness and rush of adrenaline. The most extreme—and dangerous—form of this is autoerotic asphyxiation (actor David Carradine is one famous victim), so be careful. As good as adrenaline may feel in the moment, living is much more fun in the long run.

My girlfriend just gave me some great-smelling cologne for my birthday. I want to get all the benefits of smelling good and attracting compliments. What is the best way to apply cologne?—D.D., Thibodaux, Louisiana

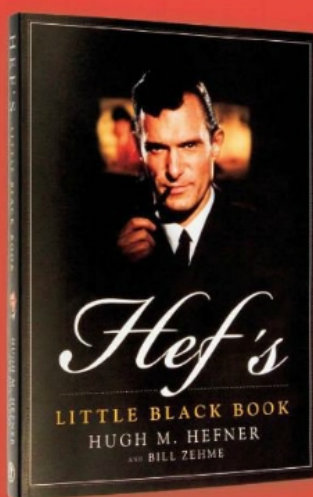
Sprangly. Spray a little on your index finger and then dab your wrists and neck, or mist the cologne into the air and walk through it. Some people think cologne should be detectable only when you're hugging the person wearing it, so if you're receiving compliments from strangers and colleagues, you're probably wearing too much—or getting too close.

I recently started dating a girl who, I swear, fakes orgasms. They're what I would call "porn perfect": head thrown back, much shouting of "Oh God," "Yes" and "Give it to me" followed by "That was so good, baby." She actually initiates sex more often than I do, so I don't want to jinx it and ask her if she's pretending. Why would she fake an orgasm and still want to have sex with me?—G.I., Madison, Wisconsin

More women fake orgasms than you may realize. According to Planned Parenthood, as many as one out of three women has trouble experiencing orgasms during intercourse. A recent study published in the Archives of Sexual Behavior explored the motivations behind the faked orgasm by polling approximately



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400 women and determined they fake it for various reasons. In addition to the obvious "Let's get it over with" motivation, women fake it to overcome feelings of self-consciousness, to make a partner feel gratified and to increase their own arousal (a sort of fake-it-till-you-make-it approach), among other reasons. Men tend to obsess about the female orgasm. We suggest you take a journey-is-the-destination approach and appreciate the fact that you have a willing and able partner.

I recently bought my first peacoat (admittedly having been influenced by Daniel Craig's James Bond). I find myself wanting to leave the bottom button undone, as I do when wearing a suit jacket. What is the standard practice?—T.K., Rapid City, South Dakota

*There is no standard practice. If you were so inclined, you could drape the coat over your shoulders like a cape, wear it off one shoulder like Napoleon, leave it open like a peddler of counterfeit watches or button it all the way up like a sailor on night watch. However, the method you describe is probably the safest bet; it keeps the coat closed without restricting movement. It also allows the jacket to flare just a bit at the bottom, creating a more flattering shape. By the way, if you want to have the real thing, the peacoat Daniel Craig wears as Bond in *Skyfall* was made by American designer Billy Reid.*

A friend of mine recently went through a nightmare scenario in which he got a woman pregnant during a one-night stand. He swears he wore a condom and took all precautions. I used to feel confident with my condoms. Now, not so much.—S.I., Portland, Oregon

We assume by "all precautions" you mean he used a condom that wasn't past its expiration date, had been stored in a cool place (and not stuffed, unused and hopeful, into his wallet, thereby risking degradation), was from a package that didn't have a microtear (the unopened package should feel puffy, like an air-filled pillow, when squeezed) and was the right fit (snug but not too tight). Other precautions include squeezing the tip of the condom when putting it on so it's free of air but has enough room for his semen; using lube to minimize friction and wear; withdrawing promptly after ejaculation but while still erect and while holding on to the condom at the base; and tying the condom off, throwing it away and thoroughly washing his hands. If your friend did all these things, the condom failure rate could be as low as one percent. If he didn't, the rate goes up, according to estimates, from 10 to 20 percent. Combining a condom with other contraceptive methods your partner can use, such as an IUD, a diaphragm or the pill, improves the odds of avoiding pregnancy.

My wife of many years is normally a sedate and quiet person, but when we're making love she turns into something just short of a screaming banshee. Her shrieking usually reaches a crescendo when she

starts climaxing, and her very loud and often profane exhortations echo off the bedroom walls. It doesn't bother me, but my wife is usually mortified after we've finished. At times my next-door neighbor has grinned at me knowingly. Do you think it's advisable to ask her to try to cool it, or should I keep my mouth shut and let her continue to enjoy herself—and continue to amuse the neighbors?—J.S., Carmel, California

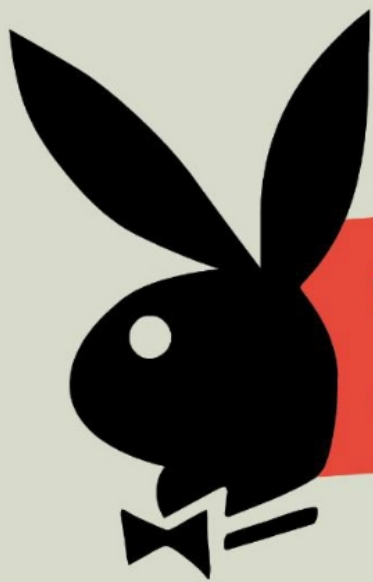
The fact that after many years of marriage you guys are still having eardrum-popping sex is to be commended. Even if you asked her to quiet down, we're not sure it would work—have you ever been able to control your orgasm face? To quote your wife, "Don't stop."

I just got a job in sales and need a respectable but economical car to use when visiting clients. (It's time to graduate from the beater I've been driving since high school.) I know the kind of car I want, but it seems the price varies from dealer to dealer, and specials come and go. I don't want to get ripped off. How do I protect myself and get the best deal?—J.B., Atlanta, Georgia

Nobody is trying to rip you off. Car dealerships survive on narrow margins. Knowing what car you want is the first step; you're already past the emotional and vulnerable stage of shopping. The worst thing any car buyer can do is visit a dealership and ask a salesperson for advice on which car to get. One easy way to get the best deal is to use Edmunds.com, a website that allows you to "build" the car you want with options and then send an e-mail blast querying multiple dealers in your area. Dealers will e-mail you back if they have the model in stock. Work with several dealers at once, politely letting them know they're in competition, and ask them all the same three questions: What's the absolute lowest price below invoice you can give me? (If you're leasing, ask for the lowest capitalized cost.) What's the least I can put down? And what's the best interest rate you can offer? Keep all these numbers as low as possible and you'll get the best deal. Try to buy your car during the last week of the month, when dealers have greater incentive to move units. And don't fall for the "How much do you want to pay each month?" trick. Dealers can stretch a loan over many years to reduce your monthly payment, but you'll end up paying more in the long run. If you need to stretch the payments out for that long, you can't afford the car. Do all this work via e-mail, which creates a paper trail and avoids the trap of sitting in a dealership. Using these methods, a friend of ours actually talked a dealer into delivering the car straight to his office.

For answers to reasonable questions relating to food and drink, fashion and taste, and sex and dating, write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail advisor@playboy.com. The most interesting and pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month.





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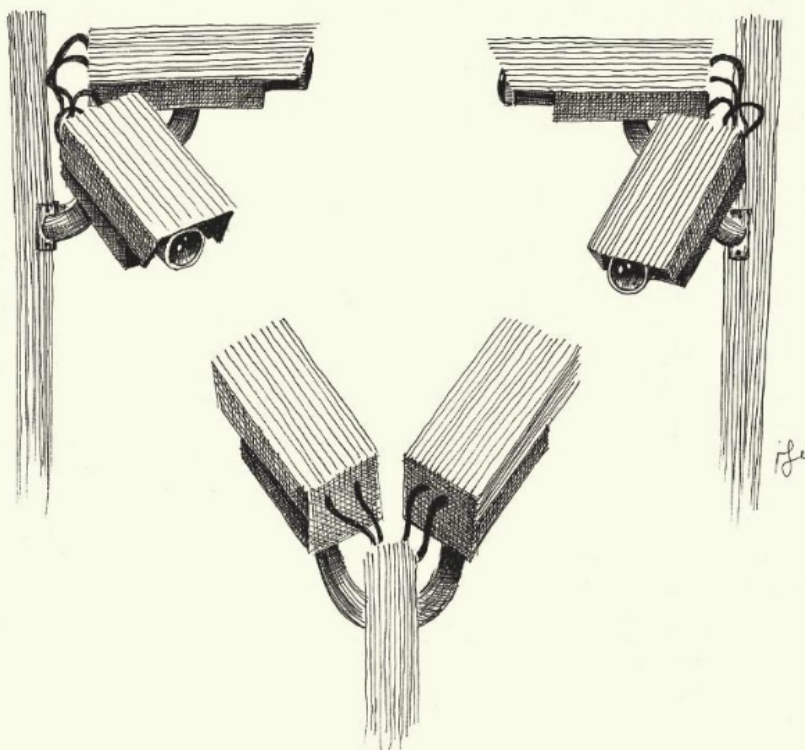
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Surveillance dilemma Too sexy to be sensual Tesla unplugged



ASK ZELDA

The National Security Agency really does have an advice columnist. Her name is Zelda. Since we are in urgent need of guidance, we address this letter to her

BY ILIJA TROJANOW

Dear Zelda, When I was a kid, our apartment in Sofia, Bulgaria was bugged. The secret service listened in on all conversations within our extended family. When I recently read through the transcripts—accessible after a long civil rights struggle—it struck me how suspicious even the most banal remarks seemed. It is as difficult to remain innocent under surveillance as it is to stay relaxed in front of a camera. Surveillance and suspicion are twins. The most innocent of conversations—one about socks, for example—was underlined and

commented on by the officer in charge. Evidently, if the suspects have decided to talk about socks, they are either hiding something or using coded language. Reality always complies with our own

sensible paranoia.

Admittedly, my dear Zelda, this happened in a totalitarian (Communist) state, one not directly comparable to your profoundly democratic institution—but you can see where I'm going with this. If you are such a firm believer

in total surveillance (as was the Communist secret service), why not go all the way and organize the surveillance of the surveillants? If you so thoroughly trust

Reality always complies with our sensible paranoia.

READER RESPONSE

TIPS ON SNIPS?

Nancy L. Cohen cites some victories and defeats in “The War on Sex” (September), but she leaves out a significant continuing loss in the wider war on sex: circumcision. Most American men have suffered from this forced penile-reduction surgery, but one hears nothing about it from the erstwhile men’s rights movement.

The Victorian era’s fixation on sex as original sin faced the dilemma that eliminating sex would also eliminate human reproduction. The solution:



Take the pleasure out of sex and limit its duration via circumcision. John Harvey Kellogg, an early proponent of circumcision, was a bit easier on girls, prescribing the application of phenol (carbolic acid) to the clitoris. For boys he advocated a tight circumcision without anesthetic for “salutary effect,” though it would cause both immediate trauma and pain during erections over a lifetime. The procedure was promoted



READER RESPONSE

as a way to protect boys from insanity caused by masturbation, but it impacted all men and their partners (who were treated to the sensation of being poked with a broomstick). Genital mutilation has a continuing direct, pervasive and negative bearing on the sex lives of both men and women. What is the Playboy Philosophy doing to liberate them?

Jon Willand
Minneapolis, Minnesota



In the July 1964 issue Hef devotes an entire installment of the Playboy Philosophy to repudiating Kellogg's book, Plain Facts for Old and Young, which contains, among other ideas, misguided advice on using circumcision to curb sex drive. The Philosophy contains no specific guidance on circumcision, but Hef's opinion of Kellogg is clear: "He knew a good deal more about cornflakes than sex."

DOULA RIGHT THING

I was surprised to pick up my husband's April PLAYBOY and find a story on women's rights issues ("Born to Lose"). Thank you and Rachel R. White for the article on prison doulas. I had no idea women who give birth in U.S. prisons face these injustices. I hope Isis Rising can find the funding it needs to continue its work.

Mary Rogers
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



IF THESE WALLS COULD TALK: THE NSA SHOULDN'T BE EXEMPT FROM ITS OWN SURVEILLANCE.

paranoia, let's start distrusting everyone and everything, including you and your agency. If control is your ideal, controlling you would be the fulfillment of your own aspirations. Actually, your modus operandi (secrecy, evasiveness) strongly suggests you have something to hide, which in turn suggests you are guilty. (This is the first law of intelligence.) Surely you will agree that all your colleagues should be monitored on a 24/7 basis, that cameras should be installed in every cubicle and office, that all internal communications should be inspected and stored. I fear this may not be enough, for as you well know, evil lurks in every crevice of the devious mind. We should motivate everyone working at your noble institution to inform us of any suspicious behavior by his or her colleagues. Those who fulfill their duties with exceptional fervor are to be trusted least, as there is no better camouflage than perfection. (How many killers have led model lives?) Come to think of it, we will all be safe only when everyone is a snitch. The

potential control of each against all is as perfect a structure of security as the system of mutually assured destruction.

I don't need to tell you this, because you already know it, but I was an outspoken activist for digital civil rights. In 2009 I wrote a book against mass surveillance and the invasion of privacy. In spring 2012, the U.S. consulate in Munich did not issue me a visa that would have allowed me to teach at Washington University in St. Louis. The university protested, and the visa was finally issued, but the semester had already begun. On September 30 I was denied boarding on a flight from Brazil to Miami, even though all my papers were in order. This was a blatantly illegal act. No reasons were ever given, and after a storm of protest I was allowed into the U.S. last November to

Those who fulfill their duties with fervor are to be trusted least, as there is no better camouflage than perfection.

speak in New York with PEN American Center, a nonprofit organization dedicated to defending freedom of expression.

Dearest Zelda, I have seen the light, but I need further guidance. Most people still dwell in the land of darkness. They are ignorant, petty-minded and eager to indulge in spurious discussions about whether the instruments

and breadth of surveillance are justified. They shy away from the liberating realization that only complete and all-encompassing surveillance guarantees freedom and democracy. How can we open their eyes? Some people exaggerate the negative effects of surveillance despite it having been proved that no one has been harmed, though even schoolchildren know there is no such thing as a victimless crime. How do we refute these ridiculous claims?

Authors, my dearest Zelda, are particularly immune to common sense. According to a recent survey by PEN America, only 16 percent of writers surveyed have consciously begun to avoid certain suspicious topics in their personal conversations, e-mails and writing. It's difficult to fathom that hardly one sixth of the writers in question are willing to rectify their professional practice for the common good. (There is hope, however, as another study has seriously considered doing so.) How is it possible that writers, who make their living by prying into other people's lives, fail to

How is it possible that writers fail to understand the beauty of omnipresent surveillance?

understand the mystical beauty of omnipresent surveillance? It leads to self-censorship, they claim. Well, of course it does, but that is the only humane form of censorship. Does it not safeguard individual autonomy? Would they prefer to have someone else rummage through their thoughts? They need to start thinking outside the box: Being brave not only means rescuing a drowning swimmer from the sea tides or bombing ferocious tribesmen with drones; it can also mean refraining from writing certain articles, voicing particular opinions, signing various petitions. I fear that artists are not good at downsizing their egos, even when they feel the authorities breathing down their digital necks. They need to be coerced into cooperation, or they will continue to coo irresponsibly.

Control is freedom.
Detection is protection.
Suspicion is our mission.

Yours,
Ilija Trojanow
(Alert, always alert.)



THE FAILURE OF MODERN EROTICISM

Our era has witnessed the demise of a certain number of ridiculous taboos—which before becoming ridiculous were very serious indeed—which had imposed a ban on sexual matters, on clothes that externalized sexual characteristics, on bodies, on nudity. And yet it still produces a shock whenever this ban is transgressed, as though it were still in force. Images with a (more or less explicit) erotic meaning, or simply the display of a woman's body, are violently attractive. The excessive use of such images in advertising has not yet exhausted the effect they have on us, and we may conclude that they correspond to something profound. Displays of sexuality and nudity break with everyday life and provide the sense of a break, which people look for in leisure: reading, shows, etc. On posters, in shop windows, on

the covers of magazines, in films, everywhere there are unclothed women. It is a kind of escapism that from certain angles is more like a generalized neurosis: This sexuality is depressing, this eroticism is weary and wearying, mechanical. There is nothing really sensual in this unbridled sexuality, and that is probably its most profound characteristic. From this point of view, we will not criticize eroticism for being immoral, or immodest, or corrupting to children, etc. We leave that to other people. What we will criticize "modern" eroticism for is its lack of genuine sensuality, a sensuality that implies beauty or charm, passion or modesty, power over the object of desire, and fulfillment. ■

Excerpted from the one-volume edition of Henri Lefebvre's Critique of Everyday Life, published in May by Verso.



READER RESPONSE

CIVIL LIBERTIES, CYBERWORRIES

A cyberattack that shuts down or even just renders unreliable the U.S. power grid, transportation systems, banking network and more could create serious problems, at least until we (presumably) regained control ("The New 9/11," November). Unlike 9/11, the effects of such an attack would not necessarily be localized but could instead be



citywide, regional or even national. Significant societal disruption could be achieved without immediate physical casualties. Cyberwarfare is not an existential threat like nuclear war, but that doesn't mean it couldn't wreak temporary havoc. So much of how we live and what we do today depends on readily available, interconnected electronic systems that we have made more vulnerable in the name of ease and convenience. Chip Rowe suggests that calls for action to prepare against hacker attacks "will continue to be used as an excuse for questionable domestic surveillance." I agree that we must guard against the widespread and routine curtailment of privacy and constitutionally guaranteed freedoms in the name of preventing low-probability worst-case scenarios. We've had enough of that already, to the point that we're undermining the freedoms we're supposedly protecting.

Stephen Schwartz
Wilmette, Illinois



READER RESPONSE

TEMPERATURES RISING

Climate change is real and happening. Publishing letters from people who deny it is not only damaging but also unethical (*Reader Response*, January/February). Such opinions do not deserve space in one of the world's best magazines.

Cain Sands
Concord, California

We have all put ourselves on the bandwagon for one cause or another. Mine, years ago, was clean air. I knew back in the *Smokey and the Bandit* days there was something wrong with all the black smoke I saw pouring out of the trucks on the road. Today this is just about nonexistent because of clean-air standards. Later, as I fished waterways across north and central Florida, I became concerned about clean water. What I cannot grasp is people who still preach the theory of global warming. I want to think I have read my share of material on this over the years. Jerome Cragle wants us to believe that anyone who doesn't jump on the global-warming bandwagon is a Pollyanna (*Reader Response*, April). Being a Pollyanna today does not mean you're uninformed. Being an alarmist on this subject might have helped win converts in the 1970s but not today.

David Dangler
Jacksonville, Florida

Science is science. The final report from the UN's Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change says, "In recent decades, changes in climate have caused impacts on natural and human systems on all continents and across the oceans."



FREE-MARKET HYPOCRISY

According to conservatives, government regulation is bad. But not when political donors are involved

BY SHANE MICHAEL SINGH

When New Jersey governor Chris Christie spoke this spring at the Conservative Political Action Conference, he attacked Obamacare as an example of big government "trying to control the free market." He also took a jab at Senate majority leader Harry Reid, saying Reid, who has lambasted the Koch brothers for donating millions to conservative causes, "should get back to work and stop picking on great Americans creating great things in our country." A week later, Governor Christie banned Elon Musk from selling Teslas in New Jersey.

The ban is the result of new language adopted by the New Jersey Motor Vehicle Commission that requires car manufacturers to procure a franchise agreement if they want to sell in the state. The problem is that Tesla, founded in 2003, doesn't sell its \$60,000 luxury electric cars through

franchises. The company operates on a direct-to-consumer model, requiring customers to buy their cars online. Although the new language was adopted in March, Christie said the regulation—purported to protect consumers from manufacturers—was always on the books and blamed Tesla for skirting the law.

But the law doesn't protect consumers. It protects the existing market—that is, of gas-powered cars and the franchises that sell them—by eliminating competition. In defending it, Christie joins other conservative politicians who promote free markets while using regulation to protect industries close to home. Texas, for example, has also banned

Tesla, even though the state is rife with politicians who oppose government regulation of businesses. And when it comes to its farmers, Texas is the biggest welfare state. Between 1995 and 2012, farmers there raked in \$27 billion in federally funded farm subsidies—more than any other state.

The law protects the existing market by eliminating competition.

Despite the booming online market, 11 states still banned direct-to-consumer liquor sales in 2012. Nine are red states, including Mississippi, Alabama and Florida, which all benefit from federal subsidies. And Arizona governor Jan Brewer, who bills herself as a free-market advocate, denounced EPA regulation of Arizona power plants, calling it too costly for local businesses and “poor public policy.” Yet Arizona too has banned Tesla.

Thus far, Tesla has benefited from President Obama’s promise to get 1 million electric cars on the road by 2015—but it is the only all-electric-car company to do so. The California start-up Coda went bankrupt last year after failing to secure capital, as did Fisker, which was backed by the government but defaulted on sales goals. Now Tesla’s biggest threat isn’t the lack of sales or capital (the company is worth \$30 billion); it’s auto lobbyists who, threatened by a new major player, buy market protection from politicians. A super PAC of auto retailers in New Jersey spent \$155,000 lobbying for the Tesla ban.

Elon Musk says he couldn’t sell Teslas in dealerships. Dealers would push gas cars before Musk’s vehicles. And Chevy, BMW, Honda and Nissan dealerships would be reluctant to stock Teslas, since each manufacturer has its own electric car.

Such red tape undermines not just the free market but also innovation and the



HOW COULD AN AMERICAN AUTOMAKER BE A VICTIM OF GOVERNOR CHRISTIE’S LAISSEZ-FAIRE POLICIES?

greater mission to become less reliant on oil. Although one lawmaker in New Jersey introduced an amendment exempting electric-car companies from the ban days before it took effect, it shouldn’t be necessary. Banning online sales of electric cars doesn’t jibe with Republicans’ compulsory attacks on big government. Instead, it exemplifies how conservative free-market politics is not always absolute. Perhaps Governor Christie and other pro-business leaders should leave the markets alone and stop picking on American companies.

Tesla’s biggest threat is auto lobbyists.

CRUEL AND

UNUSUAL

Thousands of people are serving life in prison without parole for nonviolent offenses

According to a report published last fall by the American Civil Liberties Union, 3,278 people in the U.S. have been sentenced to life in prison with no chance of parole for committing nonviolent crimes. Some will die behind bars for siphoning gas from a truck, stealing a bagged lunch or possessing an ounce of weed. Most of these people are first-time drug offenders—79 percent are locked up for nonviolent drug crimes.

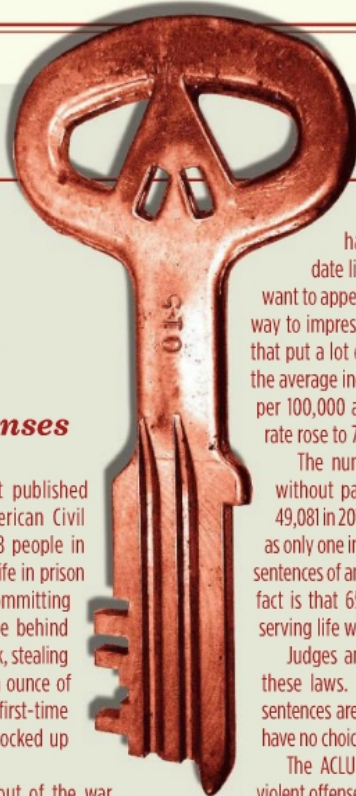
The LWOP movement grew out of the war on drugs, largely through three-strikes and other

habitual-offender laws that mandate life sentences. State legislators who want to appear tough on crime—always an easy way to impress constituents—pass punitive laws that put a lot of people in jail. From 1930 to 1975 the average incarceration rate in the U.S. was 106 per 100,000 adults. Between 1975 and 2011 the rate rose to 743 per 100,000 adults.

The number of people sentenced to life without parole went from 12,453 in 1992 to 49,081 in 2012. This is an American phenomenon, as only one in five countries worldwide has LWOP sentences of any sort. Another peculiarly American fact is that 65 percent of nonviolent offenders serving life without parole are black.

Judges and prison wardens are no fans of these laws. More than eight out of 10 LWOP sentences are mandatory; the sentencing judges have no choice but to send offenders up the river.

The ACLU estimates that eliminating nonviolent offenses from state and federal LWOP statutes would save taxpayers \$1.78 billion. ■



READER RESPONSE

NIGHTLY HOLIDAYS

Jonathan Crary considers sleep a casualty of modern life in a world ruled by capitalist ideology, and I can’t disagree (“Sleepers Awake,” March). In America especially, we scorn the (mostly European) nations where vacation days are plentiful, retirement is early and pensions aren’t penurious. What is sleep but an unpaid daily holiday?

Like the waxing and waning of daylight, all this is part of a cycle. Whatever DARPA has cooking to keep our soldiers alert and fighting fit for weeks on end—and however enthusiastically we guzzle energy drinks or pop Adderall—the chemical replacements for sleep are sure to remain, physiologically, pale imitations of the real thing. As with the workers who staged armed revolts in the 19th and early 20th centuries to win a 60-hour, six-day workweek (and then 40 hours and a two-day weekend), something will eventually have to give.



Perhaps someday, when the torrent of hyperconvenient art and culture starts to suffer against our recollection of the billion viral hits that have come before, and after a generation reaches an age when they wonder what they have to show for all the times they’ve woken up at two A.M. to check their e-mail, the bloom will be off the rose. Maybe we’ll be back in the streets, chanting for eight hours of sleep.

Andy Grimm
Gary, Indiana

E-mail letters@playboy.com.
Or write 9346 Civic Center Drive,
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JONAH HILL

A candid conversation with the comic star turned dramatic actor about his career transformation, dealing with fame and that unhygienic orgy scene

Jonah Hill could still be buying hooker boots at an eBay store right now. A decade ago, with that one-minute scene in *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, he launched a career in bro comedies that could have kept him fed like Henry VIII on chronic for years to come. Instead, the party-hearty star of *Knocked Up* and *Superbad* went from being confused with his friend Seth Rogen to being acclaimed as the toothiest aide-de-camp in Hollywood. With a set of fake choppers and a thing for quaaludes opposite Leonardo DiCaprio in last year's *The Wolf of Wall Street*, Hill made his sleazy stockbroker look almost glam. He didn't actually swallow that poor goldfish, but he earned an Oscar nod—and for SAG minimum wage, no less (that's how much he wanted to work with Martin Scorsese). As with his other nominated role, as a numbers-crunching baseball savant opposite Brad Pitt in 2011's *Moneyball*, Hill turned a sidekick part into a dramatic showcase, an escape from being typecast in dude comedies.

Now 30, Hill is getting wacky again in *22 Jump Street*, the sequel to the 2012 action-comedy remake that shocked virtually everyone—save Hill and his producing partners—with its hilarious premium content. The original, also co-starring

Channing Tatum, grossed more than \$200 million around the world.

Born Jonah Hill Feldstein in Los Angeles on December 20, 1983, Hill never looked much like a movie star. (He's short, with weight that bounces from pudgy to off the charts.) His parents, both from Long Island, moved to L.A. to work on the outskirts of showbiz—his dad is a business manager; his mother did costume design. But it was Hill's big personality that made him popular with his well-heeled classmates at the elite Crossroads School, whose alums include Gwyneth Paltrow, Kate Hudson and Jack Black. In an office not far from there, Hill later joined Judd Apatow's troupe of brilliant misfit clowns for what was merely act one of the actor's career ascendancy. Movies such as *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* and *Get Him to the Greek* were fun, but a turnaround came when Hill played a malapropos mama's boy in *Cyrus*, proving he could really act. Since then it's been A-list all the way for the guy who once dressed as a hot dog and yelled, "Ask me about my wiener!" in a comedy called *Accepted*.

Contributing Editor **David Hochman**, who interviewed Zappos CEO Tony Hsieh last month, spent time with Hill in Beverly Hills. "Jonah sometimes comes across on-

screen as a laid-back Winnie-the-Pooh type," says Hochman, "but make no mistake—he's intense, shrewd and unrelenting in getting exactly what he wants, and he wants a lot."

PLAYBOY: After the acclaim for *The Wolf of Wall Street*, why go back and do a goofy comedy sequel like *22 Jump Street*?

HILL: I've never made a sequel before, and I didn't think I ever would. But I always say I should be scared of everything I'm doing. If things get too easy, that's a problem. The fear with *22 Jump Street* was how to make a good sequel and make fun of ourselves for even attempting to make a sequel. Especially when that sequel is based on a remake of a cheesy 1980s show.

PLAYBOY: What was the solution?

HILL: The solution was to be self-aware from the get-go; *22 Jump Street* is a sequel about how ridiculous sequels usually are. Nick Offerman's character says it outright: "Second missions are always bigger and worse than first missions." It's usually just Hollywood people making a cash grab and throwing money around to make it ballsier and louder than the first. By saying that out loud,



"I am not the kind of actor who just wanted to do comedy. But I also didn't want to make just heavy movies. It happened that I had success in comedy early on. But I certainly knew I wanted to do more, to try different things."



"I'm happy with the way I am. I have a good time. I feel healthy. You can ask whatever you want, but my weight is an unimportant part of any discussion about me. I would alter myself for any character I really wanted to play."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MULLER

"Every significant event or series of events has an impact on a person's evolution, but I don't view myself as any different from who I was before. The only thing that's embarrassing is if I'm out with friends and the attention is on me."

we're letting people in on what we were thinking behind the scenes.

I spent five years working on the first *Jump Street* with the writer, Michael Bacall, and the directors, Phil Lord and Chris Miller, and then we had about eight months to start making the second one. It's like what happens with a lot of bands. They have their whole lives to put into that first album, the album's a hit, and then they have to make another one right away. But I think people are going to love this movie.

PLAYBOY: Schmidt and Jenko are now in college—at the age of 30.

HILL: Yeah, they go undercover as freshmen so they can bust up a drug ring at a fraternity. Frankly, a lot of the story is about what I've been going through lately. Many people want to see me as a 24-year-old guy, but I'm 30 and changing a lot. Also, the idea of being in a relationship when things change drastically—that's kind of the big theme of the film. For our characters, it's like they go to college with their hometown honey, and then Channing realizes it's a big wide world out there. Was he with me because we were in a small pond, or does he really dig me? It's a bit of the seven-year itch.

PLAYBOY: You get smacked around quite a bit in this one.

HILL: It's interesting, because before the first *Jump Street*, I'd never made an action movie. It's such a wild process. You don't just do the scene. You have to wait for things to actually blow up. We were trying to expand this movie to make it bigger, and that's where Channing made a huge difference since he's done so much action before.

PLAYBOY: What was your toughest stunt?

HILL: Hanging from a helicopter or hanging off the side of a moving truck is physically challenging, but just the whole nature of those scenes is intense. When you're standing on a rooftop with a helicopter floating 10 feet above your head, it seems like a bad fucking idea. We were shooting in Puerto Rico that day and heard M16 gunshots, and they weren't coming from us. That's a day I won't forget.

PLAYBOY: You survived.

HILL: I never got hurt, thankfully. The only thing I was in pain from was Channing between scenes. He does this thing where he grabs part of your leg right above your knee. He's one of the strongest human beings on the face of the earth, and when he starts squeezing that pressure point, it's literally incapacitating. It's like being hit by a stun gun, and it gives him nothing but pure evil joy.

PLAYBOY: You've been called "the ultimate wingman." Is that a compliment or a curse?

HILL: I'm sure I could find a way to be offended by that, but it's like anything else. If it's not coming from a close friend or someone in my family, it doesn't mean

much to me. If the question is whether it's an insult to be in movies with amazing actors like Leo and Channing and Brad and Michael Cera and all the rest, and supporting what they're doing, then it's a total compliment. I make these movies because I get to work with these people who have become my friends.

PLAYBOY: There's a fearlessness in your approach to acting. You don't hesitate to let it all hang out, whether it's the crack-smoking scene in *The Wolf of Wall Street* or getting smacked with an octopus in *22 Jump Street*. Are you that fearless in real life?

HILL: I think about that all the time, and the answer is no. A lot of actors live their lives like they live their art. As a creative person, you can have no boundaries. I don't live like that. I use my work to get out any of the crazy things I want to do in real life so I can act like a normal person the rest of the time. I get to see what it's like to be a cokehead stockbroker or an undercover cop for six months. I'm lucky. You don't have to go there and ruin your life, but you can still see what someone wants from that sort of experi-

A lot of actors live their lives like they live their art. I use my work to get out any of the crazy things I want to do so I can act like a normal person the rest of the time.

ence, what it leads to, what life lessons are to be learned.

PLAYBOY: *The Wolf of Wall Street* was up for five Academy Awards, including your nomination. Were you shocked when the movie got shut out?

HILL: Not really. Thelma Schoonmaker, who edits all of Scorsese's films and is one of my all-time heroes, wrote me an e-mail the day of the Oscars, saying we probably weren't going to win anything. But she also said the nicest thing, which was that, either way, my performance is going to stand the test of time. That meant so much to me, because this woman cut *Raging Bull*, *Goodfellas* and *Casino*. The Oscars aren't the most reliable measure, when you think about it. The year *Goodfellas* was nominated, it lost to *Dances With Wolves*. No disrespect to *Dances With Wolves*, but which movie do you remember most all these years later? Movies like *Goodfellas* were the ones that made me want to get into movies in the first place, so how could I be disappointed in any way with *The Wolf of Wall Street*? I had the best experience I've ever had in my life. I got to work with Leo, who's

probably the finest actor of his generation. I know Martin Scorsese. He knows my name. We talk to each other, and he was happy with my performance. I'm an incredibly fortunate guy.

PLAYBOY: You earned \$60,000 for the role, but somebody must have slipped you an envelope full of cash afterward, right?

HILL: Nope. Nothing. I just really wanted to do the movie. I said, "I'll take whatever you'll pay me if we can just sign the contract."

PLAYBOY: Did you get to keep the prosthetic schlong from the movie? That scene alone, of you whipping it out and masturbating at a Long Island pool party, makes it a Scorsese classic.

HILL: That was a super crazy scene and hilarious to watch. I had to give that baby back, but I do have my character's teeth in a safe. I usually keep one item from each movie. I have a baseball bat from *Moneyball*. From *Superbad* I have the Western shirt my character wore. From *Jump Street* I have the bike-cop uniform. They're relics of all the crazy good times in my life.

PLAYBOY: Can you pinpoint the moment you became famous?

HILL: The day *Superbad* came out, Michael Cera and I bought a newspaper. I still have it because it was the day we couldn't walk around together anymore. One day before, we could walk near my apartment in the Fairfax area of Los Angeles and nobody would talk to us. Then all of a sudden it was insane, and it pretty much hasn't stopped.

PLAYBOY: Would you have done anything differently?

HILL: Well, no, but you have to understand that I was young. I was 23 when *Superbad* came out, and it was just a shock to the system. At this point I've had about seven years to acclimate, but then it was just crazy. Luckily I have the same friends I've had this whole time.

PLAYBOY: You ended up working with many of them repeatedly in Judd Apatow's movies. What was your first meeting with Judd like?

HILL: It was at the audition for *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* at Universal. It was only for a one-line part, but I was fucking intimidated. I remember I brought my lucky copy of Steve Martin's *Cruel Shoes* with me, and Judd was like, "Oh shit, that's my favorite book." Then we just started improvising. It was that scene where I'm a customer in an eBay store and just can't understand the concept of an eBay store.

PLAYBOY: For a while it looked as though you weren't going to make any movies without Apatow. Did you feel like a cheating husband when you finally left the Frat Pack?

HILL: If anything, I was fearful to leave and do other things, because that was basically all I knew—*Virgin*, *Knocked Up*, *Superbad*, *Sarah Marshall*, *Funny People*. Judd is obviously brilliant, and I owe my career to him, but I realized there are all sorts of other brilliant people out there.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that crew is envious of your success in genres beyond comedy? Is Seth Rogen going, "Hey, why isn't Scorsese calling me?"

HILL: I could not even answer that question. Seriously, everyone I started out with is doing great, and we're all good friends. I think Seth and Evan Goldberg have found what they're brilliant at as filmmakers. Jason Segel is playing David Foster Wallace in a film. Paul Rudd is playing Ant-Man for Marvel. And Michael Cera, that guy is phenomenal. If anything, his greatest achievement is still to come and it's going to be hall of fame. He's just not putting out as much work as the other guys. I think everyone creates his own path.

PLAYBOY: How much of your road to success was calculated effort versus luck?

HILL: It's probably a combination of a ton of factors. I am not the kind of actor who just wanted to do comedy, first of all. But I also didn't want to make just heavy movies. It happened that I had success in comedy early on in my career. Maybe the people watching those movies thought that's all I could do, but I certainly knew I wanted to do more, to try different things.

After *Superbad* came out, I didn't want to act in a bunch of movies that felt exactly the same, so I wrote some samples and got hired to write for Sacha Baron Cohen. He's a brilliant comedian, and I learned a tremendous amount. I was still getting offered parts similar to *Superbad*, so I waited, and then *Cyrus* came along, which changed the course of my career. I knew that was the kind of movie I wanted to do. I just didn't know if people were going to let me do it.

PLAYBOY: Your character in *Cyrus* is a 20-something kid who's inappropriately close to his hot single mom, played by Marisa Tomei. The movie gets both funny and creepy as Cyrus begins to sabotage her sex life. Is it true you turned down *The Hangover* to do *Cyrus*?

HILL: *Transformers*, *The Hangover*, yeah. Those films ended up doing incredible things for the people associated with them, but it wasn't where I was headed. *Cyrus* felt like it really challenged me.

PLAYBOY: Did it hurt turning down the big money?

HILL: I've never done anything for money. And luckily I was young enough and idealistic enough to not think about being a rich guy. I cared so much about the work I was putting out, and it did eventually pay off. Bennett Miller saw an early cut of *Cyrus*, which is why he cast me in *Moneyball*. He talks now about what a huge backlash he got for casting me opposite Brad Pitt, since I had done only comedies before. But to Bennett's credit, he stuck with what he believed in and was able to see what I was capable of.

PLAYBOY: Whenever someone gets to a certain level, people inevitably try to

cut that person down. Last year you lost your cool during a *Rolling Stone* interview. Suddenly it was "Jonah Hill's a jerk" and worse. You bristled at inquiries about masturbation, farting and your workout routine, saying, "Being in a funny movie doesn't make me have to answer dumb questions. It has nothing to do with who I am."

HILL: I'd say very clearly I was going through a really hardcore personal experience and I shouldn't have been doing an interview that day. It was combined, I felt, with the reporter not being nice or respectful and I in turn acted unkind and disrespectful, and I regret it. In the future, I probably would just stay home on a day like that.

PLAYBOY: How has fame changed you?

HILL: Every significant event or series of events has an impact on a person's evolution, but I don't view myself as any different from who I was before. The only thing that's embarrassing is if I'm out for one of my friends' or family members' birthday and the attention is on me. But I know how it goes. Growing up out here, whenever I would sit next

Adam Levine has been there for me and my family more than anyone else and, in a deeper way, more than anyone I've ever met in my life. That guy has all my love and respect.

to an actor I would always get a story out of it. I would need something to tell my friends.

PLAYBOY: What was your life like growing up?

HILL: We had a very inviting house here in L.A. My folks still live there. I would have friends over all the time. I also spent tons of time at my friends' houses. For someone who ends up being an actor, I think the advantage of growing up in Los Angeles is the industry is such a tangible thing. My dad always says that even if you're a dentist out here, you're the dentist to John Travolta or whoever.

PLAYBOY: Your father was the accountant and business manager for Guns N' Roses and other big names. You must have met a ton of celebrities as a kid.

HILL: Not really. I mean, he was the business manager for Cleavon Little, who I was blown away to meet because he was in *Blazing Saddles*, which I was obsessed with. He came to our house for dinner and I just sat there with my jaw hanging open. He was a really sweet, great guy who, sadly, passed away. But no, I never met Axl Rose as far as I remember. I don't

think rock stars really want to hang out with their accountant's kids very much.

PLAYBOY: Your childhood best friend grew up to be a rock star. Did you and Adam Levine have lemonade stands together?

HILL: We did everything kids do. We'd watch movies, play basketball, skateboard around and stuff like that. Listen, Adam was like family, and he still is. His dad and my dad were best friends since junior high and college roommates, and our moms are best friends. We knew Adam had incredible talent. I mean, his voice sounded like it does now when he was 16. He also has a unique voice and clearly was meant to be on stage in front of 20,000 people. But I don't see him as a rock star. He's just a great person to me. It's hard to know what the public perception of someone is once they get famous, but I can tell you this: Adam has been there for me and my family, and his family has been there for my family more than anyone else and, in a deeper way, more than anyone I've ever met in my life. So that guy has all my love and respect forever.

PLAYBOY: Your brother, Jordan Feldstein, is the business manager for Maroon 5 and Robin Thicke, among others. He made news last year when he and Clint Eastwood's daughter Francesca married in Las Vegas and she had the marriage annulled a week later. Then Sharon Osbourne threw a glass of water in his face at an event this past winter. Is he okay?

HILL: I don't want to talk about that, respectfully. I love my family. They're all great. That's all I want to say.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the public and media go too far in prying into celebrities' private lives?

HILL: Here's what I think. You don't know what anyone's like. That's what I've learned the most. You can look from the outside all you want and think you're seeing some sort of truth, but you're never getting the full picture. Leo and I are developing a film from a *Vanity Fair* article about Richard Jewell that's really about the 24-hour news cycle and how the media killed this guy. It's a heart-breaking story. All Jewell did was save a bunch of people's lives during the Summer Olympic Games in Atlanta, and his life turned upside down. Everybody made him into a hero at first, but then just as fast he was public enemy number one. Watch Tom Brokaw's newscasts from that time or watch Jay Leno. People, without any knowledge, just turned this guy from a security guard doing his job into a terrorist. It was trial by media. And even though he was exonerated, he ended up dying too young from the stress of it all. When you don't know anything and you make judgments, you have the power to ruin somebody's life.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever think about your legacy?

HILL: As I get to the age when I'm thinking about having my own family, I realize

I'm going to have to explain scenes from movies like *The Wolf of Wall Street* to kids, specifically. It's one thing when you're watching somebody else in a Martin Scorsese movie. I got to appreciate his work when I was nine or 10, when some kids were still watching *Barney*. Not that I'm looking to start a feud in a magazine with Barney. But when it's your own dad snorting cocaine off someone's breasts in a movie, that gets trickier.

PLAYBOY: There are tons of drugs in many of your movies. What's your drug policy behind the scenes?

HILL: If you're an adult over 18, your life is your own. You have to make the choices that are going to define you. No one can make them for you.

PLAYBOY: How much pot do you smoke?

HILL: I don't really smoke now. I have nothing against it; it just doesn't make me feel good. I don't like feeling bad the next day, whether it's from drinking or pot or anything. And I enjoy my days so much more now because of it. In my early 20s I felt like all my weekend days were spent nursing hangovers. Now I have a dog. I like to go to the dog park, get coffee, go to the gym. Channing set me up with his trainer, and I like working out. That takes a lot of stress out for me.

PLAYBOY: When you look at your photos from the past 10 years, your weight is all over the map. How's it going in that department?

HILL: [Laughs in annoyance] That is so ridiculous, man. Would you ever ask someone who wasn't in the public eye, who you just met for the first time, that question? I seriously doubt it. I'm happy with the way I am. I have a good time. I feel healthy. You can ask whatever you want, but my weight is an unimportant part of any discussion about me.

PLAYBOY: It's part of your image, though. At last year's *Comedy Central Roast* for James Franco, Sarah Silverman joked that you'd gained 50 pounds for your last movie because the producers wanted "a Jonah Hill type."

HILL: You know, you're in a vulnerable position on a night like that. Anything you're insecure about is probably going to be brought up. Some were jokes, some was exaggeration. But again, Sarah doesn't really know me. I mean, Seth Rogen was there and he obviously knows me well. Franco knows me well. Bill Hader knows me well. But even my Hollywood friends, for the most part, don't know me that deeply. So I just have to laugh about it, and it ended up being a really fun night.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Hollywood prefers you looking a certain way? Is a comedy somehow funnier if you're heavier?

HILL: It all depends on what the character is supposed to be like. I would alter myself in any way for a character I really wanted to play. I'm here to put out movies. I do the best I can. I try to stay in shape. That's

it. That's all you can do. I don't mean to be difficult, but let's move on.

PLAYBOY: Agreed. What was your first role as an actor?

HILL: In sixth grade they needed an Elvis impersonator in a play, and I got the part. It didn't take a lot of effort, and it got an immediate positive response from a teacher—which was a first for me.

PLAYBOY: You weren't a good student?

HILL: I did okay, but I kind of couldn't handle the idea of following instructions in that way. I knew whatever I ended up doing in life would need to be under my own guidelines. I was a class clown. I just loved to make my friends laugh and to disrupt things. I guess all actors deep down just want attention, and I certainly did. So I figured out pretty early that I could control a room with a well-placed comment or barb. It took all the power away from the teacher. That felt completely thrilling to me.

PLAYBOY: When did you know you wanted to act for real?

HILL: I guess it was a slow progression. Weird shit happens. It dawns on you that real people do this job for a living.

*All through my 20s, I
worried too much about
things, both having to do
with work and not, that
ultimately turned out
to be unimportant.*

I remember my friend and I saw Charlie Sheen at the Avco movie theater in Westwood when we were in junior high or early high school. I loved Charlie's movie *Cadence*, in which he's on a chain gang in some kind of Army jail situation. Anyway, I don't know what gave me the courage to talk to him, but we just stood there in line talking about that movie and how *Major League* was one of my favorite films.

I had a few experiences like that that made me think, Okay, these are just people. At the mall in Century City one time, my mom was late picking me up because she'd forgotten about daylight savings time. *Happy Gilmore* had just come out and I was obsessed with Adam Sandler. Anyway, I'm sitting there waiting for my ride and there's Adam Sandler waiting for his girlfriend, who was also an hour late. He could tell I obviously worshipped him, and he was really cool about it. That's the way Adam is with anyone if you ever see him. He doesn't talk down to people as if he's a big deal and they're not. Those experiences took a lot of the mystery out of the business.

PLAYBOY: What's the story about you making crank phone calls with Dustin Hoffman?

HILL: I knew his kids. I would go over to their house and he'd somehow get me to do it. I did this thing where I called this really seedy hotel during Oscars season, pretending to be Tobey Maguire's assistant. I'd try to convince the owner to do these outlandish things like install a water tank for Tobey's pet seal and shit like that. I can't imagine anything better for your improv-comedy skills.

PLAYBOY: That performance helped you get your first movie role, right?

HILL: Yeah, it's crazy. First of all, Dustin Hoffman is my favorite actor of all time. He represents the ultimate goal of what I would ever try to do, which is be able to succeed in any genre so beautifully. There's no one you can compare to him. It's not like I'm saying I want to be like him. I'll never be as good as he is, but I can try. What was so incredible was Dustin taking a chance on me. I don't know why he did it, but he got me a part in *I Heart Huckabees*, and that pretty much set me on my way.

PLAYBOY: Knowing what you know now, what advice would you give that 20-year-old version of yourself?

HILL: I spent so much of my time being anxious, so I'd probably say, "Don't stress so much." All through my 20s, I worried too much about things, both having to do with work and not, that ultimately turned out to be unimportant. Am I going to get this job? Is this girl going to text me back? Is my friend mad at me? I used to think everyone was mad at me. That's a big thing I've had to work on in my life.

PLAYBOY: You've spent a lot of time playing college kids. What was college like for you?

HILL: I had two polar opposite experiences before I dropped out. First I went to the University of Colorado Boulder for a semester, which was like a movie cliché of what college is like—football, parties, girls, huge drinking culture. Then I went to the New School in New York, which is your typical artsy school. I know everybody says you can't regret stuff, and I don't. But on reflection, even though I was working during my college years, making *Superbad* and all those movies, I probably didn't learn as much about myself as I could have. You realize later that the lessons you learn in college are only partly about what you get out of class. High school was about not feeling horrible about myself. How do I cope with my insecurities? It's so awkward. College is about discovering who you are and starting to reinvent yourself. I think if I had continued, I would have known things that took me a few extra years to learn. But again, I was so anxious about so many things at that time, I just thought, Shit, I need to be working. (continued on page 140)

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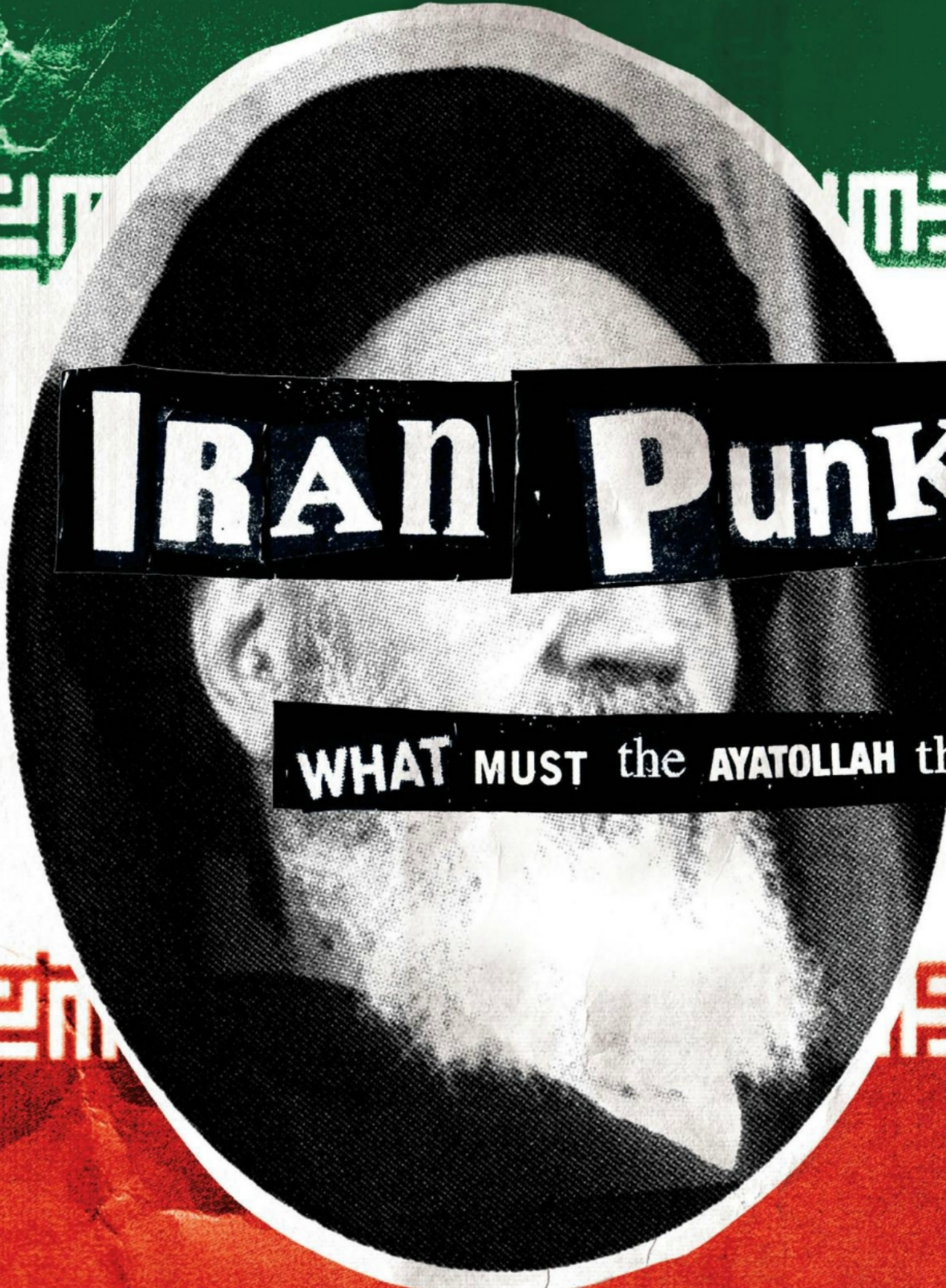
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IRAN Punk

WHAT MUST the AYATOLLAH think ?

As Dawn of Rage played a Tehran amphitheater last summer, Iran's morality police arrested the metal band's three members, as well as more than 200 spectators, just for being at a rock concert. The cops stripped several fans naked, searching for satanic tattoos. They confiscated cell phones. The musicians were behind bars for five days. "I'm not scared," said Dawn's lead singer, Pouria Kamali, after he was released. "Metal is totally forbidden in Iran, and everyone knows that someday the Basij may arrest them."

The music of dissent will always find a way, anywhere, even in Iran, where the Supreme Leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei has decreed, "Promoting and teaching music is not compatible with the highest values of the sacred regime of the Islamic Republic." The rockers featured in the following photos are free people in a repressed country.

They wear lipstick and go-go boots. They listen to English bands such as Foals and Radiohead, and they live

in constant fear that the Basij, the religious police, will knock at the door. The penalty for playing the devil's music is 40 lashes.

Shot earlier this year, these photos capture Iran's indie rockers at a critical juncture. In November 2013, two members of Iran's most vaunted rock band, the Yellow Dogs, were murdered in Brooklyn. The victims were brothers Arash Farazmand, 28, and Soroush Farazmand, 27. Another musician, Ali Eskandarian, 35, was also killed. Their attacker was a failed rock bassist, Iranian émigré Ali Akbar Mohammadi Rafie, who carried his assault rifle in a guitar case. The Dogs came to the U.S. as political refugees in January 2010. Since then, the nation's new president, Hassan Rouhani—a moderate elected in 2013—has pledged to support creative expression. "There is a direct link between art and freedom," Rouhani said

in January. "We should know that art is not a threat and artists do not put the security of the country in danger."

Two weeks after Rouhani's speech, a small miracle happened: Iranian state television showed a 10-second clip of musicians playing traditional Persian instruments. The clip aired without introduction and without context. Since 1979 the government had deemed the display of instruments *ghena*—that is, a sinister enticement to dance. Also in January, an Iranian country-rock band, Thunder, played a state-authorized gig in Tehran for 1,400 fans. There was a smoke machine, and the male musicians wore 10-gallon hats as a female guitarist wailed away on her ax while wearing a head scarf. Afterward, Thunder's lead singer, Ardavan Anzabipour, was ecstatic. "This has not happened for 35 years," he says. "These are not the small-

town cretins the ministry had under Mahmoud Ahmadi-nejad. They are real musicians. And now

we are going to play in some smaller cities, for more conservative

people." Anzabipour believes the tour could open the door for edgier musical genres—metal, hip-hop and indie. "Things could change in five minutes here if the top guys say yes to rock music," he says.

Skeptics disagree. Rouhani must answer to Khamenei, the ayatollah. Although Rouhani stepped into office promising free speech and the release of political prisoners, he has largely failed to deliver. Rock and roll in Iran is still shadowed by the ayatollah's boot heel, and it sings with the keen, fresh rage of wild youths who feel as though they will be trapped forever. "The people running this country are fundamentalists," laments musician Mareza Hariri. "They will not change. All we can do is have fun underground."

The photographer's identity has been withheld for protection.

BY

Bill DONAHUE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY



▲ Pedram Niknafs first heard Judas Priest at the age of 14, on a bootleg cassette. He found heavy metal's black disdain so exquisite that he began saving his lunch money. "When you went through alleyways here," he says, "everyone whispered in your ears, 'New cassettes, new music.'" He bought 100 tapes—Megadeth, Metallica, Iron Maiden—and the music still thrums through him as he fronts Digital Lanterns. Here he's singing "You Cannot Adopt Me," directed at unnamed powers.

► Milad Mardakheh is lead singer for Achromatic, and his words are from a song he wrote about the Iranian government's 2009 crackdown on the Green Revolution. "It's called 'Shields and Guns,'" he says, "as in riot police. Hell doesn't refer to Iran specifically but to difficulties we all face as artists. You keep the light alive by being creative, by being heard in this world."



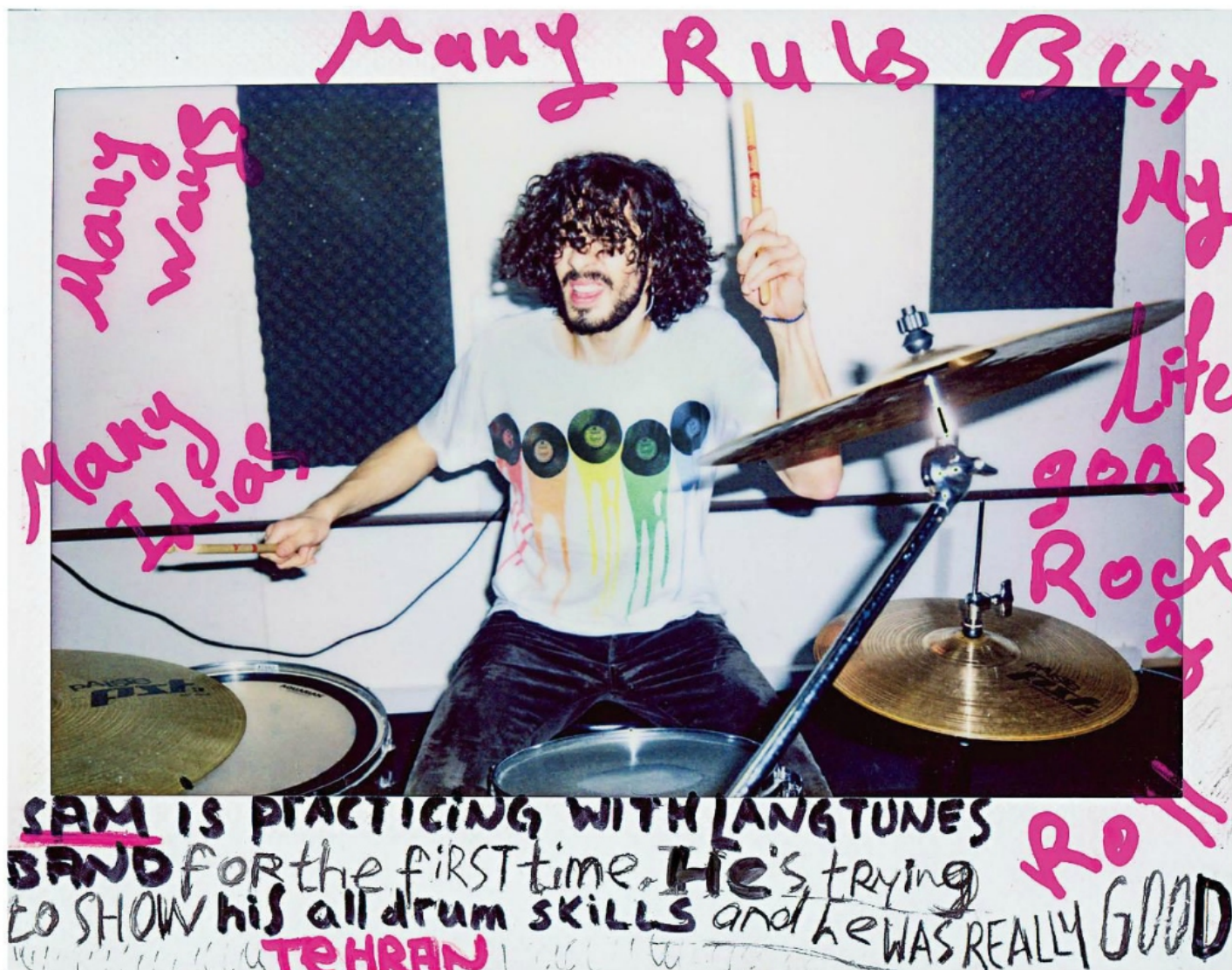
► "It's like Britain in the 1960s here," says Thunder lead singer Ardavan Anzabipour (circled at right). "Conservative people are scared of rock music, but that will change. We are at a historic moment." Guitarist Farzad Golpayegani disagrees with Anzabipour's optimism. Incredulous, he asks, "Is he doing drugs?"





▲ "Please do not move in your seats," the singer said before this government-sanctioned show. Seated swaying is outlawed in the Koran.

◀ "If the police find you in the street wearing a short dress that exposes your knees," says Aida, whose pale arm dangles into this photo, "they'll take you to the police station. In public we have to contain ourselves, but at a party we can do whatever we want."



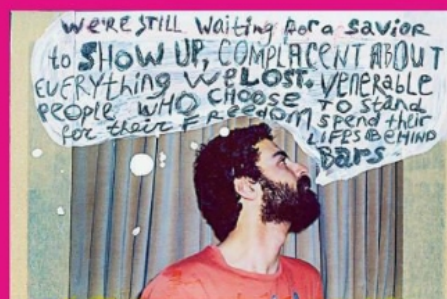
▲ "The drum kit is a Mapex Saturn Pro," says Sam Ziaie proudly, "the same kind used by Chris Adler of Lamb of God." Good kits are like hen's teeth in Iran, thanks to U.S. trade sanctions, but this one trickled into a Tehran

shop from the United Arab Emirates. This summer Ziaie will play it to maximum effect as the band Langtunes tours Germany and Switzerland. "We will make the Europeans shake and dance," Ziaie says. "Why not?"



▲ "I screamed a lot and headbanged a lot and sweated a lot," says lead singer Hamid Kosari, front left, recounting a recent sanctioned gig the Muckers played at a music school. "Our blues-like solos were fuzzy and distorted. Afterward the school director got a call from the police: 'If those guys play another night, we are going to arrest all of you.' We were done."

► Digital Lanterns host booze-soaked gigs in their secret recording studio almost weekly. Their sound is dreamy and lovely, the singers' voices an entranced muttering above a rain-like wash of keyboards. Yet the musicians are stuck in a backwater. "I have played with real sound equipment only once," says bassist Mareza Hariri, "in Dubai in 2008. It was real. It was music. Afterward I was too crazy to sleep."

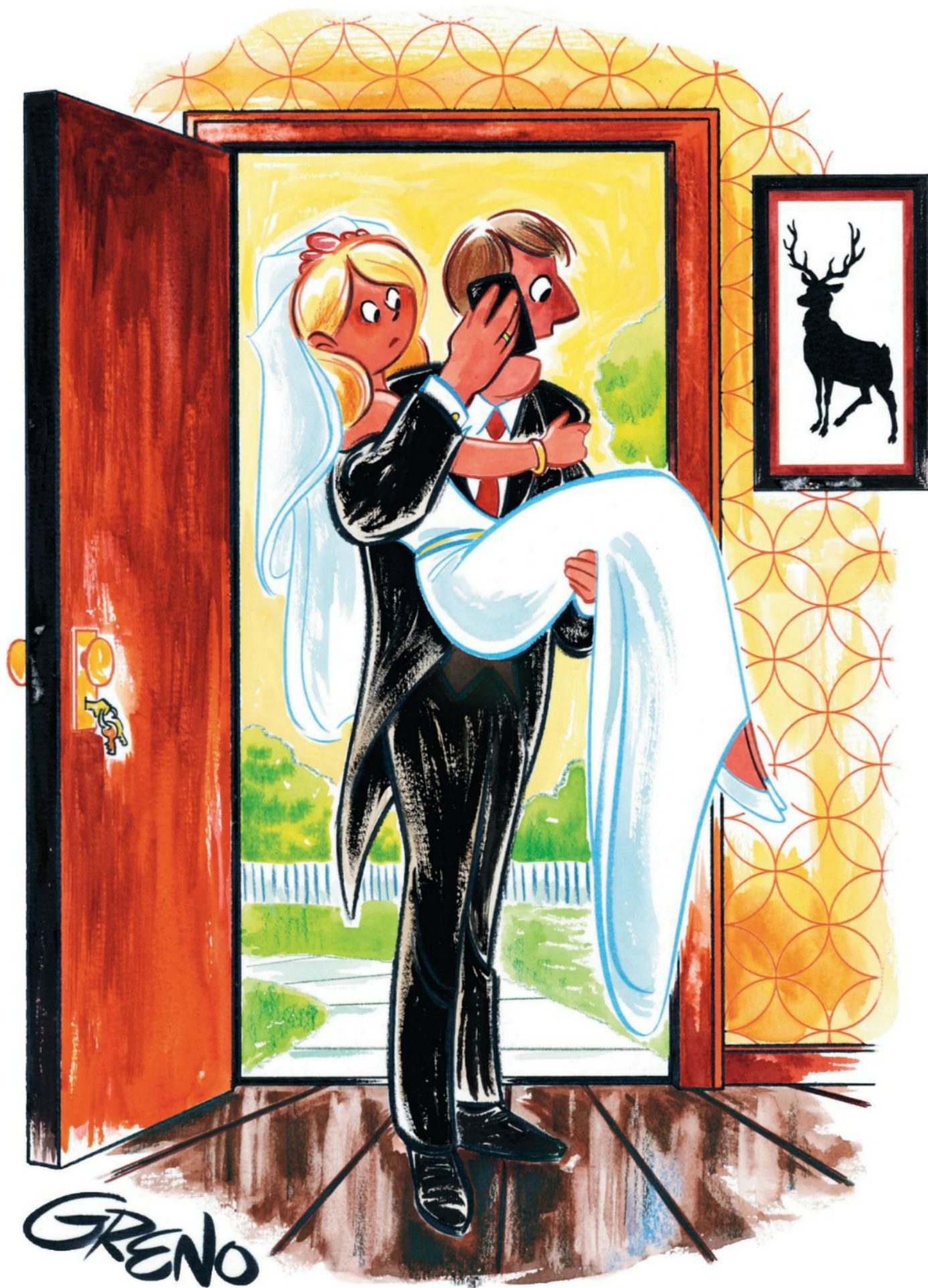


DIGITAL LANTERNS (electronic pop)
VANDIDA (hard rock, soft rock, progressive rock)



◀ "Actual life is not going on in the streets here," says one Iranian rocker. "You cannot communicate with people on the streets, so everyone is on Facebook and Viber constantly."

◀ Hariri, in the white T-shirt, is 28 and unemployed. A year ago he taught English to adults, but, he says, "in class no one felt free to talk about their personal lives. I could never get discussions going." He quit, and today he spends his days snowboarding and doing parkour, rarely talking to anyone on the streets of Tehran. "I'm afraid of people," he says. "In traffic jams, if someone honks, people get out of their cars and start beating each other up. The people of Iran are sick. I don't want to be connected to them."



"I'll have to call you back, sweetheart. My hands are full."

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC





**IN THIS NOD TO
THE DAYS OF
POLAROID AND
FILM, JESSICA
LEWIS IS THE
PERFECT MUSE**

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY
BEN SHAUL**











Ice Man Cometh

WIM HOF CLIMBED
MOUNT EVEREST IN
SHORTS, CAN HOLD
HIS BREATH FOR FIVE
MINUTES AND CAN
FIGHT OFF DISEASE
WITH HIS MIND.
NOW HE WANTS
TO TEACH YOU

📖 SCOTT CARNEY

📷 JEREMY LIEBMAN



A dilapidated farmhouse in the Polish countryside creaks and groans on its foundation as six men hyperventilate inside one of its frigid rooms. The windows are caked with frost and snow piles up outside the front door. Wim Hof surveys his students with stern blue eyes as he counts their breaths. They are lying in sleeping bags and covered in blankets. Every breath they expel appears as a tiny puff of mist as the heat of their bodies crystallizes in the near-arctic air. When the students are bleached white from exhaustion, Hof commands them to let all the air out of their lungs and hold their breath until their bodies shake and shudder. I exhale all my breath into the frigid air.

"Fainting is okay," he says. "It just means you went deep."

Hof is one of the world's most recognized extremophiles. In 2007 he made

headlines around the world when he attempted to summit Mount Everest wearing nothing but spandex shorts and hiking boots. He has run barefoot marathons in the arctic circle and submerged his entire body beneath the ice for almost two hours. Every feat defies the boundaries of what medical science says is possible. Hof believes he is much more than a stuntman performing tricks; he thinks he has stumbled on hidden evolutionary potential locked inside every human body.

With my lungs empty and my head dizzy from hyperventilation, I note the stopwatch on my iPad as it slowly ticks by the seconds. At 30 seconds I want to let go and feel the cool air rush inside, but I hold on.

Participants have come from across Europe and America for this seven-day training program aimed at extending control over the body's autonomic processes.

HOSPITAL
DEVICES
DECLARED
HIM DEAD
AFTER TWO
MINUTES.
HOF STAYED
IN THE ICE
FOR 72
MINUTES.



1. Students at Wim Hof's camp in Poland end their training with a nearly mile-long, seven-and-a-half-hour climb up Śnieżka Mountain in shorts and boots. 2. Hof's training camp promises to teach students to hold their breath for five minutes and to stay warm without clothes. 3. Hof in a salt room, which is said to help respiratory problems, near his farmhouse in Przesieka, Poland. 4. During a 2007 medical study, Hof sat in ice for 72 minutes. His heart rate dropped to a mere 35 beats per minute, and he didn't breathe for more than two minutes. 5. Hof set a Guinness world record by swimming more than 50 meters beneath ice without breathing. The previous day, he had to be rescued during a practice swim after his corneas froze, causing him to go temporarily blind.



The human body performs most of its daily functions on autopilot. Whether it's regulating internal temperature, setting the steady pace of a heartbeat or rushing lymph and blood to a limb when it's injured, the body, like a computer, uses preset responses for most external stimuli. Hof's training aims to create a wedge between the body's internal programming and external pressures in order to force the body to cede control to the conscious mind. He is a hacker, tweaking the body's programming to expand its capabilities.

At 60 seconds, with empty lungs, my diaphragm begins to quiver and I have to rock back and forth to keep from gasping. Even so, my mind is strangely calm. My eyes are closed, and I see swirling red shapes behind my lids. Hof explains that the light is a window into my pituitary gland.

Hof promises he can teach people to hold their breath for five minutes and stay warm without clothes in freezing snow. With a few days of training I should be able to consciously control my immune system to ramp up against sicknesses or, if necessary, suppress it against autoimmune malfunctions such as arthritis and lupus. It's a tall order, to be sure. The world is full of would-be gurus proffering miracle cures, and Hof's promises sound superhuman.

The undertaking resonates with a male clientele willing to wage war on their bodies and pay \$2,000 for the privilege of a weeklong program. Across the room Hans Spaan's hands are shaking. Diagnosed with Parkinson's 10 years ago, he had to quit his job as an IT executive, but he claims Hof's method has enabled him to cut the amount of drugs his doctors insist he needs. Next



AT RIGHT: PHOTO BY HENNY BOOGERT

to him, Andrew Lescelius, a Nebraskan whose asthma can be crippling, hasn't used his inhaler for a week.

For almost an hour we've been cycling between hyperventilating and holding our breath. Every repetition has made it incrementally easier to hold on just a bit longer. Hof tells us the quick breathing adds oxygen to our blood supply so that, at least until we use it up, we don't have to rely on the air in our lungs to survive. The autonomic urge to gasp for air is based on the mind's ordinary programming: No air in the lungs means it's time to breathe. My nervous system hasn't yet realized there's still air in my blood.

Ninety-two seconds and my vision starts to cloud over. The room has taken on a red sheen I don't remember being there before. I may be seeing lights. I let go and allow air to rush in. It's far from a record, but after only an hour of trying, it's my longest attempt. I smile with a small sense of accomplishment.

Hof then commands us to undergo another breathing cycle, but this time, instead of holding my breath, he instructs me to do as many push-ups as I can. Raised on a diet of cheese curds and little exercise, I'm out of shape. At home I can manage an embarrassingly feeble 20 before collapsing. Now, with no air in my lungs, I push myself off the floor with almost no effort. They roll out one after another, and before I know it I've done 40.

I decide I'm going to have to reevaluate everything I've (continued on page 136)



RED

An

SOX

ORAL

HISTORY

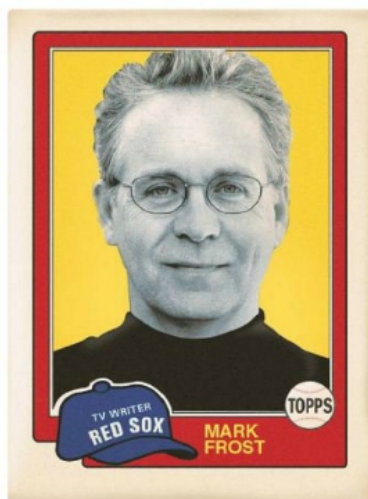
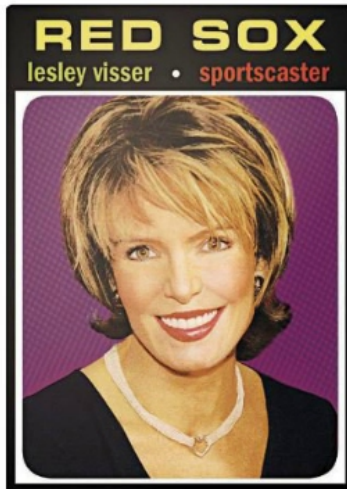
NATION

HOW A STORIED
FRANCHISE REVERSED
A CENTURY-LONG CURSE,
AS TOLD BY PLAYERS,

MANAGEMENT,
JOURNALISTS AND,
OF COURSE,
THE EVER-HOPEFUL,
DIE-HARD FANS

INTERVIEWS BY KEVIN COOK

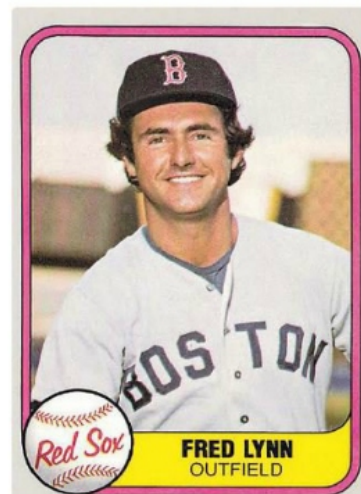




his is the story of a long-suffering franchise. Not the Cubs, Pirates, Padres, Bengals, Jaguars, Wizards, Nuggets or once-mighty Ducks of Anaheim but a baseball team born the Boston Americans in 1901.

Last year that franchise, now known as the Red Sox, won its third World Series since 2004. That sensational run makes up for (or does it?) a tradition of losing that stretches back through the 1990s and 1980s to the disco years, and before that to the Vietnam War, the Korean War, World War II, the Great Depression, the Roaring Twenties and earlier. Long before Neil Diamond ever burred "Sweet Caroline" and even before Neil Diamond was born, the Red Sox chased the American League pennant year after year for almost a century and always lost, usually to the New York Yankees.

Here's the story of how Boston's team reversed a curse that was almost as old as modern baseball.



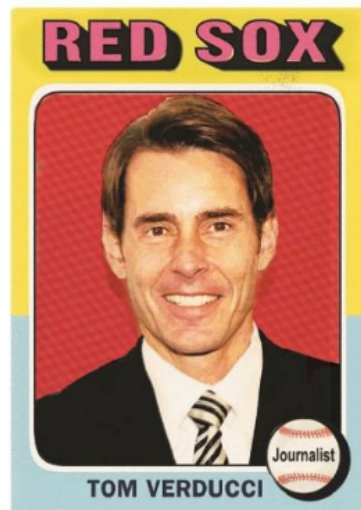
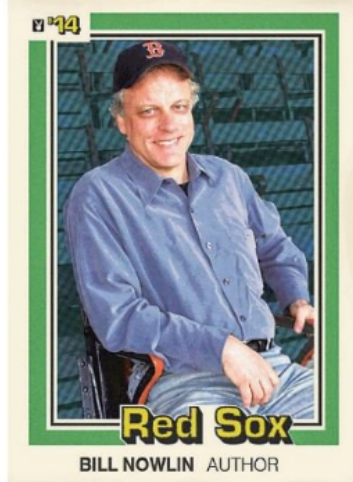
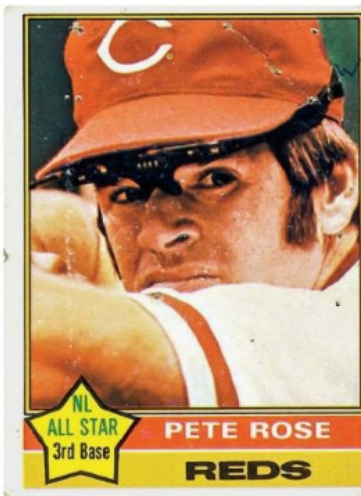
In 1918 the Red Sox ruled the game. After Boston won the World Series to claim its fifth championship, former mayor John "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald—John F. Kennedy's grandfather—declared, "The Red Sox dynasty lives, and there is no end in sight!"

The dynasty was dying as he spoke.

DENIS LEARY, actor, comedian, Sox nut: Yeah, dying because they sold Babe Ruth. Not traded him, sold him. To the New fucking York fucking Yankees.

MIKE VACCARO, *New York Post* columnist, author of *Emperors and Idiots: The Hundred-Year Rivalry Between the Yankees and Red Sox*: The Sox wanted to unload Ruth, who'd gotten too loud and obnoxious. And Ruth was a pitcher then—a pitcher who went 9–5 in the Red Sox's lousy 1919 season. Sure, he also led the league with 29 homers, but to the Sox he would always be a pitcher first. And a jerk.

DOUG VOGEL, Society for American Baseball Research: Ruth could drive a baseball out of any park, but he sucked at driving a car. He swerved around corners, bumping



pedestrians, going through cars as fast as he went through women. After one debauched night he tried to drive between two trolleys near Fenway Park and totaled his car. The Babe walked away without a scratch, but his female companion wound up in the hospital.

VACCARO: The day after Christmas 1919, Boston owner Harry Frazee sold Babe Ruth to the Yankees for \$100,000 plus a loan for \$300,000. Do you know what he put up as collateral for the loan?

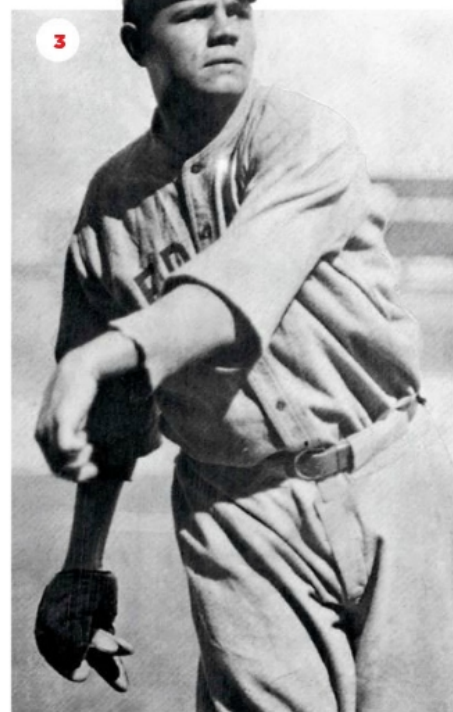
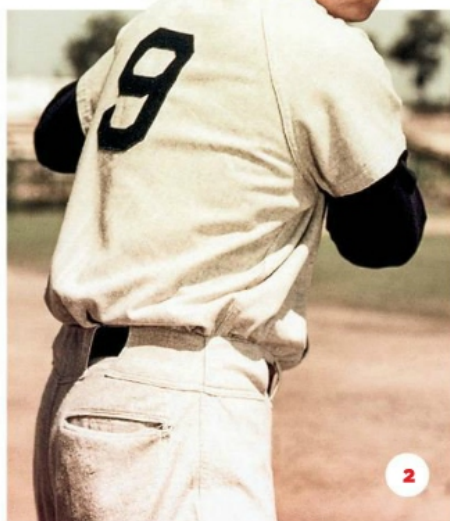
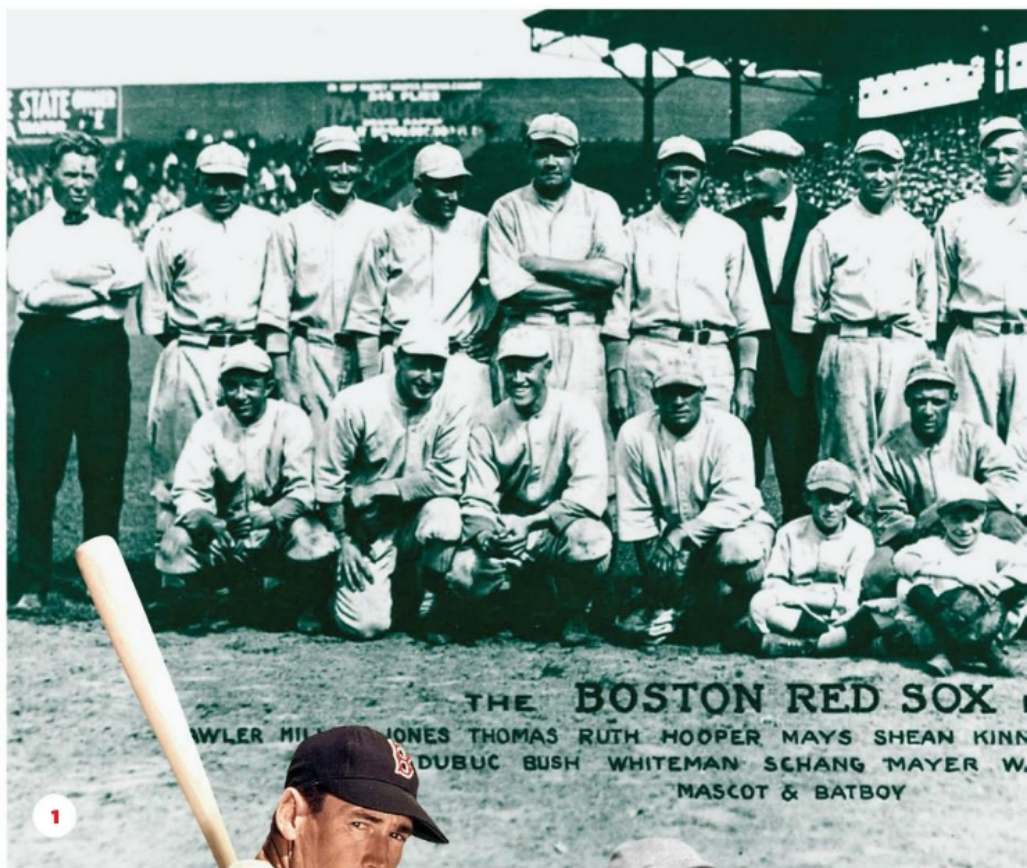
LEARY: Fenway Park!

VACCARO: Fenway Park. And the “curse of the Bambino” was on.

BILL NOWLIN, author of 17 books on the Sox: Boston was called “baseball’s hometown,” but after the Sox traded Ruth, the losing began. Generations of fans grew up feeling cursed.

VACCARO: The next year, Ruth hit 54 homers for the Yankees. Harry Hooper led the Red Sox with seven. In the next 83 years the Yanks would finish ahead of the Sox 66 times and win 26 World Series titles to the Red Sox’s zero.

The Sox reached the 1946 World Series, only to lose when Enos “Country” Slaughter of the St. Louis Cardinals dashed all the way home from first base on a single. Boston was



1. The 1918 Boston Red Sox ruled baseball but not so much their hometown. Fans questioned why they demanded so much money. **2.** Ted Williams was touchy and edgy, but he was also a genuine war hero. **3.** Babe Ruth, back in his days as a pitcher. When Boston traded him to the Yankees, it triggered the famed curse of the Bambino.

Gordon hit .322 with 18 homers and 103 RBIs. Gordon also led the league in bad stats—strikeouts and grounding into double plays—and Gordon won the MVP.

Williams was edgy, touchy. Ballplayers always wore ties on road trips, but he refused to wear a necktie. He’d spit at fans who booed him. But he was a war hero—39 missions as a fighter pilot, shot down over Korea. He spent nights at the Children’s Hospital of Boston. He’d finally get up to go and the kid would say, “Ted, stay with me!” So

Williams would have a nurse bring a cot and he’d sleep there, then play the next day. Nobody knew because he had a deal with reporters: “If you write about this, I’ll never do it again.”

LESLEY VISSER, Hall of Fame sportscaster: As a Boston child of the Kennedy years, I was seven when JFK was inaugurated. His first words—“We observe today not a victory of party but a celebration”—made me think he was talking about the Red Sox. We’d stumbled through the 1950s with a manager named Pinky

**AFTER THE SOX
TRADED RUTH,
THE LOSING BEGAN.
GENERATIONS OF
FANS GREW UP
FEELING CURSED.**

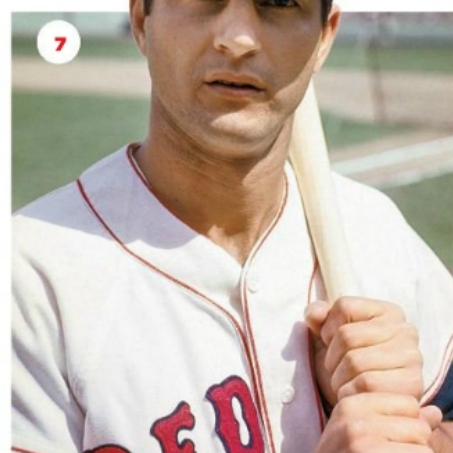
known for chowder, baked beans and bad baseball.

NOWLIN: My father was a hot-dog vendor at Fenway during the Great Depression. Bad work for a fan, because the game’s going on behind you. The bosses counted the hot dogs every day but not the buns, so the vendors would grab two or three buns and slop them with ketchup and mustard for a free “Depression lunch.”

My father loved Jimmie Foxx, the great slugger the Red Sox traded for in 1936. Foxx hit 198 homers in five years, but the Sox never finished better than second. Then came the Ted Williams era. Was Williams the best hitter ever? He’s sure the only one to win a Triple Crown without winning the MVP award. Twice. There were two reasons: Williams didn’t play in New York, and he didn’t butter up the writers who voted for the award. In 1942 he led the league in every department—a .356 batting average, 36 homers, 137 RBIs. The Yankees’ Joe



4. In 1967 fans gathered outside the gate, waiting for players to leave for St. Louis on their way to the seventh and deciding game of the World Series. 5. Fans rushed the field when Boston lost game seven to Cincinnati in 1975. 6. Game six against the Reds was happier. Carlton Fisk hit the game-winning homer in the 12th inning. 7. For his entire 23-year career, outfielder Carl Yastrzemski was Boston's favorite son. An 18-time All-Star and holder of seven Gold Gloves, in 1967 he won the American League Triple Crown, a feat not accomplished again until 2012.



Higgins [third place in his best year]. Even with Williams in left, our team ranged from mediocre to lousy. But the Kennedy era promised passion, sparkle, new life. Alas, the Sox stayed awful. They once drew fewer than 100 fans to a game against Cleveland.

My brother and I sat in the bleachers and thought, Well, we might be losing, but we're getting to see Frank Malzone and Bill Monbouquette and my beloved Ike Delock, who won two games in 1963.

NOWLIN: Then there was Jimmy Piersall,

whose psychiatric problems were immortalized in a movie, *Fear Strikes Out*. Piersall would use a water pistol to wash home plate for the umpire. When he hit his 100th career homer, he ran the bases backward.

Led by Carl Yastrzemski, another Triple Crown winner, the lowly Sox shocked the world by winning the pennant in 1967. But again they lost the World Series to the Cardinals in seven games.

LEARY: My dad became a baseball fan

when he came over from Ireland, and I inherited his Red Sox DNA. Their miracle run in 1967 got me hooked. But I didn't know how disappointing it would be. Sometimes they lost in bizarre circumstances; sometimes they just lost.

NOWLIN: Even in that "Impossible Dream" season they lost Tony Conigliaro. He was 22, the youngest ever to hit 100 home runs. Then that August he got hit in the face, almost killed by a fastball at Fenway. Tony C. was never the same again.

DICK FRIEDMAN, *Sports Illustrated* baseball editor, Sox fan: Something else symbolized the futility: the black players they didn't have. The Sox were, infamously, the last big-league team to integrate. A decade after Jackie Robinson, they were still 100 percent white.

When Boston dumped pitcher Earl Wilson in 1966, it was rumored he was banished for



BEST SOX YOU EVER HAD

HERE'S BOSTON'S
ALL-TIME,
ALL-IMMORTAL LINEUP
(with apologies to Yaz)



CARLTON FISK, C
CLOUTED 376 REGULAR-
SEASON HOMERS, PLUS THE
ONE YOU REMEMBER.



JIMMIE FOXX, 1B
DOUBLE-X-RATED POWER
KEEPS VERSATILE YAZ
RIDING ALL-TIME PINE.



DUSTIN PEDROIA, 2B
CAREER .302 HITTER SETS
TABLE FOR HUNGRY HALL
OF FAMERS TO COME.



WADE BOGGS, 3B
PASS THE CHICKEN AND
PRAISE THE MIDCAREER
MID-.400S ON-BASE
PERCENTAGES.



NOMAR GARCIPARRA, SS
JOE CRONIN, RICO
PETROCELLI AND JOHNNY
PESKY NEVER RAKED LIKE
MIA HAMM'S HUSBAND.



TED WILLIAMS, LF
SHOULD HAVE WON THREE
MORE MVPs, BUT THE
VOTERS LOST THEIR HEADS.



FRED LYNN, CF
UNRIVALED WHEN UNHURT
(AND TRIS SPEAKER'S IN
THE HALL AS AN INDIAN).



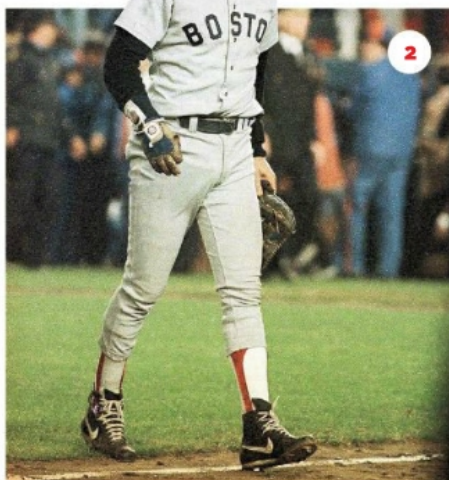
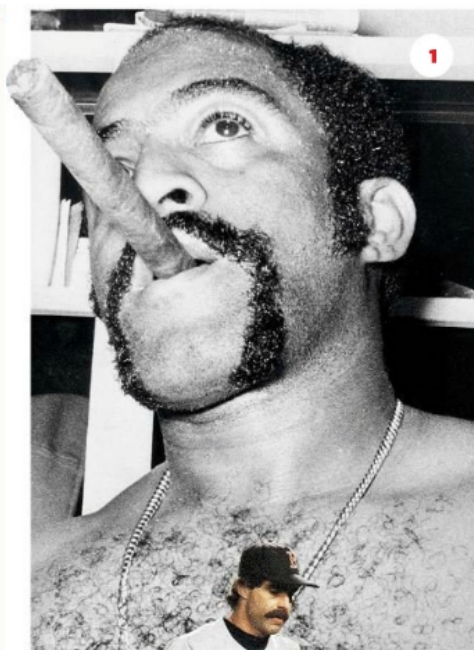
DWIGHT EVANS, RF
DEWEY-EYED FANS LOVED
EVANS'S GOLD GLOVE AND
UNDERRATED BAT.



DAVID ORTIZ, DH
PAPI BEING PAPI KEEPS
LEFT-RIGHT BALANCE IN
HEART OF POTENT LINEUP.



CURT SCHILLING, P
CY YOUNG, ROGER CLEMENS,
PEDRO MARTINEZ? ALL
GREAT, BUT A BLOODY SOCK
HEARSED THE CURSE.



1. Cuban-born pitcher Luis Tiant smokes a gift from back home after a victory in game six of the 1975 World Series. **2.** Bill Buckner leaves the field after letting the ball pass through his legs, losing game six to the Mets in 1986 and becoming part of baseball lore. **3.** A reason to celebrate: a Series victory over the Cards in 2004. **4.** Curt Schilling pitched six painful innings on a sutured ankle during a playoff game against the Yankees in 2004. His bloody sock later sold at auction for \$92,000.

sleeping with white women. Wilson went on to win 22 games for Detroit.

FRIEDMAN: They gave Willie Mays a try-out and didn't sign him. Imagine Mays in the Red Sox outfield with Ted Williams and later with Yastrzemski....

LEARY: Yaz was my guy. I played left field in Little League with my Yaz Triple Crown glove. I ate Yaz bread. Really, he had bread. Yaz never had Williams's talent, but he worked his ass off. I'll never forget the day he came to my school. Carl Yastrzemski walks into my eighth-grade classroom. Total hush. He says, "Kids, stay in school and don't do drugs." And leaves. A man of few words. **NOWLIN:** In the 1970s they had a great team coalescing: Yaz was at first by then, Carlton Fisk behind the plate, Rico Petrocelli at third, Rick Burleson at short....

CONAN O'BRIEN, TV host, Sox fan: As a Sox-crazed kid I waited hours at a car dealership to get Burleson's autograph. He probably got a new car out of it. I said something smartass like "Nice Eldorado you're getting," and he's like, "Move along, kid, so I can get the fuck out of here."

NOWLIN: Best of all, that team had two phenomenal rookies: Fred Lynn and Jim Rice.

O'BRIEN: You know how you remember snapshots from adolescence? If you say music, I think of the Cars in the 1970s, guys in Ray-Bans on a car hood. My baseball snapshot is Yaz, Rice and Lynn, my hero. I was no athlete, but one day I made a catch, and the Little League coach says, "You looked like Fred Lynn out there." It's still the best compliment I ever got.

FRED LYNN, Red Sox center fielder, 1974-1980: The Yankees drafted me out of high school and acted like I was supposed to be flattered. "We're the New York Yankees. Sign here." Instead I went to college, and the Red Sox signed me out of USC for a \$40,000 bonus. At first Boston was a culture shock for a southern California boy like me. I'd go out to eat and they'd bring me a lobster and a hammer, and I'd say, "Do I have to kill it?"

FRIEDMAN: Lynn and Rice were a god-send. I once saw Rice smash one off the Green Monster so hard the shortstop had a play on the carom back to the infield.

LYNN: How strong was Jimmy Rice? I was 165 pounds (continued on page 146)



"Now, before I can write you a prescription for Viagra, I'm going to have to run a few tests."



FICTION

EXTREME

THIS IS NO LONGER SPORT. IT IS
NOW A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

PART

2

EXECUTION (N.): 1: KILLING—THE KILLING OF SOMEBODY AS PART OF A LEGAL OR EXTRALEGAL PROCESS 2: PERFORMING OF SOMETHING—THE CARRYING OUT OF AN ACTION, INSTRUCTION, COMMAND OR MOVEMENT 3: MANNER OF PERFORMANCE—THE STYLE OR MANNER IN WHICH SOMETHING IS CARRIED OUT OR ACCOMPLISHED.



urt and Paige view the above definition in a reverse order of priorities. To wit:

Definition three, so they can do definition two without having to commit definition one.

That is to say, style (see supra, definition three) counts—don't

think it doesn't. Style counts in figure skating, freestyle skiing and the theft of a billion dollars.

There's theft and there's theft. There's theft that results in the good guys (being in this case Kurt, Paige and their friend Lev) relieving the bad guy (Lev's Russian oligarch arms dealer stepfather) of his blood money without the actual shedding of blood, and there's theft that results in the aforementioned bloodshed, which Paige will absolutely not countenance, neither in the execution nor in the planning, nor even as an exigency.

Exigency (n.): urgent need; something a situation demands or makes urgently necessary and that puts pressure on the people involved.

Yeah, well, death definitely puts pressure on the people involved.

As ultra-extreme athletes, Kurt, Paige and Lev are used to pressure—water pressure (big-wave surfing, free diving), air pressure (wingsuiting, BASE jumping), vertical pressure, a.k.a. gravity (downhill skiing, rock climbing), mental pressure (ultramarathon running)—and they're used to death; they just lost a dear friend, Latchkey, who wingsuited into the steel span of a bridge at 90 per.

Actually, it was Latchkey's death that spurred Kurt into taking on this project of Lev's and then talking Paige into it. Okay, at first he tries to talk Paige out of it but into accepting that he'd do it.

BY DON

WINSLOW

"Let me make sure I have this correctly," Paige says. "You and Lev plan to drop onto a yacht in the Pacific, rob armed Russian thugs of a billion dollars, make it to land, disappear and live happily ever after."

"Not me and Lev," Kurt clarifies. "Me and you. *We* live happily ever after. It's not a gay thing or a bromance thing. Lev would go and do his thing and you and I would do our. Thing."

"Which would be what?"

Live (verb, not adjective, and therein lies the secret to, well, life), Kurt explains. Climb, ski, surf, run, fly, fuck, eat, sleep, repeat as necessary and/or desirable.

"Setting aside for the moment the practical—or rather impractical—considerations," Paige says, "have you

considered the ethical issue? That is, stealing is wrong?"

"Stealing," Kurt agrees, "is wrong in most situations. But the money we'd be stealing comes from armaments that indiscriminately kill people. So it wouldn't be *as*, if at *all*, wrong."

He goes on to explain his thinking in the matter, and we should pause here to note that this conversation takes place in a motel in Moab, Utah, the site of Latchkey's memorial service (Moab, not the motel) and a world center for rock climbing, dirt biking and all manner of outdoor fun and frolic. Kurt's argument is mathematically based: It costs money to pursue the extreme sports that bring them sponsorships; they're not getting any younger; the sponsorships are going to dry up and they'll be left with nothing.

"I'm a university professor," Paige argues. "I have an income, a pension—"

"This is what I mean," Kurt counters. "You're not even 30 and you're talking about your pension. What's next, a 401(k)?"

Paige swallows.

She does have a 401(k).

Paige goes out for a quick 15-mile run among the red rocks of Moab and thinks about not only the ethical issue but her life.

Flying along the single track, her feet avoiding the ankle-spraining rocks and scree, Paige considers that she has always been the "good girl." Check that, not the "good girl"—the "perfect girl." Perfect grades, perfect attitude, perfect skin, perfect teeth, perfect body—if, that is, you consider the lean, low-body-fat athletic frame of the female super-athlete perfect.

She has a good job, a man she loves and outside interests that keep the adrenaline flowing, but—

Paige has never done anything bad.

Wrong or even dubious.

She has summited heights. Might it not be time to explore depths (how high you can go may also be an indicator of how low you can go)?

And be honest, she tells herself. Kurt is right—time is catching up and time will render your extraordinary life ordinary.

Which is simply not acceptable.

The *extra* in extraordinary isn't extra. It's essential.

Paige comes back from her run and says to Kurt, "I will give my consent to this under one condition."

"Being?"

"I go with you."

TIME IS CATCHING UP AND TIME WILL RENDER YOUR EXTRAORDINARY LIFE ORDINARY. WHICH IS SIMPLY NOT ACCEPTABLE.

"No."

"Why not?" Paige asks. "Because I'm a girl?"

"No."

Kurt has been a reformed sexist since Paige kicked his ass in the Leadville Trail 100, the only redeeming feature being that he got to look at her, albeit from an ever-increasing distance, for 75 of those 100 miles before she disappeared over the horizon and then waited for him at the finish line.

"What, then?" Paige asks.

"I don't want to see you get hurt."

"That's what my mother said about my being with you," Paige says. And besides, it's a ridiculous argument because they've climbed (actually free-climbed—no ropes) together, heliskiied together, surfed together, BASE jumped together and wingsuited together. And now he doesn't want to see her get hurt?

"Did you have your eyes closed all those times?" Paige asks.

"Could you," Kurt asks, "point a gun at someone and say you'll kill him if he doesn't give you the money?"

"You said we weren't going to kill anyone."

"Unless," Lev says when they take the discussion to him in a quiet corner of the motel bar, "there's an exigency."

And now we're back.

Execution requires planning.

Stylish execution, anyway.

Sloppy executions you can just throw together (see definition one, Texas, Florida, Missouri), but the kind of execution that has a certain elegance to it requires preparation.

"Failing to prepare is...*blah, blah, blah.*" (Actually, failing to *improvise* can also be considered preparing to fail, but that's another story.)

Planning starts with intelligence.

Lev shows them photos and schematics of the boat.

Stepdad's little oceangoing getaway is called the *Ozerov*.

Cayman flagged, built in the Netherlands.

Sleek black hull, white superstructure, shaped like a narrow V with a wedding-cake layering of decks.

A beautiful, dangerous-looking craft.

Five hundred thirty-five feet long, beam 72 and a half feet, Kevlar-hulled, 11,360 horsepower, cruising speed of 20 knots, max speed of 25.

Twin 19-million-candlepower searchlights.

Each cabin has a digital safe. Another, larger safe in the captain's stateroom.

"The money won't be in the safes,"

Lev says, "but in a vault down in the engine room."

Brushed-stainless-steel deck and flooring, Italian marble fixtures, goat-skin wall coverings, three dining areas, a five-star kitchen, dance floor and an infinity pool—

"An infinity pool?" Paige asks.

On a boat?

In the Pacific?

Which is, in itself, an infinity pool?

Then there's the helipad with a Soviet military chopper on it, just in case Yegor needs to get away quickly.

Several Narwhal SV-400 rescue crafts.

And a go-fast boat, mostly because any decent smuggler has to have a go-fast boat.

With 18 cabins, the *Ozerov* can carry 34 passengers and 70 crew.

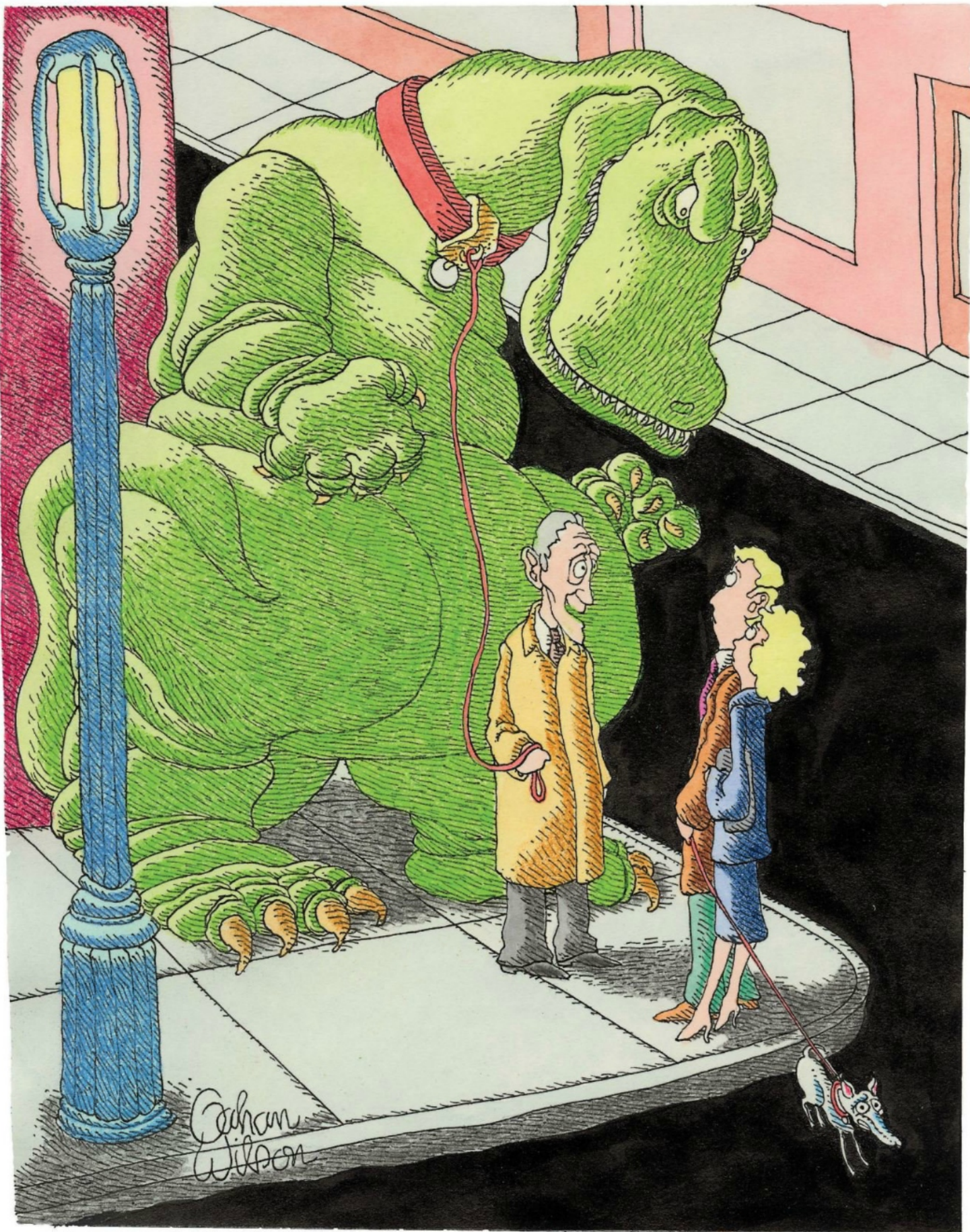
"But there won't be that many people onboard for this money run," Lev says. "Yegor strips it down because he doesn't trust people. Just him, Mother, an accountant, the captain, 15 crew, a chef, a sous-chef, a sous-sous-chef and 12 mercenaries."

All the mercs are former Russian special forces.

All fought in Chechnya.

"How much money did you say will be on the boat?" Kurt asks.

"A billion" (continued on page 124)



"You'd be amazed at the paperwork you have to go through to get a license!"



THE WRITE STUFF

FROM HER LITERARY ADVENTURES TO HER PRIVATE "WILD SIDE,"
MISS JUNE INDULGES HER ARTISTIC FLAIR

Jessica Ashley is a self-proclaimed book fiend. The 24-year-old started writing prose at the age of four and lists modernist erotic masters Henry Miller and Anaïs Nin as her favorites. "People always told me I should model, but literature was my focus." And after she started modeling three years ago? "I was hooked," Jessica says. "It's so exhilarating. I feel I come alive in front of the camera. I get to be something awesome!" When we first ran across Jessica on Facebook, we knew this siren from the suburbs of Detroit was born to be a Playmate. And when we met her in person, our hunch proved right on the money. The adventurous University of Michigan graduate (she studied English and psychology) is into skydiving, running and having

sex ("I love it, and I'm not shy about it"). Her charisma is unmistakably sensual. "People always think I'm flirting because I'm constantly touching myself and playing with my hair," she says. "I don't even realize I'm doing it. I'm just very tactile." Since she was chilled to the bone up in Michigan this past winter, we flew Jessica to a mid-century modern Los Angeles mansion designed by John Lautner so she could hair the pool and lap up Silver Lake's sleeping, sun-baked vibes. Once the camera started clicking, Jessica's words rang true: She became something awesome indeed. "I treasure being Miss June," she says, her fingers tangled in her luscious hair. "I love the summer, and posing nude with a *sex* in that incredible house is a dream."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SASHA EISENMAN

[@MissJuneAshley](#)

[@MissJuneAshley](#)

[@MissJuneAshley](#)









MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

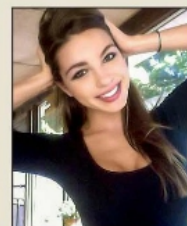
NAME: Jessica Ashley
BUST: 32 D WAIST: 25" HIPS: 36"
HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 130 lbs
BIRTH DATE: 12/8/89 BIRTHPLACE: Detroit, Michigan
AMBITIONS: I have many passions—writing, modeling and more—and I want to explore them all, so my plans are fluid. It's working so far!
TURN-ONS: Wit, style, confidence, courage and ambition, but balanced by healthy hints of sexy "corruption."
TURN-OFFS: I can't really get warmed up for a man who doesn't stimulate my mind. We'll read Henry Miller together or we won't be together, baby. Sorry!
AN ARTIST I LOVE: Audrey Kawasaki. I have one of her paintings as my Facebook cover art. Her work is sensual and feminine—and so am I!
MY POP CRUSH: Sadly, I'm mad for Justin Timberlake and Furious that Jessica Biel got to him first. "
THIS QUOTE SUMS UP MY PHILOSOPHY: "Live out your dreams and fantasies. Whisper questions to the Sphinx at night."—Fritz Scholder



Jake and me
♡



Freshman year at
Univ. of Michigan



Playmate-to-be
goofing around!



MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Jessica Hahn

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Last night I went out with a girl who could have been Kate Upton's double," a man told his co-worker.

"Wow," the co-worker said. "Is that true?"

"I wouldn't lie," the man replied. "She was twice Kate's size."

A man stumbled home late to find his wife sitting cross-armed at the kitchen table. "Can you explain to me what you were doing after work?" she asked him.

"My boss told me to go to hell," the man responded. "I couldn't find it at first, but I'm here now."

Don't give up on your dreams—keep sleeping.



I used to be fucking stupid," a woman told her friend. "But then we broke up."

A large woman was dancing on a table at a dance club. A man shouted out, "Nice legs!"

"Oh, do you really think so?" she asked, blushing.

"Definitely!" he said. "Most tables would have collapsed by now."

After a long business trip a man returned home and asked his wife, "Did you miss me?"

She replied under her breath, "So far with every bullet."

On her wedding day a young woman asked her mother for advice on marriage.

Her mom thought for a moment and said sagely, "I've discovered that the secret to keeping your husband happy is to make sure his stomach is full and his balls are empty."

A boy walked sullenly into his house on a beautiful summer day.

"What happened?" his mother asked. "I thought you were going to the pool."

"I got kicked out for peeing in the water," the boy said.

"How did they know you were doing that?" she asked.

He replied, "I was shaking it so hard I almost fell in."

God promised man that good and obedient wives would be found in every corner of the world. Then he made the earth round, and laughed and laughed.

We know gay people exist, but we don't know if God exists. So why would anyone deny gay people their rights on the chance it might piss off God?

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *weed whacking* as masturbating while stoned.

Eighty-five percent of Americans don't know where Ukraine belongs on a map, and neither does Vladimir Putin.

A penis has a sad life: His hair is a mess, his family is nuts, his nearest neighbor is an asshole, his best friend is a pussy and his owner beats him.

A wife approached her husband and said, "Take off my blouse."

So he did.

"Now take off my skirt," she said.

He did.

"Now pull down my panties," she said.

He did.

Then she said, "If I ever catch you wearing my clothes again, I'm leaving you."



Beer makes a man lean...lean on the bar, lean on his friends and lean on buildings as he stumbles his way home.

How do you know when you have overserved your guest?

She sits on your couch and feels around for the seat belt.

Why does toilet paper need commercials? Who is not buying it?

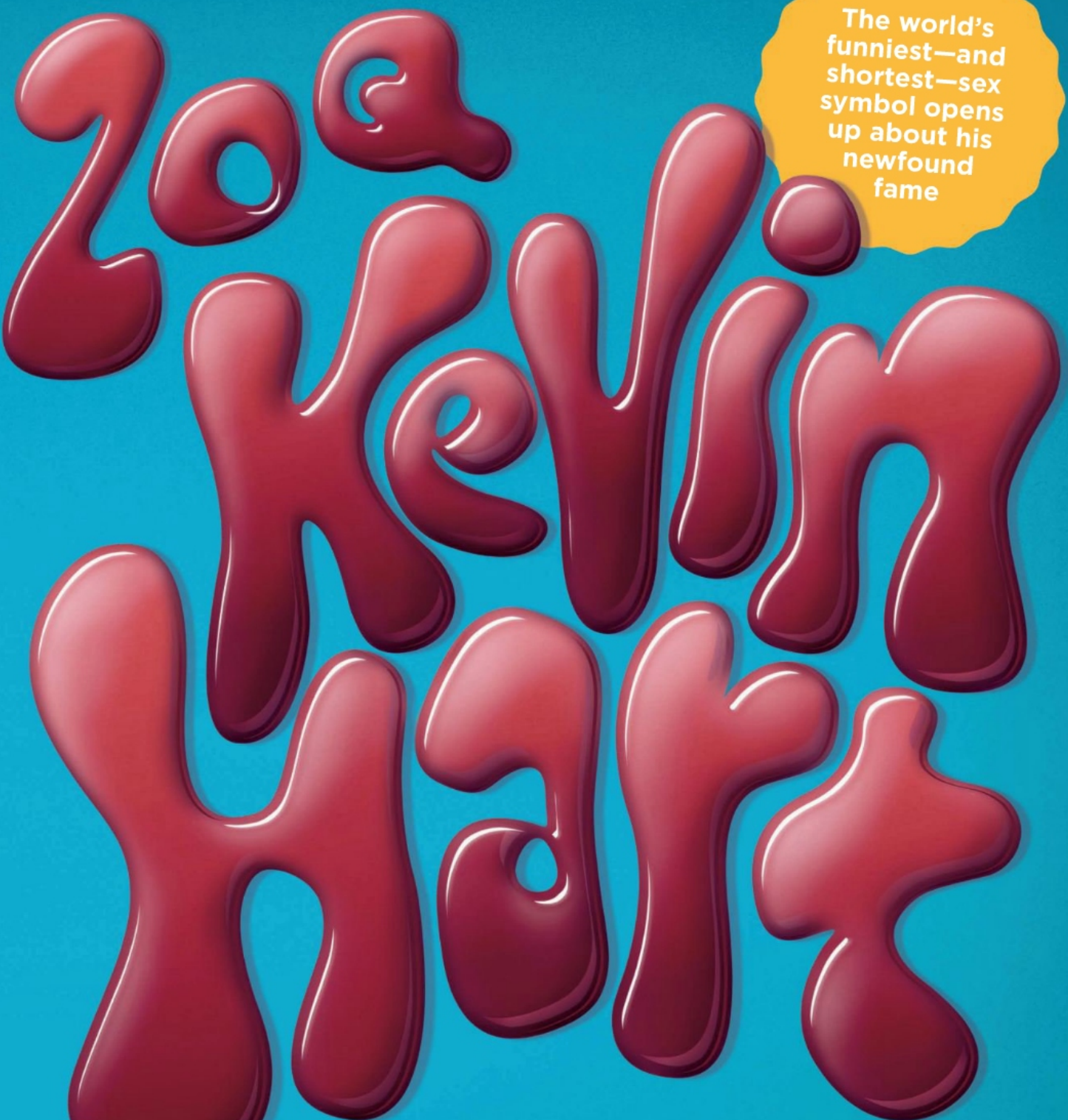
Here's how to explain the folly of marrying too young to the overly eager: Getting married at the age of 21 is like leaving a party at 8:30 P.M.

Send your jokes to *Playboy Party Jokes*, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. *PLAYBOY* will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"I got this wedding suite for half price. Of course, there's a catch."





The world's
funniest—and
shortest—sex
symbol opens
up about his
newfound
fame

BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATT HOYLE

Q1

PLAYBOY: You've had three films come out this year, and you're working on at least three more. You also have a TV show—*Real Husbands of Hollywood*—and you tour the world doing stand-up. Why work so hard? Are you paying off gambling debts?

HART: No, I'm good. I'm just trying to become a media mogul. I don't think people accomplish goals by sitting and waiting for success to come to them. You have to get out there, put your all into it. I put 110 percent into my craft, and I don't sleep unless I have to. At the end

of the day, I want to be remembered as a great comedian and a great actor and a great writer and producer and eventually director. The only way I'm going to accomplish those goals is to work. And work. And work and work and work.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Your new film, *Think Like a Man Too*, was shot entirely in Las Vegas. Are you bound by the "what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas" rule, or can you tell



us about the crazy things you and the rest of the cast did during your downtime?

HART: It wasn't all that exciting. We were in Vegas, sure, but we were there to do a job. I took that very seriously. I like to have a good time—we went to a few parties—but when I'm working, I'm boring. I'm not going to do something that jeopardizes the film or my career or everything I've done to get to this point. That would be insane. Every time I thought about going out after the shoot and getting crazy, I'd remind myself, This could all go away. And then I'd go back to my room and go to bed.

Q3

PLAYBOY: You play a happily divorced guy in *Think Like a Man Too*, and you're working on a divorce comedy for ABC. Are you divorce's biggest advocate?

HART: I'm definitely an example of what life should be like after divorce. My ex-wife and I are still friends and still raise our kids together; we just do it separately. In a relationship it's possible to outgrow a person. My ex and I were growing apart, and it was a situation where we could have become enemies if we stayed married. Being married was killing our relationship, but getting divorced helped salvage our friendship.

Q4

PLAYBOY: A lot of your stand-up act is based on your

I don't talk about the gay community. No thank you! It's such a sensitive subject.

experiences with your ex-wife. When she married you, did she forget to get a comedy prenup?

HART: [Laughs] I guess she should've thought about that. That's what you get for marrying a comedian. No, there's nothing malicious about it. When I talk about her, it's never angry or brutal. It's just me talking about my life, and that relationship is a large part of my life. I put our situation out there, and people relate to it honestly.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You've used pretty much everything in your life as fodder for comedy. What don't you have a sense of humor about?

HART: I'm not a political guy. I don't really deal with Democrats or Republicans. I don't find that funny. And I don't talk about the gay community, be it male or female. No thank you! It's such a sensitive subject. I've seen comics get into serious trouble by joking about gay people. It's too dangerous. Whatever you say, any joke you make about the gay community, it's going to be misconstrued. It's not worth it.

Q6

PLAYBOY: What about your private life? Is there anything that you consider off-limits for comedy?

HART: No. Everything is out there. Even my mom. I did a long bit in my stand-up about her funeral, and that was tough to talk about. But those sad moments can also be the funniest. Losing her was definitely one of the saddest things that ever happened to me. But thinking about it and telling the story, you realize

(continued on page 134)



"Gently, Louis! You produce guys fondle as if you're checking for ripeness."

MOD MEN

By Nicholas Tamarin



THE BACHELOR PAD GETS A MANLY AND MODERN UPGRADE

▪ With the economy picking up again, it's time to upgrade your domestic situation—how else are you going to land the girl of your dreams? Not with the bachelor pad clichés of yesteryear. Ditch the black leather sofa, mirrored ceiling and [most

definitely] your water bed, and let three architecture firms that are taking the mansion to mind-blowingly sleek and sophisticated new heights help you spend with style. All you have to do now is come up with the down payment.

XTEN

Nos. 1 & 3

• Nakahouse, Hollywood Hills, California (1); Madisonhouse, Coachella Valley, California (3). Whether it's L.A. or desert living, make sure your architecture is strong and silent.



2



3



4

Bates Masi

Nos. 2 & 5

• Piersons Way, East Hampton, New York (2); Sam's Creek, Bridgehampton, New York (5). The firm's work is both rustic and restrained, embracing sweeping, grassy dunes as well as impeccable, golf-course-quality lawns.

Briggs Edward Solomon

No. 4

• The Rushmore, New York City. If you can afford the views—in this case, of the Hudson River—let them do all the work; make them the focal point of the room.



5

1

HOLLYWOOD



2



XTEN

• Want to live in a Michael Mann movie but without the threat of jail or death? Turn to Monika Häfelfinger and Austin Kelly, whether you're in southern California or Sissach, Switzerland, home of their satellite office.

Their work, clean-lined and open, is the ultimate in Los Angeles-style architecture. It's traceable to the Case Study houses of the 1940s, as well as to Frank Gehry (Kelly's old boss), Richard Meier and Thom Mayne—and don't forget Robert De Niro in *Heat*. (xtenarchitecture.com)



3



BATES MASI

• When Harry Bates founded his firm during the original *Mad Men* era, his early clients included advertising executives. Thrust into its current phase by Richard Meier & Partners alum Paul Masi, who

teamed with Bates in 1998, the firm not only helped invent the Hamptons vernacular, it also continues to define it. Its client list these days runs to hedge funders whose expertise has more to do with

money than with modern architecture. High rollers should be prepared for disappointment: With only 12 employees, Bates Masi turns down far more projects than it accepts. (batesmasi.com)



4

Nos. 1 & 2

• *Nakahouse* (1); *Openhouse, Hollywood Hills* (2). Let your angles dangle—a sculptural home will always stand out from the crowd. And with copious amounts of transparent glass as your home's primary enclosure material, so will you.



5

Nos. 3 & 4

• *Sam's Creek* (3); *Piersons Way* (4). Soaring ceilings, midcentury furniture, travertine floors, simple but focused landscaping: all keys to a beach house that's better than the primary residence—or is one.

Nos. 5 & 6

• *The Rushmore*. Hire an art consultant to work with your architect and interior designer, and no one will ever know you spent more time at the movies than in museums.

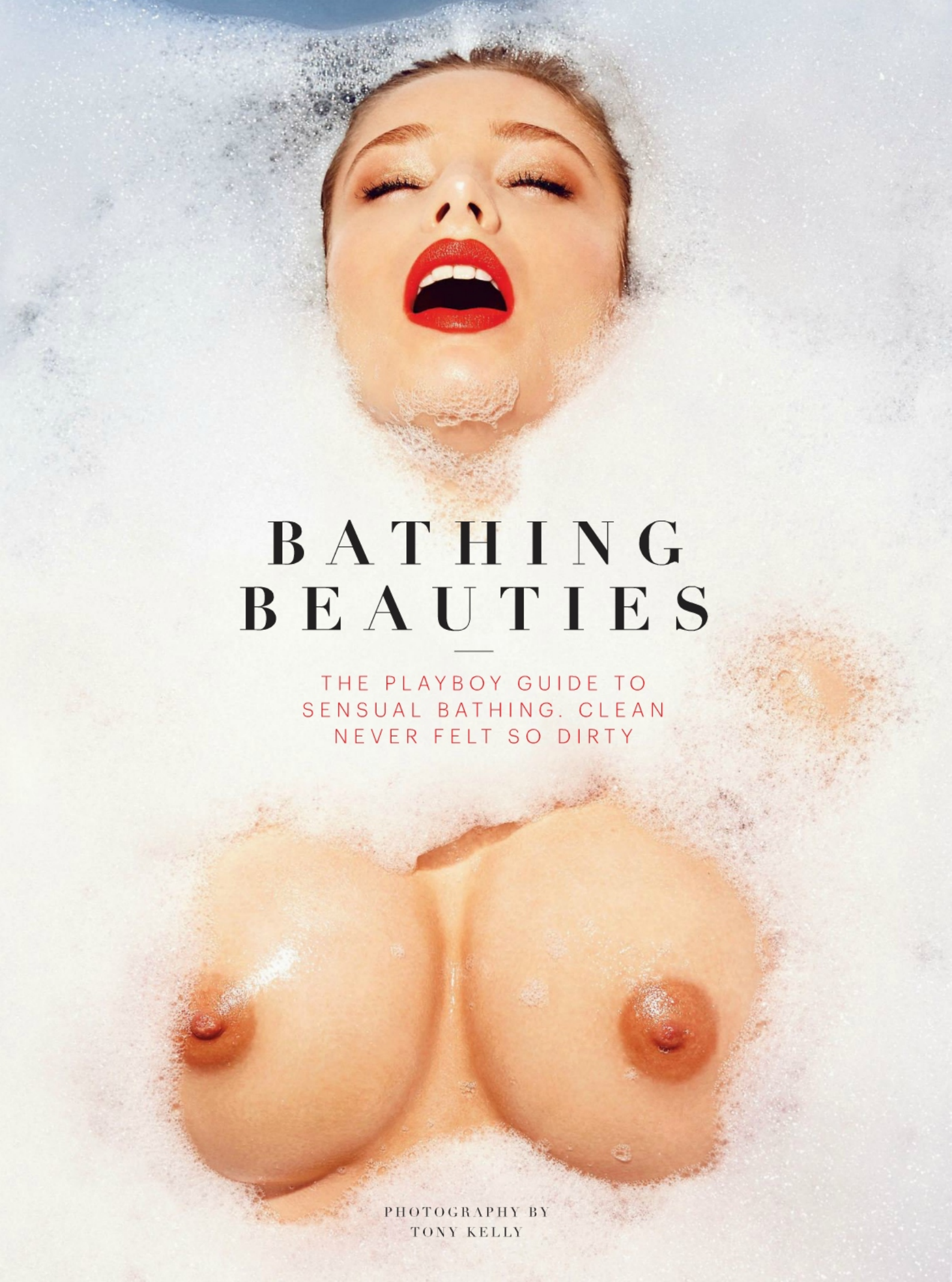


BRIGGS EDWARD SOLOMON

• Have \$300 million and a year? Collaborate with Miami-based Briggs Edward Solomon on your New York pied-à-terre. That's what Alex Rodriguez did with his \$5.5 million 35th-floor Upper West Side condo. He purchased

the 3,600-square-foot four-bedroom apartment in the Rushmore building in 2011 and enlisted Solomon, who also designed his Miami home, to gut it. Less than a year later, A-Rod flipped the pad—complete with an antique black-felt

pool table, an Andy Warhol portrait of Jean-Michel Basquiat and panoramic Hudson River views—for \$7 million. Perhaps he has designs on design as a second career? (briggseward.com)

A full-page photograph of a woman's face and breasts in a bubble bath. The woman's face is at the top, with her eyes closed and mouth open in a blissful expression. Her skin is fair, and she has bright red lipstick. Her hair is dark and pulled back. Below her face, her breasts are visible, also covered in white bubbles. The background is a dense layer of white bubbles, creating a soft, textured environment. The lighting is bright and even, highlighting the contours of her face and breasts.

BATHING BEAUTIES

THE PLAYBOY GUIDE TO
SENSUAL BATHING. CLEAN
NEVER FELT SO DIRTY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TONY KELLY



GET SALTY

• Science has failed to prove that salt does anything to soothe aching muscles, but we're hopeless romantics and still love the idea of approximating the feel of floating in the ocean. Epsom salts are nice, but **Dead Sea salt** is our preference—the ancient Egyptians swore by it. Dissolve a few cups in a warm bath and add a drop or two of rose water.

BREAK OUT THE BUBBLES

• Sure, you could fill a bathtub with champagne, but we'd rather sip it to set the mood. We're happy to report they still make **Mr. Bubble**. Draw a classic bubble bath for your girl: It's a relaxing prelude to the evening.





WORK BLUE

• A mud mask is a beauty treatment the lady in your life is probably doing without you. You might as well get in on the fun and help smooth it over her skin. The silica in a **blue mud mask** produces the silkiest skin. To make the most of it, don't stop at the face.

HONEY, DO

• Before lotion was invented, there was honey. Its natural emollient properties moisturize and make skin supple. Use **organic honey** if possible—unlike lotion, honey is edible.

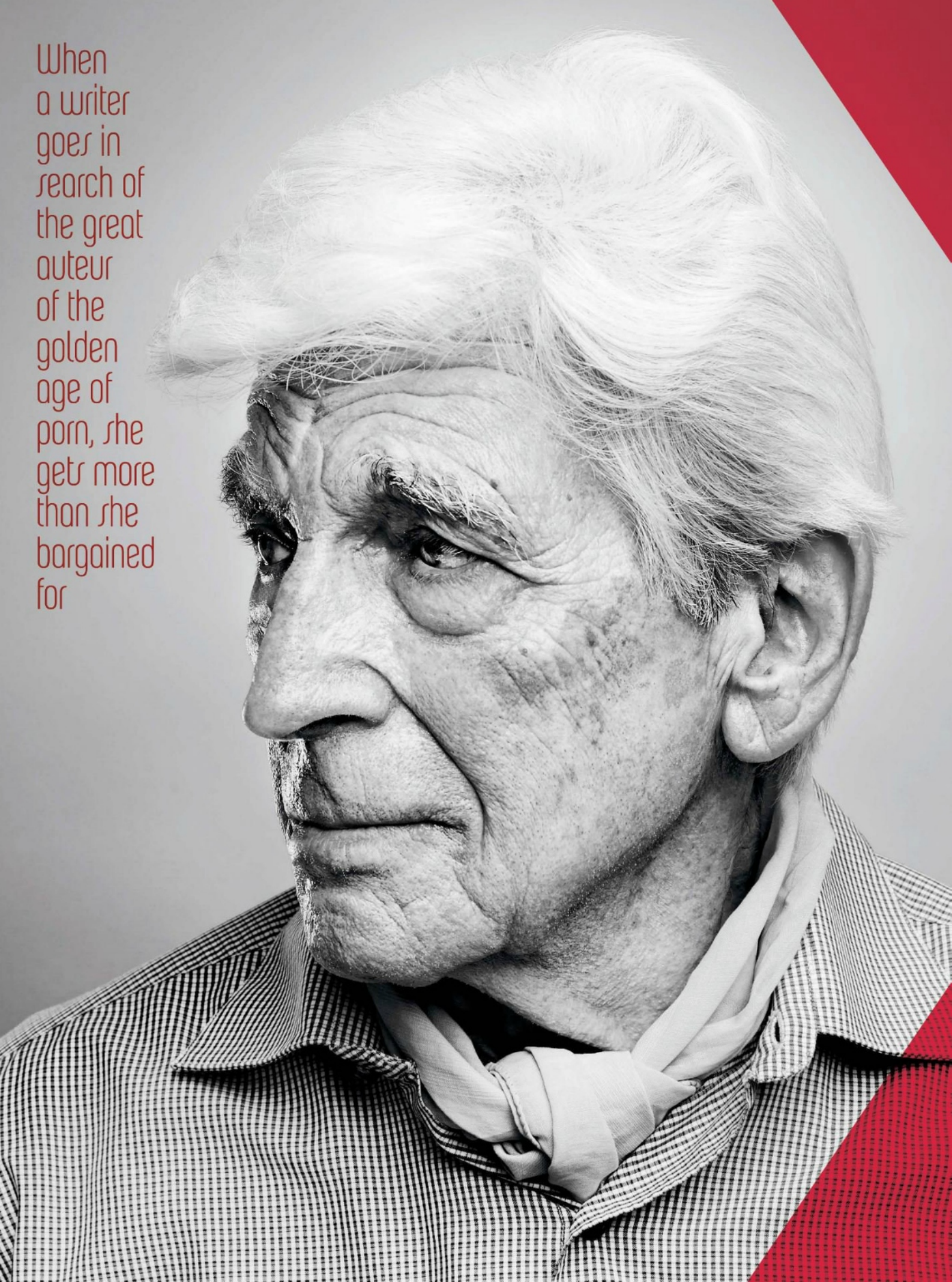
PLAY CLEOPATRA

• The lactic acid in milk is a natural exfoliant. Cleopatra, a woman of great power and appetites, famously kept her skin glowing by taking milk baths. Premix your own **powdered milk bath blend** so you can use it on a whim.

HOW TO MAKE A MILK BATH

◆ Drawing a bath is a simple indulgence your woman will appreciate. Combine **two cups powdered milk, one cup Epsom salts and one cup sea salt** in a large bowl and mix well. Store in an airtight jar. When it's bath time, scoop a cup of the mixture and dissolve under warm running water. Then add a few drops of lavender, rose or eucalyptus oil.

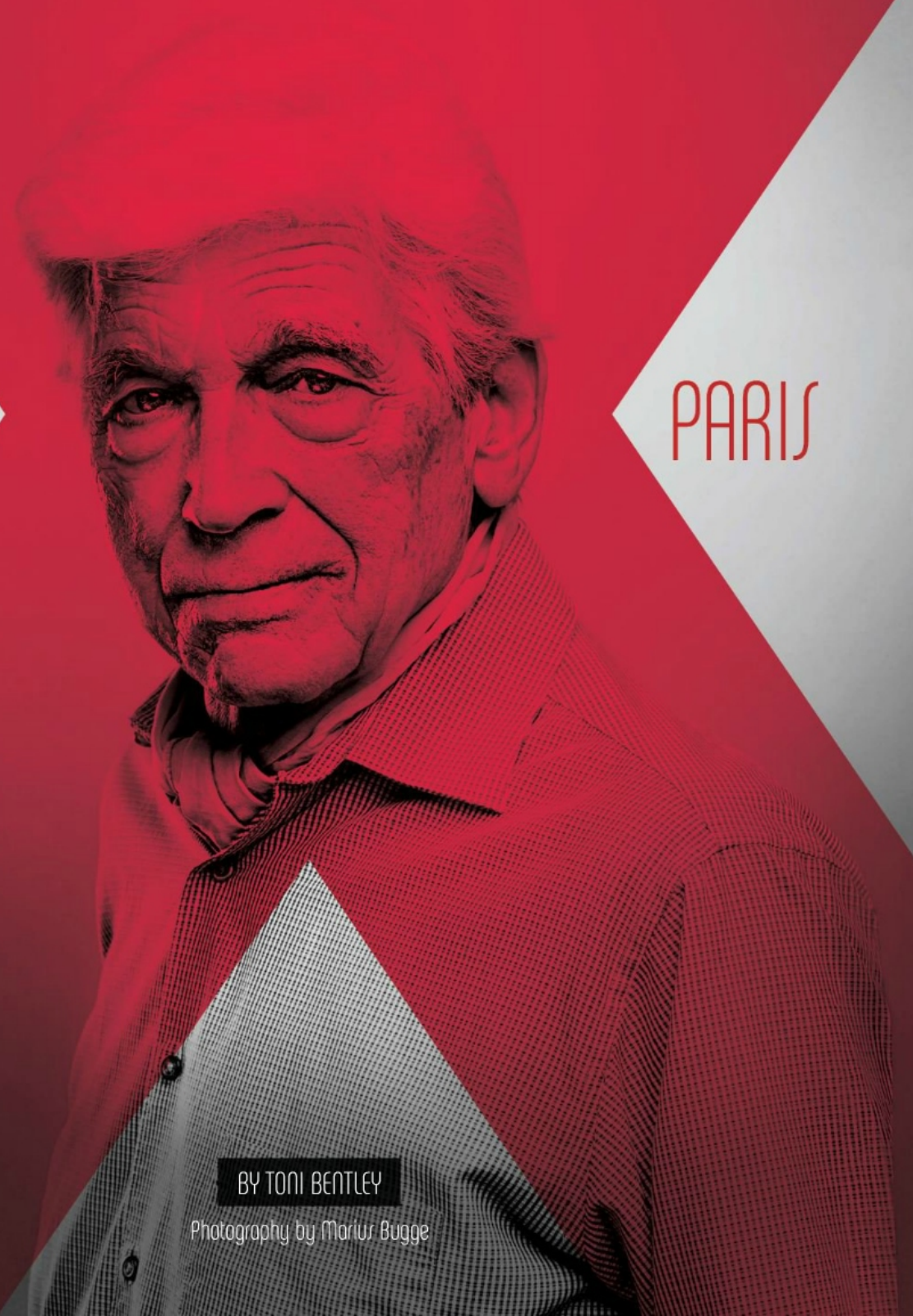
When
a writer
goes in
search of
the great
auteur
of the
golden
age of
porn, she
gets more
than she
bargained
for



The
LEGEND
of

HENRY

PARIS



BY TONI BENTLEY

Photography by Marius Bugge

A

As a professional ballerina, I barely finished high school, so my sense of inadequacy in all subjects but classical ballet remains adequately high. In the years since I became a writer, my curiosity has roamed from classic literature to sexual literature to classic sexual literature. A few months ago, I decided to take a much-needed break from toiling over my never-to-be-finished study of Proust, Tolstoy and Elmore Leonard to bone up on one of our most interesting cultural phenomena: pornography. I had heard of this long-ago era called the "golden age," so I thought I would start my education at the beginning, often—though not always—a good place to start.

The golden age of porn has an undisputed point of entry: *Deep Throat*. It's 1972 and Linda Lovelace—God rest her unhappy soul—has her clit in her throat,

giving an absurdist, and pernicious, feminist veneer to an entirely chauvinist story. While the film's premise is a frustrated woman's search for pleasure, it is in reality the ultimate fellatio fantasy. The film was the career-defining effort of a horny hairdresser, Gerard Damiano. (Years later even he admitted, rather endearingly, "No, I don't think it's a good movie.")

I proceeded to Damiano's second hit and far more imaginative feature, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, starring Georgina Spelvin. Unlike Lovelace, Spelvin manages to inject considerable style into her effort; she appears to actually be turned on.

On to *Behind the Green Door*, made by the notorious flesh peddlers the Mitchell brothers. (Jim eventually murdered cokehead brother Artie.) Starring Marilyn Chambers, who had previously modeled as a young mother on the famous Ivory Snow detergent box, this film sports the conceit of a normal and respectable young woman who becomes the centerpiece of an orgy (she is devoured) in front of a sizable audience; the Ivory Snow girl is eventually coupled with an African American man, boxer Johnnie Keyes. This film is the first notable porn flick to feature an interracial fuck—every thrust a bona fide civil rights movement.



When *Misty* arrived in my mailbox days later, I placed the disc in my DVD player with considerable skepticism, but a girl has to pursue her education despite risks. I pressed PLAY. Revelation.

First off: *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* is an actual movie, not an extended loop of in-and-out close-ups. In fact, the film is so good, so funny, so sexy, that you will not be tempted to press PAUSE after the usual 12-minutes-to-orgasm, time-for-a beer routine that porn reliably delivers. This may be a downside, depending on your expectations, but more likely you will be delighted as you realize this is hardcore like no other—the hardcore we never knew to desire, Howard Hawks hardcore.

We are in Paris, the real one, nighttime in a sodden Pigalle, and a handsome chap in a trench coat—porn legend Jamie Gillis, a rich man's Elliott Gould—is meandering around looking serious. He is renowned sexologist Dr. Seymour Love, a modern-day Kinsey, his latest best-seller called *The Anals of Passion*. He enters a dirty-movie theater and encounters a cute, \$5-hand-job gal played by Constance Money, née Susan Jensen. This young woman's bright pink lipstick is painted so far beyond her lovely lips that it all but meets the mound of blue eye shadow drowning her sparkling blue eyes. The good doctor is both intrigued and appalled by this "sexual civil-service worker." He books a session with her at a nearby *maison*. As they walk, Dr. Love asks her name.

"Misty Beethoven."

"Is that your real name?"
 "No, I changed it to make myself seem more important."
 "What was it before?"
 "Dolores Beethoven."
 And so (continued on page 142)



TOP: RADLEY METZGER IN HIS PRIME, CIRCA THE LATE 1960S. **MIDDLE:** A SCENE FROM METZGER'S 1970 MOVIE *THE LICKERISH QUARTET*. FILMED IN ROME IN A STUDIO MADE FAMOUS BY FELLINI, THIS SHOT FEATURES TWO LOVERS IN A LIBRARY, THE FLOOR A GIANT BLOWUP OF A DICTIONARY PAGE WITH DEFINITIONS FOR WORDS SUCH AS *FORNICATE* AND *ECSTASY*. **BOTTOM:** A SCENE FROM METZGER'S "LOVE STORY," *THÉRÈSE AND ISABELLE*. **RIGHT:** A COLLAGE OF METZGER MOVIE POSTERS.

Beyond the physical edge...



"BODY TO BODY
IS THE NAME OF
THE GAME."
—RSCS-1984

Radley Metzger's

"The Lickerish Quartet"

AN EROTIC DUET FOR FOUR PLAYERS

WITH SILVANA VENTURELLI, FRANK WOLFF,
ERIKA REMBERG, PAOLO TURCO.
IN EASTMAN COLOR.

Distributed by  Audubon Films

Persons under 18 not admitted

...a love story



a RADLEY METZGER
Production

"Therese AND Isabelle"



ADMITTANCE
R RESTRICTED
TO PERSONS
18 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER

starring ESSY PERSSON ("I, A Woman") as Therese
and Anna Geel as Isabelle
with Barbara Laage / Anne Vernon / Maurice Teynac
Based on the novel by Violette Leduc / Screenplay by Jesse Vogel
Produced and Directed by RADLEY METZGER
A production of Amsterdam Film Corporation / Filmed in ULTRASCOPE
Released through  AUDUBON FILMS

PERSONS UNDER 18 CAN NOT BE ADMITTED

"Brilliant new porn film. No other film is
going to equal this one. It simply has to
be the best film of 1976. 100%"

—Al Goldstein, *Midnight Blue*

"A classic piece of erotica . . .
it's the finest blue movie I've
ever seen. Director Henry
Paris keeps the action fast,
fun and furious. It is in-
ventive, opulent,
and highly erotic."

—Borden Scott, *After Dark*

"The Opening of Misty Beethoven"

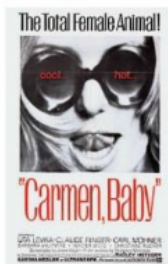
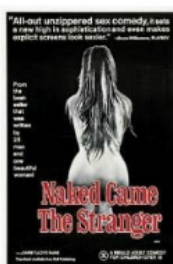


Introducing

Constance Money

with Jamie Gillis Jaqueline Beudant
Terri Hall/Gloria Leonard/Casey Donovan/Ras Kean
Directed by Henry Paris

A Quality Adult Film



WHERE
SEX
GOES
SKIN
DEEP

RADLEY
METZGER
Presents

Starring
MARLA ELLIS
EVE HARRIS
SHELJA BARNETT
Directed by
JOE SARNO
A Crossroads Production
Distributed by
AUDUBON FILMS

"WARM NIGHTS &
HOT PLEASURES"

2014 PLAY MATE OF THE YEAR KENNEDY SUMMERS

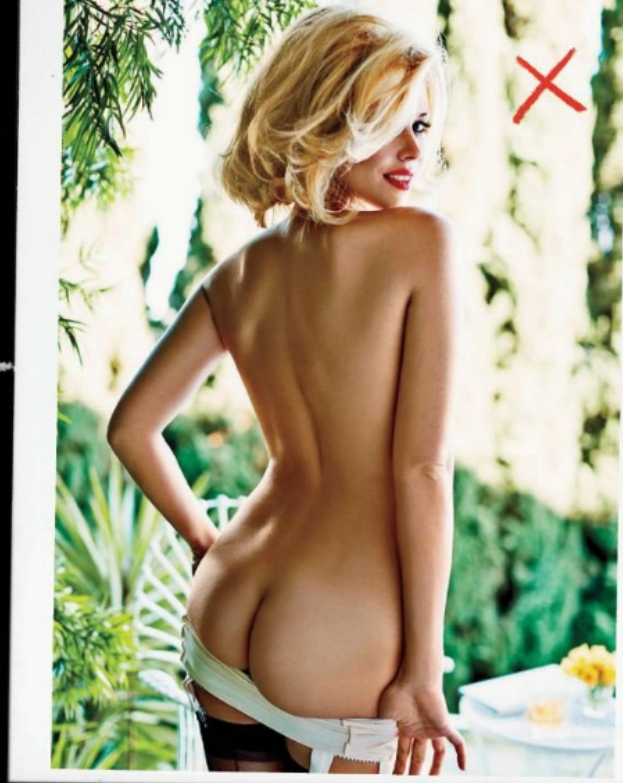
THE LIVING EMBODIMENT OF EVERYTHING PLAYMATES HAVE
GLORIFIED THROUGH THE YEARS - BRAINS, BEAUTY, SEX, STYLE -
KENNEDY SUMMERS IS YOUR 60TH ANNIVERSARY PMOY

Doesn't 'Dr. Playmate of the Year' sound awesome?" says Kennedy Summers. It sure does. For our 60th year of publication we wanted our PMOY to have it all, and Kennedy has it in spades. Not only does she possess off-the-charts pulchritude, this brainy bombshell has degrees in anthropology and health administration, with a Ph.D. in medicine on the way. The Berlin-born, Virginia-raised international model first submitted pictures of herself to us online from her then hometown of Chicago, which happens to be PLAYBOY's birthplace. "I had decided I was done with modeling and thought becoming a Playmate would be the most amazing way to finish out my 12-year modeling career," Kennedy

explains. Although her adventures in front of the camera had taken her to Europe and Asia on all kinds of hot assignments, she'd never posed nude before she walked into our studio. Sixty years to the month after Marilyn Monroe appeared on the cover of PLAYBOY, Kennedy became Miss December 2013. But your votes—and Hef—wouldn't let that be the end of Kennedy's modeling days. "I'm Playmate of the Year now?" she says, her robust lips curling into a broad smile. "Did not see that coming!" Since our new PMOY lists travel as one of her ultimate pleasures, we wanted to gift her with a most extraordinary trip for her next shoot: a time-traveling journey through each decade of our existence. "It was a crazy, sexy, fun flight," she says. So buckle in, turn the page and take off.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BERNARD





THE
50s

Midcentury America had the squeaky-clean image of Ozzie and Harriet until Hef, hip-swiveling Elvis and the Kinsey Report (*Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*) pulled the curtains back on that farce, revealing us all for what we are: creatures of desire and curiosity. Here, Kennedy channels the 1950s aesthetic like the pro she is. "I really like that 1950s housewife look," she says. "I don't fit that personality type, but as far as the style goes, it's beautiful. And I like curvy women. It's the opposite of men, and it's also very healthy. I feel really sexy in these outfits—especially the thigh-highs." As hipsters said in the 1950s, out of sight!

w/ Kennedy
Kunk



FILM

→ 21

KODAK SAFETY FILM

→ 20

→ 19

Crop



→ 15

→ 14

→ 13

KODAK SAFETY FILM

KODAK

FILM





Do we
need to crop
this tight
top + bottom?
—t

THE
60s

"I love how women looked in the 1960s," says Kennedy. "I think it's my favorite style. I want Bardot bangs!" Channeling Brigitte—our onetime cover girl—Kennedy sweeps us back to the era of swinging London, microminis and the Chicago Playboy Mansion, epicenter of all things cool. Norman Mailer (one of the many literary luminaries who filled our pages at the time) said of the latter, "It was like being on a spaceship, outward bound." Blastoff!

26 KODAK 5026 VPS



27 KODAK 5026 VPS



28 KODAK 5026 VPS



29 KODAK 5026 VPS



20 KODAK 5026 VPS



21 KODAK 5026 VPS



22 KODAK 5026 VPS



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14 KODAK 5026 VPS



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17 KODAK 5026 VPS



THE
70s

Inspiring this stop on our journey is Laurel Canyon, the Los Angeles enclave that was the center of the 1970s California music scene. Fleetwood Mac, the Eagles and Joni Mitchell all made their mellow magic in these hills—not far from Playboy Mansion West. “I completely relate to this decade’s aesthetic,” says Kennedy. “Its peaceful, laid-back vibe, with light makeup and loose hair, is so me. And the whole burn-your-bra thing was happening back then. I hate bras!”

As President Jimmy Carter says in his 1976 *Playboy Interview*, “I’ve looked on a lot of women with lust.” You said it, Jimmy.

Vice!



Do we
need to crop
this tight
it

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6036

LET FILM 6036



*
Let's do a
full feature
—Hef

THE 80s

Wet, wild, decadent and glam, it was a decade fueled by clubs, drugs and designer duds (until the duds inevitably came off). Ronald Reagan was president, MTV was born—and so was our 2014 PMOY. Clad in only a fishnet tank top, echoing Miss January 1980 Gig Gangel's Centerfold onesie, Kennedy also sports slicked-back hair reminiscent of the models in the video for Robert Palmer's song "Simply Irresistible." Which she is.





THE 90s

American women fully owned their sexuality in the 1990s. And photographer Helmut Newton shot them for *PLAYBOY*, capturing their power and allure in a new way. Wearing a Jean Paul Gaultier leather-and-steel bustier and a “Justify My Love”-style cap, Kennedy poses with a take-no-prisoners attitude, a salute to the legendary Newton. “I feel in charge,” says Kennedy. “It feels really powerful. You can’t wear spikes on your boobs and not feel really tough.”

This one

THE
00s

Through the decades, a great part of PLAYBOY's undertaking has been to celebrate women, from Marilyn Monroe to Pamela Anderson, Cindy Crawford to Crystal Hefner. Now it's Kennedy Summers's turn to take center stage, in all her voluptuous and brainy glory. "As 2014's Playmate of the Year, I'm moving from Chicago, where it all began, to Los Angeles," she says. "My mission is to help Playboy thrive, as it always has, to break boundaries and carry us into the future. I couldn't be more excited!" Neither could we.

STYLING
EMMA TRASK
FOR OPUS BEAUTY

HAIR
ROQUE
FOR TRACEY
MATTINGLY AGENCY

MAKEUP
JO STRETT
FOR THE MAGNET
AGENCY



EXTREME (PART 2)

Continued from page 82

dollars," Lev answers, "give or take."
"I'll choose take," Kurt says.

Lev also has the *Ozerov's* cruising route, which had to be filed with the Peruvian Maritime Information System.

"Yegor is going through the Panama Canal," Lev says, "then making a stop in Buenaventura, Colombia—not coincidentally the port for Cali—to pick up a payment from some clients."

Then the *Ozerov* will cruise down the coast of Ecuador, graze the coast of Peru and turn right (starboard) across the Pacific toward the Cook Islands.

"Finding a boat in the ocean at night is going to be difficult," Kurt says.

"No, it won't," Lev says. "I'll guide you in."

"How?"

"I'll be onboard."

Lev has made up with his stepfather. Gone Hamlet-like to Yegor's Laertes and promised to be a good boy from now on and faithful to the king. Said he wanted to learn the family business from the inside.

(That much is true, anyway.)

So Lev will be on the boat with a handheld laser-guidance device to pinpoint the target for them.

Lev then pulls out a volume entitled *Sailing Directions 125: West Coast of South America*, put out by the National Geospatial-Intelligence Agency, and they go over maps of the coast and its waters. The book gives them information on tides, depths, currents, ports, light-houses, towns, villages, weather patterns, naval bases and landmarks.

They have to hit the boat within the range of an aircraft they can both acquire and afford. A Cessna 208, for instance, has a maximum range of 1,240 miles, so the raid can't take place more than 600 miles off the coast.

But the plane can't fly them back.

"Unless we use a seaplane," Kurt says. "Land near the plane, do the job—"

Paige laughs. "Did you just say 'do the job'?"

"It's heist talk," Kurt says, "and then get back on the plane."

"They'll see the plane coming," Lev says. "We'll get blown out of the water before we can board. And even if we

didn't, police would be waiting for us when we landed."

Lev's stepfather owns the police in several countries.

"Zodiacs," Kurt says.

They drop Zodiacs from the plane and row back.

Too slow, Lev says, and limits their range to a max of 50 miles offshore. And even a 50-mile row in that current and December weather might be too much. And besides—

There's a bigger problem, so to speak.

A billion dollars weighs a little more than 22,000 pounds.

That would take a minimum of 40 Zodiac trips.

Not feasible.

They mull it over. Consider and reject a dozen possibilities.

"We could just take part of it," Paige suggests, but you're pretty much looking at all-or-nothing-at-all people here.

Then—

"We're idiots," Paige says. "The way off the boat is already on the boat."

This strikes Kurt and Lev as a little too grasshopper for their tastes, but Paige points to a photo of the *Ozerov*.

Specifically, the helicopter.

"Could that carry 22,000 pounds and a few people?" Paige asks.

They hit the internet and discover that the chopper is a Mil Mi-17, and yes, it *can* carry 22,000 pounds and a few people.

"Can you fly a helicopter?" Paige asks Lev.

"I can."

Paige shrugs.

Eloquently.

Well, there you go, grasshopper.

Paige's solution is, well, genius, but still leaves problems.

They would have to land the chopper on the coast, where it would serve as a marker to their escape route.

Which would be bad.

After due consideration, Kurt asks, "What if we don't land the helicopter?"

"Are you suggesting flying into infinity?" Paige asks.

"I'm suggesting landing it in the water, as it were."

"That would be called a crash," Paige observes.

"Exactly," Kurt answers. "The helicopter plan is good, but good is the greatest enemy of great."

"If this robbery thing doesn't work out?" Paige says. "You might consider motivational speaker. You're good-looking enough, and you already have the glib bullshit thing down."

"Mock if you must," Kurt says, "but Yegor didn't become a multibillionaire by giving up. He'll never stop looking for us, and the aim of this whole thing isn't to spend the rest of our lives running."

"Uhhh," Paige says. The entire purpose of this thing is exactly so she can spend the rest of her life running.

"As fugitives," Kurt clarifies.

"What are you suggesting?" Lev asks.

"We drown," Kurt says. "Yegor finds the remnants of his helicopter and some of his money in the ocean. He sends divers for his money, not mercs after the thieves, because he makes the reasonable but false assumption that we're dead."

"Which we might be," Paige says, "trying to safely crash—please note the oxymoronic juxtaposition of adverb and verb—into the water."

Kurt admits it's extreme.

But that's what so good about it.

Now that they pretty much know the *what*, the next question is the *where*.

They need an escape route that takes advantage of their skill sets, i.e., a series of biomes and terrains they can traverse quickly and their pursuers slowly or, better yet, not at all.

And it has to be an area into which they can disappear and from which they can use their newfound wealth to purchase new identities and emerge chrysalis-like as new-formed beings.

(Money makes all things new again.)

After weeks of research—poring over books, the internet and Google Earth—they find that the combination of these qualities has a name:

Ecuador.

The Republic of the Equator.

Which, they agree, has a nice balance to it.

Good place to disappear into.

But actually, they'll hit the yacht off the Peruvian coast at Cabo Blanco, near the border with Ecuador, then ultramarathon across a 70-mile stretch of the Sechura Desert—the northernmost section of the great Atacama Desert—into the highlands around Zamora, Ecuador, at the foot of the Andes.

Confident that if they have to go into the mountains—

No one can catch them there.

Execution also requires teamwork.

Which, as the word implies (in fact, *demands*), requires a team.

They will need more than just the three of them, as they intend to attack the boat from the air, which means a plane, which means a pilot.

And if the air in question is over the ocean, ideally you want a Navy pilot.

Dave Davids was one of such.

He grew up on a farm-slash-ranch in Enid, Oklahoma and from early childhood decided he wanted to see the ocean. What he'd seen enough of was dirt—plowing dirt, seeding dirt, kicking dirt, scrubbing dirt out of his skin and from under his fingernails.

Water, Dave reasoned, was clean.

Also, he watched *Top Gun* until he wore out the tape.

So when D2 went to Stillwater (OSU, go Cowboys), he joined ROTC and eventually became a Navy aviator so he could take off and land from the dirt-free deck of an aircraft carrier.



"Guess what, Mommy? I did shame-shame all night with a naked lady and my wee-wee didn't fall off."

Dave is a firm believer in the old Navy aviation rule that you have to make up your mind—you can either be a pilot or grow up, but you can't do both. He did enough time in the Navy to cash out for the cushy airline job, but Dave went the other way with it. Not for him hauling old ladies from Duluth to Decatur to see the grandkids. Dave decided to contribute to inter-American relations by flying the product of South America to North America.

With stops in Central America.

So it isn't difficult to talk D2 into taking this assignment because

- (a) D2 wants to retire.
- (b) Other people want D2 to retire.
- (c) He's used to flying in South America, where people want to kill (retire) him.
- (d) The ethical issues of criminality are obviously not a problem.
- (e) All of the above.

They find D2 at his bachelor pad (Dave is of that age when a man still has a bachelor pad) in Coronado, San Diego, conveniently near the Mexican border (so that, once again, he could go the other way with it if the situation dictated) and close enough to the ocean to be considered far from dirt.

He takes them to a bar frequented by Navy SEALs.

Kurt and Paige have known D2 for years. He's flown them on any number of jumps, and now he sips a Bud (D2 is of that age when a man still...) and listens to the plan.

He takes off his Padres baseball cap, runs his fingers through his thinning, sandy hair, replaces the cap, looks at Lev and asks, "How good a chopper pilot are you?"

"Quite good."

"Quite good ain't quite good enough," D2 says. "Flying a chopper is one thing, crashing it is another. Crashing it on water is yet another. I know, I've done all three. Landed on a submarine deck one time and rolled the goddamn thing, and let me tell you, if a chopper wants to roll over, it's like an old hound dog, it's going to roll. But try to make it roll—"

"Dave?" Kurt asks. "What are you suggesting?"

What he suggests is extreme.

Next.

Another reality they have to face is that none of them knows dick about guns (yeah, yeah, Freud, I get it, please) and that the Russian mercenaries on the yacht definitely do.

"We need a military type," Paige says, "with antisocial tendencies."

"Former airborne," Kurt says.

"But with a variegated skill set," Lev adds, "especially in mountaineering."

"Would he do it, though?" Paige asks.

They drive to Telluride to find out.

Neither Kurt nor Paige knows what Woody Barnes did in the Army's 10th Mountain Division, and he doesn't talk about it except when he's a little drunk and lets escape references to Afghanistan, Pakistan, the Hindu Kush and "wasting tangos." They do know that he has a veritable charm bracelet of Purple Hearts to show for it, as well as an antisocial (see above) attitude leading him to the cabin he built himself way the fuck up

in the mountains and out in the woods. (Because if one is good, two is better.)

They do know he can jump (they've jumped with him), wingsuit (ditto), ski and climb (ditto, ditto).

When they pull up in their jeep he greets them with a 30.06 Winchester and the words "I guess you can't read a no trespassing sign that says PRIVATE, KEEP THE FUCK OUT. Oh, it's you."

Woody is an intense man of about five-foot-10, all of it muscle, black hair, dark eyes, dark soul.

He does not like people. ("Wolves are a vastly superior species.")

He does like Kurt and Paige.

Kurt because he's a hell of an efficient mountain-rescue guy and Paige because she could probably run down a mule deer, which is a very wolflike thing to do.

He invites them in for scotch and elk.

"Actually, I'm vegan," Paige says.

"This was a free-range elk," Woody explains.

Woody's given name is Jake.

"I guess my parents never read *The Sun Also Rises*," he explained to Kurt once.

When he did, he changed his name to Woody.

*The question is—what are
you going to do with a
billion dollars in cash once
you've landed it? No bank
in the world is going to
accept a billion in cash.*

After dinner (Paige dined on wild asparagus and dandelion salad), Kurt and Paige describe the purpose of their visit.

"Lev. Intense Russian guy." Woody describing someone as intense is akin to Joseph Goebbels describing someone as anti-Semitic. "Good climber."

"That's him."

"Russian mercs."

"Yup."

"Water jump."

"Ocean jump, yes."

"I'm not a fucking SEAL."

"It's a lot of money, Woody."

Woody gestures around the cabin. Woodstove, gas lanterns, bed, chairs, books. Lots o' books—Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Hemingway, Harrison. "I don't need money." It's a no.

Then Woody says, "I do need something to do. The squirrels out there? I'm starting to name them."

"Wow."

"Yeah," Woody says. "Makes eating them harder."

Okay, so you got your sky guy and your gun guy, now you need your water guy.

They find Crazy Isaiah right where they expected to (find him, if you're hung up on the participle thing).

At the Hanalei Taste lunch stand, quaffing a plate lunch. (A plate lunch, for the uninitiated, is two scoops of rice, macaroni salad and, in this case, *katsu* chicken.) Actually, two plate lunches, because Crazy Isaiah is a big Hawaiian *kanaka*—six-foot-seven, three bills, most of it muscle.

The Hanalei Taste is within walking distance of Hanalei Bay, Kauai and within easy driving reach of some of the world's best surfing spots.

Crazy Isaiah is a waterman.

Not a surfer—a waterman, and there's a big difference. Now, CI can surf, hell yes he can—from 80-foot monsters to one-foot beach breaks—he can longboard, shortboard, paddleboard—but he can also do anything else you might need or want to do in the ocean—swim, dive, fish, spearfish, sail, kayak, motorboat, navigate. He knows the ocean. He reads currents and waves like an accountant reads a spreadsheet.

You look at the ocean and you see one thing.

CI looks at the ocean, he sees *thousands* of things.

So when CI is sitting staring out at the ocean, there are two possibilities—he's baked himself into a daze, or he's absorbing knowledge. Now, without taking his eyes off his food, he says, "Sorry about Latch. Solid dude."

"Yeah."

"I paddled out for him."

"I know he'd appreciate that."

"When it's my time, bruddah, I'm just going to swim behind the break and let Mother Ocean take care of it."

"I hear that."

Kurt lays out his proposal.

CI hears him out and then says, "So you want me to Jet Ski out into the *moana*, pick up a pilot off a crashed helicopter and bring him in—in the winter, off Cabo Blanco. With angry Russians in pursuit."

How Crazy Isaiah got his name was he hooked a great white from his longboard and let it tow him from Princeville to Haena. It was Kurt who gave him the name when he heard about it and said, "That's crazy, Isaiah."

So to Isaiah, crazy is a term of approbation, not opprobrium.

"I've surfed Cabo Blanco," CI says.

"One of the reasons we wanted you," Kurt says.

Kurt hasn't surfed CB, Peru—but it's iconic, known as the banzai pipeline of the Americas. Technology has changed things, but the way they used to predict surf at CB was to see what was going on in Hawaii and then wait five days for the wave to arrive in Peru.

"Depending on the swell," CI says, "might be tough landing a ski through that break. Could capsize, especially with a rider."

"What are you thinking?"

"Ski to the break," CI says, "then surf in."

"Huh."

"It could get nasty," CI adds.

"Let's hope," Kurt answers.

The worse, the better.

The worstest, the best.

They need one more member of the team.

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The laundry guy.

The question is—what are you going to do with a billion dollars in cash once you've landed it? How do you transport it? And to where? No bank in the world (outside of maybe New Orleans and Providence, Rhode Island) is going to accept a billion in cash, and those two towns are a long way from Cabo Blanco.

D2 has the answer.

"Alvaro Mendoza," he says over a Bud.

"Who is Alvaro Mendoza?"

"Mister Clean," D2 answers. "Actually, Señor Clean. The Colombians swear by him."

"Can we trust him?" Lev asks.

"Of course not," D2 says. "We do the same thing that the Colombians do. Sit beside him with a shotgun until he moves the money into safe, numbered accounts. As long as you have a gun to his head, Alvaro is a Boy Scout."

"How much will this cost us?" asks Lev.

"Six points. Maybe five with this kind of bulk."

"And he'll physically move the money?" Kurt asks.

Physically, metaphysically, symboli-

cally, electronically, digitally, whatever. Señor Clean moves money.

The team assembled, the next step, as it must be in any caper-slash-heist story, is—
Training.

You don't just drop out of the sky onto a boat in the ocean at night, relieve it of Carl Sagan numbers of dollars and disappear without practicing first.

Or do you?

"The question," Kurt says at the team's first meeting, held at a rented house outside of Moab, "is how?"

How do you practice dropping out of the sky onto a boat in the ocean at night, relieving it of Carl Sagan numbers of dollars and disappearing when: the practice is as dangerous as the actual event; you don't have a boat in the ocean on which to practice; said practice might draw unwanted attention to what you're practicing *for*; and all the little money you have is going for the actual thing.

Woody has the answer, based on dozens of missions.

"You do what you can."

Words to live by.

Hopefully not to die by.

Listen, you're talking about people who are preparation *freaks*.

For whom training is a way of life, people who know that the difference between living and dying in the sky, on a mountain, in a wave, is often a matter of the endless repetition you've put yourself through so that when the unexpected happens your mind and muscles aren't busy with the expected but just do it naturally and free you up to handle the new stuff.

But they're also realists, they get it—

Yeah—you do what you can.

They build a mock-up of the *Ozerov*.

Of sorts.

What they do is stake out ropes in the desert that replicate the boat's various decks, then practice the assault, over and over again (as the word *practice* indicates) until it becomes muscle memory.

Likewise with the weaponry.

Woody selects the same weapon for Kurt and Paige—the HK MP5-N popular with special ops around the world—with wet technology sound suppressors. Easy to jump with, good in close quarters.

"But there isn't going to be any sound to be suppressed," Paige says, "because we're not shooting, remember?"

"Right," Woody says, somewhat unconvincingly. For himself he's chosen the Remington 870 Tactical 12-gauge shotgun. "In case we need to make a big mess in a tight situation."

"But, again—"

"Yes, Paige." He explains that she has to look like she knows how to handle a weapon exactly so she doesn't have to use it. If Yegor's people (which Woody admits sounds like a bad horror film) get a sense she can't or won't, violence will ensue. And as the best way to look like you know is to actually know, Paige is diligent about learning the HK.

Which is as much as saying that Paige is Paige.

"Where did you get these weapons?" Kurt asks.

Woody shrugs like, where else? Arizona.

They practice.

Phase one: insertion.

(This is Woody's terminology, and Paige refrains from comment.)

"Land" in the water.

(Ditto from Paige—*too* obvious.)

"Gain" the deck.

"Secure the opposition."

Phase two: target acquisition.

Woody makes Yegor open the vault.

Collect the "target."

("Is that the money?" Paige asks.

"That would be the money," Woody answers.)

Kurt guards the opposition.

D2 acquires the helicopter.

Phase three: exfiltration.

("Sounds like a skin product," Paige observes.)

Load the helicopter.

Lev and Paige access the chopper.

Woody and Kurt cover and follow.

Chopper takes off.



"Oh! You're heterosexual! I love that in a man!"

They do it over and over and over again, with variations as to where the Russian mercs might be located. They practice what to do if one or more of them gets wounded, what to do if, indeed, the mercs "offer opposition."

"The plan there," Woody explains, "is for all of you to basically get out of my way while I kill them all."

"Again...," Paige objects.

"Exigency," Lev assures her.

The rest of it they can't really practice.

"You can't practice crashing a chopper," D2 says, sounding for all the world like Allen Iverson. "I mean, I've crashed three of them. Is that practice?"

Paige is not exactly reassured by this.

They don't need to practice riding big waves, because all of their lives have been spent literally or metaphorically riding big waves.

(Well, not D2.)

"Charlie don't surf," he says. "I'm staying in the boat."

(In addition to *Top Gun*, D2 has apparently also worn out his tape of *Apocalypse Now*.)

They do need practice getting out of the parachute rigs and wingsuits in a cold ocean, so what they do is rent a cabin up near Little River, row a boat out into the fog and jump into the cold northern California sea in all their gear.

It's tough, because you have the use of your arms or legs to stay afloat, but rarely both at the same time, and then you have to stuff the gear into a wet bag, strap it across your back and swim.

Ten strokes under the water, two strokes on top to breathe, then back under.

They practice this in the daytime until they have it down.

Then they do it at night.

One thing that spurs efficiency is that this is very sharky water, CI tells them.

Great whites.

He performs some kind of Hawaiian blessing over the water to ask the sharks to leave them alone.

Paige is not exactly reassured by this.

There's a point at which practice dulls instead of sharpens.

And anyway, they're out of calendar.

Lev goes to Panama to catch the boat.

The rest travel in phases to Guayaquil, Ecuador.

Where D2 "knows a guy" with a Cessna 208.

Kurt and Paige get a room at the Hotel Oro Verde.

It's all ready to go.

Then *la virazón* hits.

They'd read about these seasonal winds in the book.

Storms are rare off the coast of Peru, but *la virazón* blows up every once in a while.

The flying will be tricky.

The jump trickier.

The seas will be rough.

The banzai pipeline at Cabo Blanco *kamikaze* banzai.

In the morning, fanatic surfers will flock

to the beach to catch those waves.

But that's in the morning.

They're going tonight.

"This is getting very real," Paige says as they watch the weather report in bed and listen to the windows rattle.

Kurt would normally object to the use of a modifier with *real*, believing that things are either real or not, that there are no gradations to reality, but he doesn't want to piss her off, so he settles for, "It is real. Are you having second thoughts?"

"And third and fourth and fifth."

"It's either go or no-go," Kurt says.

It's too late to replace her.

"I don't want to kill anyone," Paige says.

"Neither do I."

"And I don't want to die."

"Agreed."

"And I don't want *you* to die."

He pulls her tight against him, reaches around and puts his hands on her wide strong shoulders, feels her pubes press against him. "We've based our lives on the principle that living is more than just not dying. It's worked out well so far."

Paige reaches down and slips him inside her.

Looks into his eyes and smiles.

He has the Kurt-like discipline not to move.

It's a game between them, a challenge.

Not to move and stay hard.

Not to move and stay wet.

First one to move loses.

And wins.

Her muscles squeeze.

"Bitch."

"I told you to take those tantric classes."

"Too many hippies," Kurt says. "Patchouli oil.... Shit."

"Surrender, Dorothy."

"Fuck you."

"Sure, talk dirty, that will help," she says, then moans, "I'm leaking down you, can you feel that?"

He can and holds out for 30 more seconds before he moves. Rolls on top of her, stretches her arms out above her head and holds them there and then they're in the wave, on the mountain, and it's a different contest now and he wins this one and when she comes she says, "I love you."

The Cessna 208 Caravan rattles like a malaria victim.

It took off from the private (read: drug trafficker's) strip on the Isla Puná, Ecuador and is now in the sky over the Pacific, in the fist of *la virazón* that shakes and tosses it.

D2 at the stick, flying low, literally under the radar.

Woody, Paige and Kurt in the hold.

Winter wet suits under the wingsuits.

Polypropylene gloves.

They've checked and rechecked their equipment.

Parachute riggings.

Headlamps.

Glow sticks.

Weapons in wet bags.

Woody has tampons taped around his ankles.

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"Seriously?" Paige had asked.

"Entry wounds," he answered. "Stanch the bleeding."

She notices that he didn't say anything about exit wounds.

Night jumps are more dangerous because you can't see the surface coming up at you, getting larger and larger.

Ocean jumps more dangerous yet.

Pull the chute too late, you go in with too much velocity and the water might as well be concrete. Get tangled in your equipment, it pulls you under and there's no one waiting in a Zodiac this time to pull you out.

And they have to navigate so precisely, to get close enough to the boat.

Without colliding with it.

In this buffeting wind.

She remembers the wind the day that Latchkey died. How close they'd come to calling that jump off. And that was just for pride, for sponsorships.

We *should* have called it off, she thinks, the vision of him smashing into the steel still too vivid in her mind.

Paige feels the plane start to climb.

Going to take it up to 14,000 so they can't be spotted from the boat. Not that the people on the boat could hear them anyway, in this wind. Not that they're even worried about being attacked in the open ocean in the middle of a *virazón*.

This is crazy, Paige thinks.

Too crazy.

Too extreme.

Crazy Isaiah looks out at the whitecaps.

Listens to the cannons go off.

Waves big, getting bigger.

Headed for a closeout, but he has to find a way out there. People are counting on him.

Eddie would go, he thinks.

So would Isaiah.

He starts the motor and runs parallel to the surf for 50 yards south with the inshore current, searching for a gap but can't find one, so he turns the bow straight

into the wave. Risky, especially towing a quiver of three boards. Goes up and up, vertical and then almost backward, thinks he is going to flip, to capsize, but makes it over the top and then plunges down.

It's still rough in the heavy swell, but he's past the break.

Coming back in will be another story.

A mile out the current switches from south to north and he adjusts accordingly, feeling it under the skin of the boat.

The ocean is in his blood, in his DNA.

He's a waterman.

Lev gets out of the Jacuzzi and towels off. Puts on jeans, a bulky black knit sweater and desert boots. Goes out of his cabin, past his stepdad and mom's, and hears they're otherwise engaged. ("Refrain tonight, and that shall lend a kind of easiness to the next abstinence....")

He walks up to the deck.

Can see the captain on the bridge.

With one of the mercs.

Five more are playing cards in the dining cabin.

Two asleep.

Four on watch.

The yacht anchored for the night against the storm.

Lev walks aft and points the laser device toward the sky.

"Got it," Kurt says, looking into his GPS.

D2 hears him, sets the autopilot to fly the plane away from shipping lanes. The Cessna will live for 50 more miles, run out of fuel and crash into the deep Pacific. D2 pushes a button that slides the bay door open, and climbs back into the hold.

Kurt will go out first, his device strapped to his shoulder, honing in on Lev's signal.

Woody next, training on the light attached to Kurt's helmet.

D2 after him.

Paige on sweep, to help, if she can,

anyone gets into trouble.

Now Kurt moves to the bay door.

Looks at his teammates and nods.

Looks back to Paige and smiles, hoping she can see it.

He balances in the bay door and then jumps.

Plunging through darkness

Is an interesting sensation.

Feeling motion but

Not seeing it as

Wind

Bangs him

Forces him down

Then up

Then across.

Tries to smash him

Crumple him up like paper and

Toss him away.

Kurt relies on an instrument

Numbers

And a small red light

Not his own instincts

To tell him where he is and

What he needs to do.

Paige sees his light 100 feet below.

Wind no friendlier to her, no

Respecter of gender

But she has long known that there is no Chivalry in nature.

She maintains her form

Arms stretched out to catch the air

Legs straight back to maintain speed

Eyes on the light below.

No

Ground to guide her

No

Landmarks

But her mind...

What she thinks about is

Peter Pan

Jumping from Wendy's window into the

Kensington night

And she recites to herself

"Second star to the right and straight on

till morning"

The flight path to Neverland

(a.k.a. the Island of the Birds).

Paige was never Wendy and isn't now, she

Was always Peter, she

Never needed help to fly.

Kurt, he's more Springsteen—

"Take a right at the light

Keep going straight until night.

And then, boy, you're on your own."

Too bad he thinks of that

Wishes he didn't because

At about 7,000 feet

Lev's light goes out.

"What are you doing out here?"

Lev switches off the laser, slides it under his sweater. "Watching the storm."

"Mind it doesn't wash you over," the merc says. He cups his hand and lights a cigarette in the wind.

Offers one to Lev, who shakes his head.

"That's right," the merc says, "you're a



"Pizza's here!"

health nut. I'm losing at cards. Thought I'd get some air before I lose my whole pay."

He stands beside Lev.

Kurt

Who rarely believes in relative degrees of anything

Now realizes that there are relative degrees of darkness.

There's the darkness of no sun or stars or moon, there's the

Darkness you have to endure to get to the light and there's the

Darkness you feel when you're

Lost

With only 6,000 feet to go.

Directionless

Kurt peers through the darkness

Rain slashes now, making

It even harder to see.

If they come down too far from the boat

They're dead

Will drown before morning

Under a black sea and sky.

I guess, Kurt thinks,

We all die in darkness anyway.

From 100 feet above

Paige can feel Kurt slow down

Sense that he's pulled in, evened out

Is cruising

A nighthawk searching for prey and she

Wonders what's gone wrong.

This isn't Kurt's style, he's

A full-speed plunger, a diver, a

Cut-to-the-chaser.

Hesitation

Is not Kurt, whom she has often heard say,

"Hesitation kills."

Three thousand feet

The altimeter says

Blinking red like a warning.

Useless to know altitude without direction, he already knows that

He's plummeting toward the sea, he has no choice but to

Pull the chute and it

Jerks him up

And he starts to slow and then to float and then he sees

Green and red lights.

The starboard and port lights of the yacht respectively, the boat's shape now so familiar from ropes on desert sand—outlined in the night, and he swings on the lines to guide and navigate and hopes his teammates have pulled the cord and are doing the same as he aims for a point 100 yards from the aft.

Green and red

The colors of Christmas

Gifts under tree and

He loosens his chest rig before he hits the water

Pulls up his knees

And then he hits.

Lev has the clock in his head.

Knows that if they're coming, if they're not hopelessly lost in the absence of the laser, they're coming any second.

Can he shove the man beside him off? Start this bloodless effort with a bloodless murder? Or distract him? Get him out of the way?

The clock in Lev's head isn't ticking, it's pounding.

A fuse that can't be unlit.

A time bomb that can't be stopped.

He says, "You know what I do smoke?"

The merc gives that twisted little smile of the co-conspirator. "Against the rules."

"But do you have any?" Lev asks. "For a price?"

The merc weighs the risk-reward factor.

Comes down on the reward side.

"I'll be back," he says.

The water is cold.

Even in the wet suit, the water is shockingly, breathtakingly cold as Paige goes under for just a second, fights to the surface and sheds her harness before the chute can drag her away with the current.

Frog-kicking, she pulls off her wingsuit, stuffs it into the wet bag and starts to swim.

Toward the lights of the boat

And Woody and D2

And Kurt

Treading water, waiting for her, then

As practiced

They form a line and swim

Counting it out

Ten strokes under the water

Surface and breathe for two strokes

Ten strokes under

Surface and breathe

Gets into a nice rhythm

Comes up and sees

Lev throw a life preserver.

Then it's all hustle.

Frog-kicking aft, Woody opens the heavy

wet bag and distributes the weapons.

They pull black hoods over their faces.

Then Woody goes up the ladder.

Followed by Kurt and D2.

Paige climbs up, meets Lev and they move.

With the ease of practice.

The push of adrenaline.

They move through the boat to their assignments.

This is chess, not checkers, because they have already thought through the problem—how do you quickly capture 12 people on a 535-foot boat—and the answer is, you can't, you don't. You don't try to capture all the pieces (checkers), you just capture the king (chess).

Woody and Kurt are first through the door to Yegor's cabin. They catch him in bed, he sits up and flicks on the light to see black-hooded invaders with guns pointed at his chest.

"Go ahead," Woody says, "push the alarm."

"I already have," Yegor says calmly.

Tousled thick red hair, jowly face you might expect of an oligarch. Lev's mother is blonde and lovely, pulls the sheet over her lovely chest.

Woody grabs Yegor by his (silk) pajama shirt and hauls him out of the bed as they hear the (expected) sound of footsteps running toward the cabin. Pulling Yegor in front of him—human shield—Woody wraps a forearm around his neck and points the shotgun to the side of his head as the first of the mercs bursts in.

"Tell them to do what I say," Woody demands.

"They speak English."

"Tell them anyway," Woody says. "In English."

"Do what he says."

Then Woody tells them the same in Russian.



Which, Kurt thinks, is impressive.

Guns collected, guns thrown over the side.
Ditto cell phones.
Heads counted, all present.

Made to lie on the floor of the dining cabin, hands on the back of their heads, fingers linked, faces down.

Woody's a little rough with Lev.

Shoves him down hard.

Then he walks Yegor out of the dining cabin and says, "You don't want to die for a small portion of your wealth."

"We're in agreement," Yegor says. "I will open all the safes for you."

"That's okay," Woody answers. "Just open the compartment next to the engine room."

Yegor takes that in, and then says, "I will pay you \$10 million in cash not to do this, and you will get to live."

"You're going to pay me a lot more than 10 mil," Woody says, "and you get to live."

They go down to the engine room.

Lev's mother whispers to her son.

"Don't try to be a hero."

"All right."

CI reaches the rendezvous point.

Which he checks on his GPS.

As a native Hawaiian, he can navigate by the stars, the current, the swells and his oneness with the *moana*.

But there's no point in being a dick about it.

Here's what a billion dollars looks like (on the off chance you've never seen a billion dollars in U.S. cash):

Twelve stacks on wooden pallets, above five feet high each, of \$100 bills.

As mentioned earlier, 22,000 pounds of money.

It takes almost two hours for the crew and the mercs, under the watchful HKs of Kurt, Woody and Paige, to load it onto the helicopter.

But only a minute for Woody's Remington to shatter all the communication equipment on the bridge. And only a few more minutes to blow holes in the Narwhal crafts.

He can't blow holes in the go-fast boat, but it can do only 50 knots in a rough sea, and 50 knots isn't going to catch a chopper.

"You know I'll find you," Yegor says.

"I know you'll try," Woody answers.

He grabs Lev by the sweater and pushes him into the chopper.

"So," Woody says, "we're taking a hostage. If no one comes after us for 72 hours, we'll release him unharmed. If anyone does, we'll release him dead. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Does your wife understand that we'll kill her son?"

"Judging by her sobs, I would say that she does."

"So you know that if you ever want to get laid again," Woody says, "you'll let this go."

"No one," Yegor says, "lets a billion dollars go."

Woody takes a stack of a million bucks and

hands it to him. "Travel expenses. Sail west."

"You're very generous with my money."

The rotors start up.

This is when things go sick and wrong.

The thing about intelligence is that it tends to be predictable.

That is, in the absence of mental illness, intelligent people can generally rely on other intelligent people to respond intelligently.

This is not true, alas, of stupidity.

Stupidity, in Kurt's experience, tends to be random, because stupid actions tend not to be based on a reasoned analysis of quantifiable data.

To wit—

Yegor Chubaiv is a multibillionaire.

Therefore the loss of one of those billions is not a matter of life and death.

Attempting to rush an armed person is a matter of life and death.

And your life is worth more than an excess billion dollars, especially if that billion belongs to someone else.

You cannot enjoy any amount of money if you're dead.

All the crew and the mercs have so

Yegor doesn't mind the small-arms fire—it's when one of his geniuses shoulders a rocket launcher with an infrared scope and guided-missile system that he steps in.

far gone through the above chain of thought, evaluated the risk-reward factor and cooperated.

So, for that matter, has Yegor, whose billion dollars we're talking about.

(a) He can always make more money—the world is not going to suddenly run out of wars.

(b) He hopes to recover it anyway.

(c) Life is very, very good if you're Yegor Chubaiv, so why take a chance on fucking that up?

(d) Yegor isn't stupid.

Stanislav Kuzmin is.

Stupid and sexist.

He's been eyeing the woman this whole time.

Waiting for his chance to make a big impression on his boss, who will doubtless be so grateful that he'll make Stanislav a multimillionaire.

There's another key difference between smart and stupid—

Smart is dangerous.

Stupid is deadly.

That is to say, stupid has killed a lot more people than smart has.

As Paige turns around to walk to the helicopter, Stanislav lunges for her gun.

Sound travels for miles on the ocean.

Carried by the wind.

CI hears the shots.

Morality is a matter of time.

It takes time just to ask, "What's the right thing to do here?" much less to answer the question.

Especially in a morally ambiguous situation.

Paige doesn't have this kind of time.

She doesn't have any kind of time, she has no time because this is an

Exigency (n.): urgent need; something a situation demands or makes urgently necessary and that puts pressure on the people involved.

What she has is instinct, and that instinct raises the HK and pulls the trigger and does it well, putting a tight pattern of five shots into Stanislav's chest and an end to his assault.

Now she stands there in shock, looking at what she's done.

If you've never killed someone, no one can tell you how it feels.

If you have, you can't tell anyone how it feels.

In those few seconds, the mercs break for it. Run not toward the people with guns (that would be stupid), but away. There are guns all over this ship. One of them grabs Yegor and hauls him off the deck, another grabs Lev's mother.

Kurt, he grabs Paige and pulls her back toward the helicopter.

"Time to go," Woody says.

Time to exfiltrate.

In military terminology, the exfil is "hot."

Live fire is coming in.

Kurt hears the smack of bullets against the chopper's armored skin. Worse are the cracking sounds against its fortified windows, which nevertheless spiderweb. The mercs are marksmen, of course; they shoot for the pilot.

D2 knows this too.

He's been shot at before—

Iraqis, Taliban, Colombians, DEA—

So he gains altitude as fast as he can.

Not easy—22K pounds is a heavy load.

Irena tries to stop them from shooting.

"My son is in there! My son is in there!"

(Like those dumbass signs on rear windshields—BABY ON BOARD. Because otherwise, you were planning on slamming into the car, right?)

Yegor doesn't mind the small-arms fire—it's when one of his geniuses shoulders a rocket launcher with an infrared scope and guided-missile system that he steps in.

"There's a billion dollars onboard," he says, "that I'd prefer not go to the bottom of the ocean."

"And my son!"

"That too," Yegor says.

They have to watch the chopper fade into the night.

The helicopter rumbles over the water

with the grace of a very pregnant elephant. Kurt looks down and sees Crazy Isaiah.

In position.

You have to love a man insane enough to be as good as his word these days. Now he has to hope that Alvaro Mendoza has his trucks rolling up. Sitting on a beach with a billion dollars in cash would not be good.

He turns to Paige. "How are you doing?" She shakes her head.

"You didn't have a choice," Kurt says.

"I had the choice not to be there."

True, Kurt thinks.

He respects her too much to try to talk her out of her pain.

D2 sets the ship down hard, but he sets it down.

Alvaro is there with two old Army trucks with canvas covers.

Two drivers and five men.

Kurt doesn't know what he expected Alvaro to look like, but he looks like a banker, in a gray suit and brown shoes.

Silver hair, silver mustache.

He looks into the chopper bay and says, "Dios mio."

"Get it moving, Al," D2 says.

"Will his men keep their mouths shut?" Kurt asks.

"Tip them each a few hundred thou," D2 says.

They unload the truck. It doesn't take long, but long is too long because they're running out of night.

Soon as the money is in the trucks, Lev hops in one, Woody into the other, beside Alvaro for the drive to Guayaquil, where he'll put it in the washer.

Woody smiles and shows him the shotgun.

"That is not necessary," Alvaro sniffs.

Kurt leans through the window to say so long to Lev.

He uses the words they always do when they start over the lip of a big wave or the crest of a mountain.

See you on the other side.

Irena objects to her husband getting into the go-fast boat with his nine remaining men. "They said 72 hours!"

"I know what they said."

"He's my only child!"

"I'll buy you a new one."

A better one, Yegor thinks.

He's not a fool. He knows an inside job when he sees one, knows that his own people are way too afraid of him to do something like this.

But Lev

The little son of a bitch

Lev isn't afraid of anything.

The go-fast boat races toward the coast.

Kurt and Paige get back in the chopper.

They could let D2 do it on his own, but then again, they can't. He might need their help, or CI might need their help getting him in. And Kurt isn't about to leave Paige alone on the beach, nor is she willing to stay there.

D2 takes it back out to sea, roaring now under the lash of *la virazón*. Until they spot CI's raft riding the swell below.

"Here we go!" D2 yells.

He circles so the craft will be headed in the right direction, then starts to descend and throttle down.

Paige and Kurt climb out to the skid and hold on to the edge of the bay opening.

When the chopper is only 10 feet above the whitecaps, they jump.

D2 makes the hound roll over.

He lets the waves lick the skids, cranks the throttle and bails out the side.

CI runs for the pilot first.

Paige and Kurt are experienced watermen and can wait. He points the Z toward the chopper's wreckage and races to where he saw the man go in.

Zooms up to him, turns and plucks him from the water.

The pilot is limp.

His neck at a crazy angle.

Snapped.

Crazy Isaiah blesses the water and gives him back to the sea.

Knowing that the *moana* takes what she wants when she wants it.

They stop the ski on the outside of the break.

The big banzai.

Can't really see it in the dark, but they can hear it.

Artillery fire.

Holding on to the edge of the ski, they time the gaps between the explosions. Will let them know how long they have to get to the surface before the next wave comes down on their heads.

Five seconds.

Not a lot.

"The ski won't make it!" CI yells.

If CI says it, it's true.

Time to ride.

Then Kurt thinks he hears something other than the crashing surf.

The sound of an engine, heading their way.

A big wave is a mean wild mustang.

Hard to catch, and then you wish you hadn't.

But Kurt paddles like hell,

Knowing that, like life,

Either you ride the wave or the wave rides you.

He feels the wave pick him up and try to buck him off.

To the east, the equatorial sun peeks over the mountains and Kurt can see

Paige to his left

Poised on the edge of the wave

On the edge

Where they've always lived,

On the edge.

(To be concluded in the July/August PLAYBOY.)



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KEVIN HART

Continued from page 98

there's something funny about it too. You see the funny parts of having to bury someone you love.

Q7

PLAYBOY: You've also talked in your stand-up about your dad, who struggled with cocaine addiction and spent time in prison. Was he a victim of bad circumstances or of bad choices?

HART: I'd probably say bad choices. He put himself in a position to do things badly. But he learned from his mistakes and got better. That's all we can ask for, really. I'm just happy he got himself out of that situation. I can be more objective about him, because he wasn't always around. But my mom, she raised me. So when she passed away.... [pauses] That was hard. I had a good woman in my life. She made sure I had everything I needed. And she did a great job.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You're known for your high-octane, mile-a-minute delivery. What do you enjoy doing slowly?

HART: One word: *fucking*.

Q9

PLAYBOY: If you show up for a gig in a foul mood, how do you turn on the funny? What's your happy place?

HART: My happy place could be a number of things. Listening to music is usually my way of focusing. Cracking jokes with friends or taking a quiet moment by myself are others. Oh yeah, and fucking puts me in a happy place. Lots and lots of fucking.

Q10

PLAYBOY: We're getting the impression that you enjoy fucking. But in the comedy documentary *Laugh at My Pain*, you claim that your sexual stamina is somewhere between 20 and 23 seconds.

HART: Well, right now I could probably make it to a good two minutes. I learned some tricks. You've got to practice and stick with it. If I feel like I'm in trouble, if I'm going to explode too soon, I'll just hold my breath.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Won't that make you pass out?

HART: No, no, it works. I'll hold my breath and count to 60, and then I breathe, and then I'll hold my breath again and count to 60 again. That gets me to at least two minutes. I'm a sex symbol now, so I've defi-

nately had my share of encounters. I've got to be prepared for anything.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You call yourself a sex symbol a lot. Are you being ironic, or is it a self-fulfilling prophecy?

HART: I'm kind of kidding. I have a girlfriend, so I don't have a bunch of women banging on my door these days. There have been times when I've been popular with females, but those days are definitely behind me. Do I think I'm a sex symbol? Hell yeah. Life is about making whatever you say reality. But it's also a joke. It can be both things at once. I can say things and people know I'm joking, but they see the truth in it as well.

Q13

PLAYBOY: On *Real Husbands of Hollywood*, Chris Rock tells you, "I'm actually famous; you're more black famous." Do you feel that might be true?

HART: Hell no. I think I'm huge. [laughs] No, I get it. That was the situation for a while, but I'm starting to cross over. My audience has definitely grown. Right now, if I did a stand-up show, it'd be 60-40 black to white. And that seems like a good balance. That's the sweet spot. I don't want to be a comedian just for black folks. I want to be universal. I want to make everybody laugh. I want people everywhere going, "Wow, Kevin Hart is funny," not, "Where do I know him from?"

Q14

PLAYBOY: You're five-foot-four. You've joked about the negatives of your height, but what are the advantages of being short?

HART: Well, first of all, your clothes fit a little better. You don't have to be shopping at those big-and-tall stores. If people want to talk to you, they have to come down to your level, *literally* come down to your level. It's the great equalizer. With tall people, you have to get on a ladder. But with me, just kneel a little and we're equals. Also, it's easy to maintain a nice body when you're short, because everything is compact. I think I'm happier than everybody else because of my height. Short guys are happy.

Q15

PLAYBOY: How did you get that confidence? Were you born with it, or was it a long road to get there?

HART: It was definitely a long road. Confidence comes with accomplishing things. You need to set goals for what you want to do with your life, and when you make them happen, that's what feeds your confidence. That's what happened to me. I set goals for myself, from stand-up to TV to film, and when it happens, *if* it happens, it's remarkable. You realize you can do anything you put your mind to. I'm a product of that.

Q16

PLAYBOY: In your last concert film, *Let Me Explain*, pyrotechnics shot fireballs from the stage to emphasize punch lines. Were you trying to make stand-up more like a rock show?

HART: No, not rock. More like a hip-hop show. I got the idea from a Jay Z concert. He was using pyrotechnics, and I thought, Yeah, I should do something like that. I wanted to do something different, add another bang to my stand-up. The last thing people expect when they come to a comedian's show is to see fire shooting out of the stage. So for me to have that, I felt like it was huge. It was different, and it was trendsetting.

Q17

PLAYBOY: You've worked with Robert De Niro and Ice Cube. Which one has the best war stories?

HART: De Niro by far. You know, Bob—that's what he lets me call him—has these incredible stories from his history of filmmaking. All Cube's stories end with someone getting shot.

Q18

PLAYBOY: We've seen some of your best stand-up performances in films, including *Seriously Funny* and *Laugh at My Pain*. What was your worst?

HART: My worst gig was probably in Atlantic City, at this club called Sweet Cheeks. This was in the very beginning of my career, when I was still pretty new to the whole comedy thing. I wasn't connecting with the audience, and they started booing. At one point, one guy got so frustrated he threw a buffalo wing at me. It hit me hard on the face, just stopped me cold. There's no way to respond to being hit with a buffalo wing. And there's no going back to comedy after that. I wiped the buffalo sauce off my face and told everybody good night.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You're self-conscious about your feet. What's so bad about them?

HART: They're ugly, just repulsive to look at. My toenails look like sunflower seeds. There was a time when I wouldn't go into a pool barefoot. I would use Chuck Taylors as my water shoes. But I don't care anymore. There was a point when I would go to insane levels trying to hide them, but I'm rich now. You don't like my feet, get out of my house.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You were widely criticized for making a joke on Twitter that some people thought was racially insensitive. Your exact tweet was "Light-skinned women usually have better credit than dark-skinned women...Broke ass dark hoes...lol." Did you cross a line?

HART: Listen, that was just me being silly on Twitter, playing on a trending topic. Some people were offended by it, but that's always a risk with comedy. Nobody's going to find everything funny. I didn't feel I had to apologize for something that was misconstrued and taken out of context. I have no ill will toward women, not dark-skinned women, not light-skinned women. I was just being silly. I'm a comedian. Being silly is my job; it's how I pay my bills.



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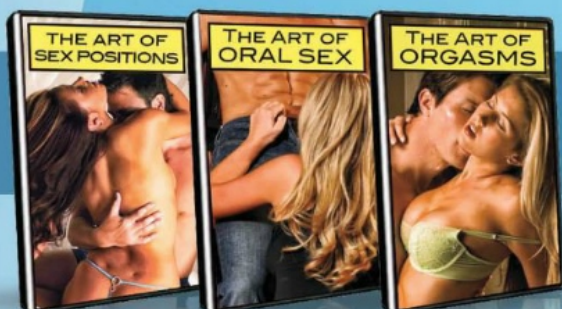
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ICEMAN COMETH

Continued from page 73

ever thought about gurus. Hof is a difficult figure to dissect. On one level he speaks in a familiar creole of New Age mumbo jumbo. There's a spiel about universal compassion and connection to divine energies. Then, of course, there are the results. His relatively simple exercises make undeniable changes in my body seemingly overnight. Following his prescriptions for a week, I hack my body to perform physical feats of endurance I didn't think possible and earn confidence I didn't know I had. As a bonus, I lose seven pounds of fat—which come out in oily clumps during my morning eliminations.

Our goal by the end of the week: to complete an arduous eight-hour climb up a powder-covered mountain, wearing nothing but shorts. It will be my own personal Everest, though in this case the mountain is called Sněžka. But even with these first routines in the safety of a training room, I'm not sure I'm up for it.

I am at the mercy of Hof, who wears a pointy green hat that makes him look like a life-size garden gnome. A bushy beard frames his piercing blue eyes and ruddy nose, and his body bristles with tightly corded muscles. A six-inch surgical scar across his stomach marks a time he took his training too far and ended up in the hospital. Hof is a savant and a madman. He's a prophet and a foil. And as is occasionally the case with people who try to cultivate superpowers, Hof's abilities have come at a heavy price.

Born in the Dutch city of Sittard in 1959, on the eve of Europe's hippie revolution, Hof spent his early years in the middle of a working-class family of nine children. While the rest of the Hof family learned Catholic liturgy, Wim became fascinated with Eastern teachings, memorizing parts of Patanjali's Yoga Sutras and scouring the Bhagavad Gita and Zen Buddhism for wisdom. He was keen on exploring the connections between the body and the mind, but none of what he read was quite what he was looking for.

Then, in the winter of 1979, when he was 20 years old, he was walking alone on a frosty morning in Amsterdam's picturesque Beatrixpark when he noticed a thin skin of ice on one of the canals. He wondered what it would feel like if he jumped in. With juvenile impulsiveness he has never quite shed, he took off his clothes and plunged in naked. The shock was immediate, he says,

but "the feeling wasn't of cold; it was something like tremendous good. I was in the water only a minute, but time just slowed down. It felt like ages." A wash of endorphins cruised through his system, and the high lasted through the afternoon. He went on to repeat the exercise every day since. "The cold is my teacher," he says.

The breathing technique emerged naturally. He started by mimicking the rapid breaths people take instinctively when they plunge into icy water, which he says are similar to the breaths a woman takes during childbirth. In both cases the body switches to an instinctual program. When Hof dunked under the ice, he went from rapid breathing to holding his breath. That's when he began to feel changes in his body.

The way Hof explains it, humans must have evolved with an innate ability to resist the elements. Our remote ancestors traversed icy mountains and parched deserts long before they invented the most basic footwear or animal-skin coats. While technology has made us more comfortable, the underlying biology is still there, and the key to unlocking our lost potential lies in recreating the sorts of harsh experiences our ancestors would have faced.

Hof trained on his own in obscurity for 15 years, rarely talking about his growing abilities. His first student was his son Enahm. When Enahm was still an infant, Hof took him down to the canals and dunked him in the water like Achilles. While it's anyone's guess what nearby pedestrians might have thought of this sight, most of his close friends shrugged off his morning routines as just another eccentricity in an already eccentric city.

Hof did odd jobs, including working as a mail carrier, and took gigs as a canyoneering instructor in Spain during the summers. Money was always a problem, and his wife—a beautiful Basque woman named Olaya—began to show signs of a serious mental disorder. She was depressed. She heard voices. In July 1995 she jumped off the eighth floor of her parents' apartment building in Pamplona on the first day of the Running of the Bulls.

Sitting at a handmade wooden table in what serves as lunchroom and breakfast nook in his Polish headquarters, Hof recounts Olaya's death as tears roll freely down his cheeks. "Why would God take my wife from me?" he asks. Confronted with loss and a broken heart, he put all his faith into the one thing that set him apart from everyone else: his ability to control his body. Olaya had never shown interest in Hof's methods, but he felt he could have done more to help her. "The inclination I have to train people now is because of my wife's death," says Hof. "I can bring people back to tranquility. Schizophrenia and multiple-personality disorder draw away people's energy. My method can give them back control." It was his call to action. But he still needed a way to announce himself to the world.

His opportunity came a few years later. As winter settled on Amsterdam, a local newspaper ran a series of articles about odd things people did in the snow. Hof called the editor and explained that for the

past couple of decades he'd been skinny-dipping in icy water. The paper sent a reporter, and Hof jumped into a nearby lake he frequented. The next week a television crew showed up.

In one famous segment, Hof cut holes in the ice and jumped in while a Dutch news crew filmed. He was drying himself off when, a few meters away, a man stepped on a thin patch and fell through. Hof charged out onto the lake, jumped in a second time and dragged the man to safety. The news crew caught the exchange, and soon Hof wasn't just a local oddity, he was a local hero. Someone dubbed him the Iceman, and the name stuck.

After that act of heroism, Hof became a household name across the Netherlands. A Dutch television program hosted by the eminent newscaster Willibrord Frequin asked Hof to perform on camera. The gimmick was to have Hof establish a Guinness world record. They planned for him to swim 50 meters beneath arctic ice without breathing. It would be sensationalist fun, but the program would air throughout Scandinavia and give Hof a shot at doing stunts for other channels around the world.

A few weeks later Hof stood on the surface of a frozen lake near the small village of Pello, Finland, a handful of miles from the arctic circle, wearing only a bathing suit. Although the temperature would drop to minus 12 degrees Fahrenheit, his skin glistened with sweat. Below him a diamond-shaped hole shot down a meter through the ice. There were two other holes 25 and 50 meters from the first. A camera crew watched as Hof descended and dipped his toe in the periwinkle waters.

On the first day of shooting he was supposed to swim only to the first hole so the crew could get the right shots and feel comfortable with the safety setup. But Hof had other plans. He wanted to surprise and impress the crew by clearing the whole distance in one go. He had done his calculations in advance. One stroke took him one meter, so he would need to do 50 to reach his destination. Taking a giant gulp of air into his lungs, Hof disappeared and began his sprint.

He later recalled that he opened his eyes midway between the first and second hole and could make out a beam of sunlight slicing through the water. But at stroke 29, with the safety of the first hole and rescue team behind him, something went wrong. He hadn't anticipated what the cold water would do to his eyes. His corneas began to freeze over, and crystallization blurred his vision. Five strokes later he was blind, with only his stroke count to direct him to oxygen. Soon he was off course. At 50 strokes he grabbed around in vain for the rim of the second hole. He turned around thinking maybe he had passed it. He wanted to gasp for air but knew the results would be fatal. At 65 strokes his hope was beginning to fade. Seventy strokes in, just as he began to lose consciousness, he felt a hand wrap around his ankle. A safety diver dragged him to the surface. He knew he had almost died and that his hubris had led him there. Despite that close call, the

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next day he would set a world record, with the cameras rolling.

The show went on to be a hit and secured him a series of similar on-air stunts for international channels from Discovery to National Geographic. But success came at a price. Although he was capable of incredible feats, Hof's desire to impress and please the people around him would time and again lead him into near-fatal situations. Should he die, the world might never understand how he had achieved his dramatic results. Hof needed a better plan.

To understand Hof's abilities, I board a plane from Los Angeles to Wrocław, Poland, where he meets me at the terminal gate with a broad smile. Hof decided to make his headquarters here instead of the Netherlands so he could be close to icy streams and snow-covered mountains—and also take advantage of the weaker economy to purchase a larger space. We pile into a tiny gray Volkswagen with two other devotees—a Croatian and a Latvian—who have come to study his technique, and we traverse miles of Polish pines and picturesque villages toward Hof's rural headquarters.

Janis Kuze sits crammed next to me with my hiking backpack overflowing onto his lap. The burly Latvian grew up amid the turmoil of a collapsing Soviet Union, when bandits roamed the countryside. His father stashed a loaded AK-47 beneath his son's bed so it was never more than an instant away should they need to defend themselves. Now Kuze studies the Israeli combat system Krav Maga in his spare time and spars with his equally intimidating and, he assures me, beautiful girlfriend. Asked if he's ready to immerse himself in ice water, he replies, "When my father was in the special forces, they tested soldiers' ability to adapt by making them sit in ice water. If they survived, they passed. Not everyone passed."

We arrive in the tiny village of Przesieka, where Hof owns an isolated farmhouse he was able to purchase after signing a sponsorship deal with Columbia Sportswear to shill a line of battery-heated jackets in 2011. In the commercials, which were created for TV but thrived on the internet, Hof swims in a frozen lake while giving icy stares to toasty outdoorsmen who use the high-tech gear to warm themselves with the touch of a button. The videos went viral, and commenters compared Hof to Chuck Norris, propelling him to a sort of internet alpha-male celebrity. But the condition of the house confirms that web fame does not necessarily translate to riches. The space is a permanent work in progress, with an assortment of bunk beds and yoga mats. A busted sauna sits next door to its new replacement. The coal furnace doesn't quite work and spews black smoke through cracks in the floorboards. Most of the floors don't seem level.

The crumbling building is headquarters for Hof's growing global presence as a New Age guru and ground zero for the experimental training regimens he's developing. One of Hof's first students at the house, Justin Rosales, now 25, flew here from Pennsylvania in 2010 to serve as a guinea pig. "If we want to become strong, passionate and

motivated, we have to take on seemingly impossible tasks. Without an open mind, the cold will never be your friend," Rosales tells me over e-mail. He has written a book with Hof about the experience, called *Becoming the Iceman*, which is often passed among devotees interested in cultivating superpowers.

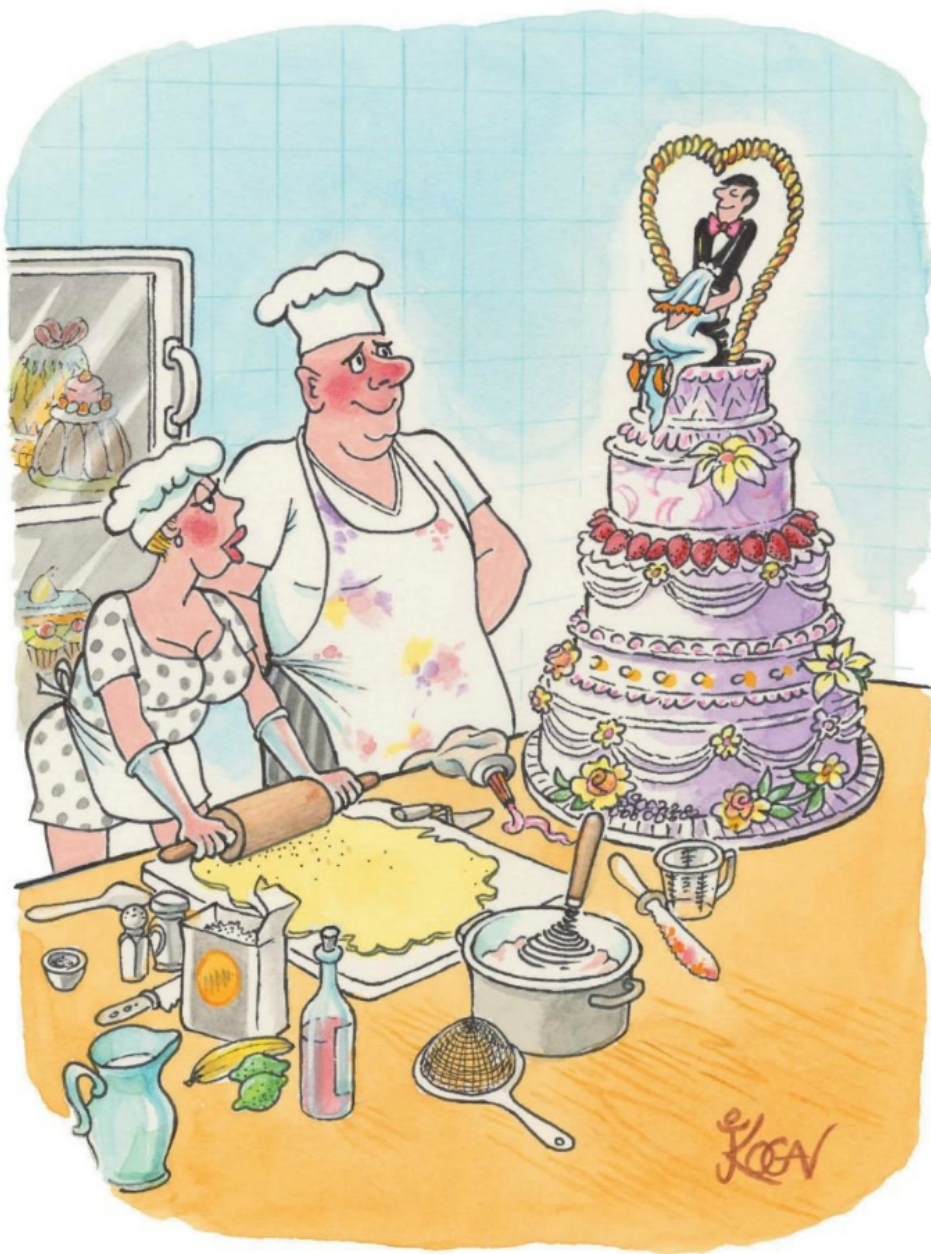
I stash what little winter gear I've brought beneath a bunk on the second floor and look out the window onto a snowy field that serves as the main training site. Andrew Lescelius, the wiry asthmatic Nebraskan who arrived a week earlier, crosses the field outside clad only in black underwear, stopping to pick up handfuls of snow and rub them over his arms and chest. Steam erupts off his body in great clouds.

Kuze chooses a bunk next to mine and looks eager to get out into the snow. I let him go on his own. I will have plenty of opportunities to be cold when training begins tomorrow.

After a restless night we meet Hof in the yoga studio. He explains that every training program he runs is different, and the method varies depending on the constitution of the group. But no matter how it starts, the building blocks are simple and, he assures us, our progress will be rapid. "This week we will win the war on bacteria!" he proclaims before warning us he will challenge everything we think about the limits of our body.

At one point Hof tells us to shed our clothing and head outside. We round the farmhouse to a small snowy field frequented by deer and the curious gazes of inquisitive neighbors. As we file past, one of them yells something to us in Polish and Hof chuckles. Most people here think he's crazy, if affable.

It's the first time in my life I've put my feet directly onto snow, and they feel as sensitive as a newly broken tooth. My heart rate jumps. Kuze lets out a gasp and Hof beams



"I think this wedding cake is going to be very popular..."

a trickster smile. We stand in a circle and take low horse stances.

We try to focus on our foreheads and simply endure the cold, our chests bare to the air. Five minutes is excruciating, but Hof has us stand for six before sending us numbly into the sauna.

But with numb limbs, going from ice to a 100-plus-degree room is a mistake. The body's natural reaction to cold is self-preservation. To keep the core warm, the muscles that control arteries clench tightly and restrict the flow of blood only to vital areas in a process known as vasoconstriction. This is why frostbite starts in the extremities. The sudden change to heat has the opposite effect. Veins suddenly pop open and send warm blood rushing through cold areas. The pain is even worse than when we were standing in the snow, something I didn't think possible.

Kuze stretches his feet toward a box of coals and says he may cry. Lescelius clenches his teeth and holds his breath. A side effect of asthma, he tells me, is poor circulation, and the sensation of vasoconstriction is even more painful. "But I like to think of it as lifting weights for the circulatory system," he says. Hof nods at the statement. After years of exposing himself to the cold, he can consciously restrict the flow of blood in his body and effectively send it to any part he wants.

Although the first day of exercises is painful and exhausting, true to Hof's word our progress is rapid. The next day we stand in the snow for 15 minutes before the same feeling of panic sets in. In the afternoon we take a brief dip in the basin of an ice-cold waterfall. It is an experience not unlike walking across a bed of hot coals—a trial by fire but with ice. With every attempt, the

barriers we've built in our heads about the cold seem to recede.

By the fourth day, standing in the snow is barely a challenge. An hour passes by quicker than five minutes had just days earlier. In the evening we sit on snow-covered rocks by a stream until they're warm, Hof smiling over us.

What we know about how the human body reacts to cold comes mostly from gruesomely accurate studies that emerged from the Dachau death camp. Nazis tracked Jewish prisoners' core temperatures as they died in ice water. As terrible as they are, these morally compromised studies helped doctors understand how quickly the body loses heat in such conditions. Sitting in 32-degree water, humans begin to feel sluggish after only a minute or two. By 15 minutes most people fall unconscious. They die between 15 and 45 minutes. When the core body temperature falls below 82 degrees, death is almost inevitable. Measured against that data set, Hof seems to perform miracles.

In 2007 at the Feinstein Institute on Long Island, Kenneth Kamler, a world-renowned expedition doctor who has worked on Everest, observed an experiment in which Hof was connected to heart and blood monitors and immersed in ice. At first the experiment hit a major snag. The standard hospital devices that track respiration declared him dead after he'd been in the ice only two minutes. The machine got confused because he didn't take a breath for more than two minutes and his resting heart rate was a mere 35 beats per minute. He wasn't dead, though, and Kamler had to disconnect the device to continue. Hof stayed in

the ice for 72 minutes. The results were astounding. Hof's core temperature initially declined a few degrees but then rose again. It was the first scientific validation of Hof's method. It was becoming clear that Hof could consciously affect his autonomic nervous system to increase his core temperature. "Exactly how you explain it depends on the kind of philosophy you want to believe in," says Kamler, who references similar feats called *tummo* performed by Tibetan monks. Ultimately, he says, it boils down to how Hof uses his brain. "The brain uses a lot of energy on higher functions that are not essential to survival. By focusing his mind he can channel that energy to generate body heat," he speculates.

Interest among scientists snowballed in 2008 just as it had in the mass media more than a decade earlier. At Maastricht University researchers wondered if Hof's abilities stemmed from a high concentration of mitochondria-rich brown adipose tissue, also known as brown fat. This little-understood tissue can rapidly heat the body when metabolized; it is what allows infants not to succumb to cold in their earliest moments. Usually brown fat mostly disappears by early childhood, but evolutionary biologists believe that early humans may have carried higher concentrations of it to resist extreme environments. The scientists learned that Hof, now 55, had extremely high concentrations—enough to produce five times more energy than the typical 20-year-old—most likely because he repeatedly exposed himself to cold.

Brown fat may be the missing organic structure that separates humans from the natural world. White fat stores caloric energy from food, which the body tends to burn only as a last resort. In fact, it's difficult to burn the spare tire off your waistline because the body is programmed to store energy: It will burn muscle before it uses white fat to create heat or energy. Brown fat is different. Most people create it automatically when they're in cold environments—the body detects physical extremes and starts to store mitochondria. The way Hof describes it, when brown fat is activated, the mitochondria enter the bloodstream and metabolize white fat directly to generate heat. Because most people do everything they can to avoid environmental extremes, they never build up brown fat at all. If we lived without clothing, the way our distant ancestors must have, we would have relied on the internal properties of brown fat to keep us alive.

As we sit in the sauna, I ask Hof how someone activates brown fat consciously. Instead of explaining, he tries to demonstrate. He clenches the muscles in his body in sequence, from his rectum to his shoulders, as if pushing something up from below. Then he furrows his brow and squinches down his neck as though trapping that energy in a point that he says is behind his ear. The process turns his skin bright red as if he were catching fire. Suddenly he kicks out his leg, falls against the wall and gasps. "Oh my God," he says, dazed. In his eagerness to teach, he didn't calculate the heat of the sauna. He almost blew a fuse.



"Try not to think of it as identifying 'your son the killer.'
Think of it as identifying 'your son who never calls.'"

He lurches out of the sauna and rolls in the snow outside. He returns with an embarrassed smirk. "That's how you do it. But try it only in the cold."

Hans Spaan, who was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease in 2004, credits Hof with saving his life. "With this disease," he says, "most people have to take more and more drugs just to maintain the same level of mobility and quality of life, and eventually you max out and begin the long decline." Spaan is trying to manage his drug regime by accompanying it with the breathing technique and ice-cold showers. He tracks his drug use on spreadsheets and claims to be on far fewer drugs now than when he was first diagnosed. He credits Hof with keeping him out of a wheelchair. Although the anecdotal evidence is encouraging, it's hard to determine how much of Hof's abilities can be chalked up to the placebo effect. Since Hof claims to be able to control his autonomic nervous system—the system affected by Parkinson's—it is important to have scientific backing.

Peter Pickkers is just about the last scientist who would be swayed by outlandish claims. An expert on sepsis and infection at Radboud University Medical Center in the Netherlands, he specializes in studies that look at responses of the immune system in humans. In 2010 Hof contacted Pickkers, saying he could suppress or ramp up his immune system at will. The feat is, by definition, almost impossible. But Pickkers, who had watched Hof's career rise on TV, was curious.

Pickkers devised a test in which he administered endotoxin, a component of *E. coli* bacteria the body thinks is dangerous but is actually inert. A previous trial Pickkers pioneered proved that 99 percent of healthy people who come in contact with endotoxin react as though they have the flu before the body realizes it has been duped and goes back to normal.

While Hof meditated, Pickkers injected him with the endotoxin. The results were unheard of. "Wim had done things that, if you had asked me prior to the experiment, I would not have thought possible," Pickkers told me. Whereas almost every other person dosed with endotoxin experienced severe side effects, Hof had nothing more than a minor headache. Blood tests showed he had much higher levels of cortisol—a hormone usually released only during times of extreme stress, sort of like adrenaline—than had been previously recorded. Also, blood drawn while he was meditating remained resistant to endotoxin for six days after it had left his body.

Hof is unambiguous about what he thinks of the results: "If I can show that I can consciously affect my immune system, we will have to rewrite all the medical books." But Pickkers and much of the rest of the scientific community are more reserved. While the results show an unprecedented response to endotoxin, there is no proof that Hof is anything more than a genetic anomaly. However, the results were promising enough for Pickkers and his colleague

Matthijs Kox to commission a second study, this time with Hof guiding a group of college students through the same basic course I took to learn his technique before being injected with endotoxin. If his technique proves to be teachable, then the ground may begin to shift under Pickkers's feet.

In April 2013, just after I was there, 12 students flew to Poland. Pickkers and Kox remained tight-lipped about the results while the journal article wended its way through the peer-review process, but they've issued a press release saying "the trained men produced fewer inflammatory proteins and suffered far less from flu-like symptoms." Hof is ebullient. In several conversations he tells me that his students were able to master convulsions and fever responses within 15 minutes. Whether he is exaggerating or not remains to be seen, but if the results mirror the 2010 study Pickkers published, Hof will be a certified medical marvel.

All I can definitively report is my experience in Poland. I still have my challenge to complete: Despite my progress, I'm not sure I am up for the grueling bare-chested hike straight up a mountain. Sněžka Mountain

*Hof's corneas began
to freeze over, and
crystallization blurred his
vision. Five strokes later
he was blind. Soon he was
off course.*

straddles the Polish-Czech border and is battered by icy winds throughout the winter months. At its 5,260-foot summit, frequented mostly by intrepid cross-country skiers who hike up from a ski lift, a lonely observatory records the movements of the stars. Starting at the base of the mountain, Hof, myself and three other disciples begin the arduous climb through two feet of fresh powder. Seconds after we pile out of Hof's dilapidated Volkswagen van, the cold slices through our winter coats like a knife. At 25 degrees Fahrenheit even modest breezes feel excruciating. In the parking lot, skiers clad head to toe in colorful Gore-Tex ensembles wrestle with their gear and trek slowly to the chairlifts.

Hof leads us to a side trail that snakes through parkland to the summit. Ten minutes up the trail, after our bodies have had time to build some internal heat, we start stripping off layers. Ashley Johnson, a former English hooligan who has found new direction in life doing work around Hof's house in exchange for lessons, slaps Lescelius and Kuze on the back in camaraderie. Bare to the cold, we stash our clothes in a backpack and crunch forward through powder.

The moment I take off my shirt it begins

to make some sense how our primordial ancestors survived. Trudging forward I don't feel the bite of the cold the way I used to. Whatever heat I build up through exertion seems to stay in my skin as if I were wearing a wet suit. I can feel the sting of cold on my skin, but I focus on the point behind my ears that Hof said would help activate my brown fat and send waves of heat through my body.

Then I try to imitate what I witnessed Hof do in the sauna. With my muscles clenched, mind focused, it isn't long before I am sweating. A thin steamy mist wafts upward from our group. A skier stops to take pictures. A ski patrolman on a snowmobile stops to see if we are okay. A snowboarder lets out a shocked cry and speeds by. Together we plod forward to the summit.

There is a parallel to walking across a bed of hot coals. The temperature is subservient to the task ahead. Six hours later I am nearing the summit, bare-chested and with my legs caked in snow. I have gone from California palm trees to Poland's snowy peaks in seven days and feel perfectly warm—hot, even.

The trek takes more than seven hours, and every step upward leaves us more exposed than before. The outside temperature drops to eight degrees. About 300 feet shy of the summit, something changes. My core temperature is fine, but the wind has intensified and the incline has gotten steeper. Every step feels harder than the one before, and I am beginning to tire. We are seven hours into the ascent, and I have given my backpack to the younger, fitter Johnson. I worry what would happen to me if I stopped. Would the cold break through the mental barrier I've erected and send me cascading into hypothermia? Fear, more than anything else, keeps me walking. Twenty minutes later I reach the summit. I'm not cold but more tired than I can ever remember being before. After taking a couple of photos we walk into the observatory to warm up.

Just like entering the sauna after standing on ice, the warm air hits me and I feel cold. I shed my mental armor and feel ice leak into my bloodstream. I begin to rely on my environment rather than my mind to keep me warm. I shiver, and then I begin to shake. My teeth clatter. I have never been this cold before. It is an hour until I feel ready to get back on my feet for the climb down the mountain. This time, though, I wear a black peacoat that I brought up in a backpack.

Hof plans to attempt to summit Mount Everest soon. It will be his second time after an earlier, aborted, nearly naked attempt. I ask Hof what he thinks would happen if he finally meets his limits on this climb and joins the hundreds who have died on the mountain. Would his message be lost to time? Would even the modest lessons he has been able to give to his flock mean anything if he dies in a way most people would deem foolish? His face grows dark at the thought. He tells me he might cry. "I must not die," he says. "I've decided."





JONAH HILL

Continued from page 56

PLAYBOY: How do you calm down when you're stressed?

HILL: I hang with friends, watch *South Park*—oh, and definitely listen to Howard Stern every day. I love his perspective on the world, how well he knows himself and also how he's evolved. If you listen to old tapes from the 1990s or 1980s, he's a different man now. His level of thoughtfulness toward who he's interviewing, what he's curious about now versus what he was curious about then. I gave him a compliment last time I was on that I truly meant, which was: Imagine a show being on for 25 years or whatever that only gets better and better as time goes on. That doesn't happen in any other facet of entertainment, but it happened with Howard's show. So listening to Howard helped. [laughs] And therapy.

PLAYBOY: How much therapy have you done?

HILL: A lot. It has probably been one of the most grounding and positive aspects of my entire life. I mean, there's a certain value in having neuroses as an actor, I guess. I work better from a place of thinking I don't

deserve to be there, but that helps only to a degree. Therapy gets me recalibrated. It has taught me that every good and bad thing that comes my way is an opportunity to learn. It's gotten me over this idea that I'm responsible for other people's happiness. That mind-set can be crippling in a lot of ways. The best way to take care of people is to be in the best mental and emotional condition you can be in yourself. Honestly, besides family members and a few friends, my relationship with my therapist is the longest relationship I've ever had.

PLAYBOY: Are you a commitment-phobe?

HILL: When I was younger, I always cared more about my friends and having fun than being in a relationship with a woman. Then it's kind of weird when you first become well-known. Certain women become interested in you because of that, though it's easy to discern who wants what. As I matured, my relationships matured. I've always had girlfriends, and I have one now. As I get older I'm more open to the idea of having a family and kids and all that, though I don't think I need to make that decision in the next day or two.

PLAYBOY: By the way, people talk about Leonardo DiCaprio's "pussy posse." Do you have a membership card now?

HILL: [Laughs] Oh, please. That's absurd. Leo's just a great guy. The posse doesn't exist. That's not to say he doesn't get a lot of attention from women. Most women who see him are attracted to him and interested in him, but he handles it beautifully.

PLAYBOY: Have you recovered from the airplane orgy scene you did together in *The Wolf of Wall Street*?

HILL: The only word I can use to describe it is *unhygienic*. The women were obviously attractive, but it's an unsexy environment. It doesn't feel like you're hooking up with somebody. It feels like you're at work. The woman who was simulating oral sex on me was talking between takes about picking up her kids from school. And some guy's genitals are in my face in this hot, cramped, sweaty space. Then, months and months later, your mom gets to watch it with you.

PLAYBOY: Did she enjoy being your date at the Oscars?

HILL: She's a Jewish mom at her core, so she had snacks in her purse and was giving them to Sandra Bullock, Julia Roberts and everybody. I think she likes to be the mom in every situation. Leo's mom hung with my mom, and Bradley Cooper's mom was there too. So they had a cool little mom crew going on. If seeing your mom in a situation like that ever seems normal to you, you know you're jaded. To me, it's still totally surreal.

I got to hang out with a lot of cool people that night, like Alfonso Cuarón and his director of photography from *Gravity*. But maybe the greatest moment was when Leo and I got to spend time with Don Rickles. We were at the Paramount pre-Oscars party, and Don was there with the head of Paramount. We basically bum-rushed him because we're both huge fans. The man did not disappoint.

PLAYBOY: Did he call you "hockey puck"?

HILL: Of course! The guy is almost 90 years old and he's still got his game. He laid into Leo really hard because he was wearing a newsboy hat. Don was like, "Hey, yeah, just keep the cab running outside, kid. I'll be out in a minute." Love that guy.

PLAYBOY: What's next for you?

HILL: James Franco and I made a really heavy film together called *True Story*. It's a true story about this *New York Times* writer, Michael Finkel, who I play. He was a wunderkind who wrote something like 11 cover stories for *The New York Times Magazine* by the time he was in his early 30s. Then he got fired for making up a bunch of stuff. A day or two later, he gets a call from someone saying, "What do you think about the murders?" Mike's baffled. Apparently a guy who was accused of killing his wife and kids in Oregon fled to Mexico and was posing as Mike Finkel, and the only person he'll talk to is Mike Finkel. That's James Franco's character, and it's kind of a cat-and-mouse game where you don't know who's using who and who's lying or telling the truth. Mike's trying to get his career back, but it's a tough situation. Mike is not a bad person. I got to know him. What he was doing at that time might not have been the coolest thing—using a family getting murdered in order to write a book to get his career back. But it's a pretty amazing story.

PLAYBOY: Franco is an interesting character. He's turned his life into a kind of performance art.

HILL: I love James. He's so interesting about playing with the perception of who he is. It's like what you see with Shia LaBeouf or Joaquin Phoenix. They go through periods when they put things out there for the public that are open to everyone's



"I don't know what it means either, but let's turn!"

interpretation. Actors and directors are idiosyncratic people, but that's why I love the profession so much.

PLAYBOY: Is there anyone you're dying to work with?

HILL: Of course. Todd Field is a director I really love. I'd do just about anything with Paul Thomas Anderson or Spike Jonze. Bennett Miller and I are constantly figuring out what we should be doing together. He's the greatest. I mean, obviously Scorsese is the greatest, but the experience I had with Bennett on *Moneyball*, the friendship we had, the understanding of what we care about in filmmaking—he's an actual genius. He has a movie coming out this year called *Foxcatcher*, which is going to change the game. The only other films he's made are *Capote* and *Moneyball*, which were incredible films. He's a volcano of talent.

PLAYBOY: Is there any truth to the rumors that you're doing a remake of *Bright Lights, Big City*?

HILL: None whatsoever. People also tell me I'm going to be in a new version of *Ghostbusters*, which isn't happening either. It's so easy to spread misinformation.

PLAYBOY: Will there be a 23, 24 and 25 *Jump Street*?

HILL: I don't know. It might be nice to have a break. The last time I had an actual vacation that lasted longer than a couple of weeks was before the *Get Him to the Greek* press tour. I mean, thank God, right? I'm the luckiest person to have been working so steadily for so long. But doing another *Jump Street* sequel would come down to whether it makes sense from a story point of view. The first one felt like it needed a sequel. We barely ended the movie and we were talking about doing a second. College seemed funnier than high school as a setting. There are so many obvious jokes about what we could do in a third one, but whatever we did, it would not be about us going undercover. These characters are great on their own, and we'd want to explore that in any other sequel.

PLAYBOY: What are your all-time favorite sequels?

HILL: I'm not comparing it to our film, obviously, but I think *The Godfather: Part II* is better than *The Godfather*. I actually think *Back to*

the Future Part II—and I get so much shit for this—is better than the original. The first one is a masterpiece, but you know what the past was like, and they're just going back to that, which already existed. In the second one, they actually have to create the future. If you look at what it is in the film and then look at Kanye West and all his stuff, you see they literally created an aesthetic for what the future ultimately became. People today dress like Marty McFly in the future—you know, the shoes and the jackets and everything. We're all McFly now. I think the second *Austin Powers* with Mini-Me stepped things up. Another one everyone gives me shit about, but I don't care, I'll say it: I think *Wayne's World 2* with Waynestock is great and better than the original. I just love the Doors references and the self-awareness about the music festival. I could watch that movie over and over.

PLAYBOY: Okay, lightning round. What's the most fun you've had at a party?

HILL: Well, the *weirdest* party I've ever been to was in Sweden. I went traveling by myself a few years ago, and I was in Stockholm and met some random people who took me to a house party where everyone was dressed up as crazy Vikings and Viking wenches. I was the only one who wasn't dressed up. Everybody ended up singing Viking songs and getting really drunk.

PLAYBOY: Confess your greatest indulgence.

HILL: I spend too much money on watches. They're important to me. You look at them all day, and for me, every time I look at what time it is, I remind myself how hard I've worked to get one of these crazy timepieces. [*raises wrist to show a black-and-white watch*] This is one I had made for the Oscars by Bamford, a really great company in England that customizes watches. This one has my initials in green, which is my favorite color.

PLAYBOY: Nice. How about your pop culture guilty pleasures?

HILL: Oh gosh. With movies, it has always been *Casino*, *Goodfellas*, *The Big Lebowski*, *Rushmore*, *Three Kings*. Whenever those are on, I'll watch them. I'm not sure how guilty it is, but I just watched this incredible documentary series called *Brody Stevens: Enjoy It!* Comedy Central billed it as its first drama, but it's really kind of a bipolar experience

that's quite remarkable. I love any kind of documentary. I loved *12 O'Clock Boys*, about this group of inner-city dirt bikers who do crazy shit in Baltimore. I'm watching *Narco Cultura* tonight because I'm obsessed with the narcoculture scene that's becoming popular around Mexico border towns. Basically, all these young people who aren't drug traffickers dress and act like they are. They have dance clubs where people celebrate narcotics and the cartel culture, the guns, the fashion. I find it disturbing that anyone would want to popularize and glorify any of it, but it's fascinating.

PLAYBOY: One more. Most surreal Hollywood experience?

HILL: Steven Spielberg came to the set of *The Wolf of Wall Street* and spent the whole day. Spielberg and Scorsese would stand together at the monitor, watching the scene I just acted in. I'd get notes from both of them and go, How the hell did I get here, again? That's something I'll remember when I'm 90 years old.

PLAYBOY: What kind of old guy do you want to be?

HILL: Surrounded by kids and grandkids. But I'm not there yet, you know? I'm happy and just enjoying my life. I'm a few months into my 30s. I'm not going to act like I'm some sage or anything, but for everyone I talk to, their 20s were confusing, and my 20s were very nontraditional. I feel a lot more comfortable with who I am now, and I'm doing only films that I care about. I'll never do another film, knock on wood, that I'm not dying to do and crazy passionate about. I've never had that openness in my career or my life or felt comfortable enough to not just take a job. Honestly, I've never felt so comfortable in my own skin. For me, it's really about doing great and engaging work right now. It comes down to making movies I'd want to watch. So even though *Jump Street* and, say, *Superbad* are goofy comedies, I'm as proud of them as I am of *Moneyball*, *The Wolf of Wall Street* or *Cyrus*. Honestly, I just want a stack of DVDs one day that says this is what I spent my 20s and 30s and beyond doing, and these are still the movies I would go see with my friends.





THE LEGEND OF HENRY PARIS

Continued from page 111

begins the great ride that is *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*. Wearing a T-shirt with American Express and MasterCard logos on its front, Misty states her rules: "I do a straight fuck. I don't take it in the mouth, I don't take it in the ass, and I don't take it in the bed." Dr. Love makes a bet with a friend: He will train Misty at his school of love to become not only the hottest girl of the season but to reach the ultimate—being named the Golden Rod Girl by famed sex-magazine tycoon Lawrence Lehman. *Misty Beethoven* proceeds to retell the enduring *Pygmalion/My Fair Lady* story, but instead of teaching a vulgar street urchin to enunciate, she is taught to fuck.

Director Henry Paris is a parodist of considerable wit and balls, though with an affectionate, light touch. Within a few frames of the film's opening, we realize we are in the capable hands of a master of self-referential humor, elegance and killer one-liners, whose tongue is planted firmly in his cheek—and soon will be in yours. This is no basement production. We are in black-tie and gowns at operas in Paris and Rome, at vast country estates with multiple uniformed servants (who give head to everyone, male and female, nonstop). Everyone is beautiful. We are, in other words, in a sexual nirvana where reality—the great enemy of the erotic—is nowhere to be found.

The film premiered in 1975 to rave reviews and huge audiences and garnered multiple awards over the years. It opened at a first-run theater in Washington, D.C. and did not close for seven years. Lovely star Constance Money was invited to do a July 1978 *PLAYBOY* pictorial. The movie made a fortune and even added a phrase to our pop-culture lexicon. As one character goes down on her lover, she says, "I'm going to suck your cock like the inside of a ripe mango." A little later, she descends again: "Ripe mango, take two."

I'll take four.

Charmed out of my thong, I began to investigate this "Henry Paris" and discovered he directed only five hardcore films—all shot within two years in that brief bubble of porn's golden age in the 1970s—of which *Misty Beethoven* is the crown jewel. This small collection of films (all newly available in high-definition digital transfers) includes *The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*, *Naked Came the Stranger*, *Barbara Broadcast* and *Maraschino Cherry*. (This last work contains a noteworthy scene featuring a young Spald-

ing Gray as one of two men in an energetic three-way.) The Henry Paris films constitute an anomaly in the history of pornographic pictures. They are hardcore satires, screwball porn with magnificent allusions to the French and Italian New Wave masters. Each film has unexpected attributes: original music, actual scripts and stories that go from A to B to XXX.

I became obsessed. Who was Henry Paris? Was he dead, as are his unlikely contemporaries Damiano and the Mitchell brothers? Or perhaps he didn't exist at all and was a stand-in for several now dead people? I even thought perhaps he was a woman, so advanced were his sexual politics and so beautiful his aesthetic.

Henry Paris is in fact the "nom de fuck" of Radley Metzger—director, producer and writer (under the moniker Jake Barnes, a sly nod to the castrated hero of Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*) of more than 10 other films shot in the 1960s and early 1970s under his real name. And according to Wikipedia, he was not dead. So where was Metzger? He had no website, no LinkedIn listing.

Some time later, something remarkable happened. I received a query from someone on behalf of one Radley Metzger, who had "made a number of well-received erotic films in the 1970s and 1980s." He wanted to know if the film rights to my erotic memoir *The Surrender* were available. A bizarre coincidence? Absolutely. And a brilliant one. The next thing I knew, I was on a flight to New York to meet the creator of Dolores "Misty" Beethoven himself.

We arrange to have a drink at a sophisticated, dimly lit bar on New York City's Lower East Side. I am late, unable to decide what to wear to meet the man who has become, to me, the king of cinematic sex. Entering the bar, I see no one. I walk around a corner and there, at a cozy circular table, sits a disarmingly handsome man, arms lazily outstretched along the curve of the red-velvet booth. He rises to greet me; he is very tall.

Metzger, now 85, remains impossibly elegant, gray silk cravat around his neck à la Fred Astaire. With his twinkling blue eyes and great head of wavy silver hair, he looks like a cross between Leonard Bernstein and Samuel Beckett. And so we chat. He has a mind like a steel trap, a razor-sharp wit (no surprise there) and a knowledge of film—from *The Birth of a Nation* on—to go head-to-head with Martin Scorsese. Over several days we meet again and again, and the true story behind the legend of Henry Paris unfolds—as strange and dramatic as any of his films.

Radley Henry Metzger was born in 1929, the year of the stock market crash, on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx, second son of Jewish parents who were hard hit by the Great Depression. "My first word was not *mama* but *dispossessed*," says Metzger, smiling. Plagued by severe allergies, he found the only sure cure: air-conditioned movie theaters, where, as a youngster, he would often take in three or four films a day. His apparently even handsomer brother (now

deceased) went on to medical school and became an ob-gyn; as adults they joked about ending up in related professions.

Metzger attended Columbia University but dropped out during the Korean War to sign up for the Air Force, where he opted for training as a film editor for military propaganda films. After the war he joined Janus Films, where he began editing and occasionally dubbing the American trailers for the A-list foreign films that were at the time making cinema history—Michelangelo Antonioni's *L'Avventura*, François Truffaut's *Jules and Jim* and the films of the great Dane Ingmar Bergman.

"One of the best compliments I ever got," recalls Metzger, "was from Bergman, who liked the trailer I did for *Through a Glass Darkly*." He also remembers sitting alongside Jean Renoir in an editing room in New York, doing the cuts and dubbing for the U.S. release of *Can-Can*. "Renoir said something to me that I have never forgotten," says Metzger. "There is always just one moment in a film that everyone remembers," he said. "And that is enough."

By his mid-20s Metzger had raised just enough money—"If we'd had twice as much it would have qualified as a shoe-string budget"—to make his first film. *Dark Odyssey*, a Kazan-like story of a Greek immigrant honor killing, contains some stunning shots of the 1950s New York skyline, including the George Washington Bridge before it had a second level. Although Howard Thompson gave the film a good word in *The New York Times*, it was a box-office bust.

"Even my relatives didn't want to see it," Metzger has said. "I've heard *art film* defined as a foreign film nobody wants to see, and this was an American art film. I don't know if there's a word in English, in any language, that sums up the flop this thing was. I don't like to blow my own horn, but I believe it holds the record for the lowest gross of any film ever made."

The humiliation Metzger suffered (not to mention the debts he amassed) was the catalyst for his future career. He, like many achievers, finds failure both more useful and more interesting than success. "The one thing people are defenseless against in this business is success," he says. "It's the single most corrupting influence."

Heavily in debt, Metzger took the leap from young artist to pragmatist, quickly noting what sold a film and lured an audience: sex. He had been involved in dubbing the sensational 1957 French import *And God Created Woman*, which had turned an unknown young actress named Brigitte Bardot into a superstar. Metzger had watched the bombshell effect on an American public delighted by breasts—and hungry for more. Metzger pounced.

In the early 1960s he formed his own production and distribution company, Audubon Films (named after the first movie theater he attended), with a colleague named Ava Leighton (who also worked at Janus Films), and while Leighton set up the business in New York, Metzger set off for Europe to seek their fortune. He screened hundreds of films, and over the next decade Audubon became the premier distributor of

sexy foreign films in the U.S. In the 1960s this meant an occasional naked bosom or veiled body shot accompanied by a risqué story and always a beautiful ingenue.

Audubon had a secret weapon, something no other distributor had: Metzger's expert skills as an editor. Typically he would buy a European film cheaply and then rework it, editing the story for speed and accessibility, dubbing it into English, occasionally shooting nude inserts to help the narrative along and adding sparkling taglines for the ad campaign. It was a winning formula at just the right time: pre-hardcore, with the pill and the age of Aquarius in full swing.

Audubon made a lot of money.

The Twilight Girls (tagline: "Dangerous love!") stars the gorgeous Agnès Laurent and Catherine Deneuve in her first screen role. Metzger added a five-minute sequence of two girls kissing and some flashes of naked breasts, and the film was off and running. Other releases included *Warm Nights and Hot Pleasures* ("Where sex goes skin deep"), *The Weird Love Makers* ("They do everything!"), *The Fourth Sex* ("Is she or isn't she? Only her lover knows for sure...") and *Daniella by Night*, which introduced Elke Sommer to American audiences (she later had big roles in everything from Peter Sellers's second *Pink Panther* movie to *The Love Boat*).

Metzger learned to walk that undefined, thin line when it came to the obscenity laws. "I always stayed five miles ahead of the speed limit," he explains. Nevertheless, Audubon was never not in court—for more than two years with *The Twilight Girls*.

"They said, 'It's a dirty picture,'" recalls Metzger, "and I said, 'No, it isn't dirty,' and they said, 'Well, it's a lousy picture,' and I said, 'That's like saying a rich man deserves more justice than a poor man.' We finally won." It was one of the last big cases tried by the New York State Censorship Board before it was permanently dismantled. Sexy films were here to stay. The only question that remained was, How explicit could they get?

In 1965, having read a small notice in *Variety* about a Swedish film called *I, a Woman*, Metzger flew to Denmark—"It wasn't even a screening room"—to see

the film. He bought it for \$5,000, and after his usual dubs and edits, the film was released in 1966 with the tagline "It is entirely possible to make excitement a way of life." By 1966 standards it was hot and edgy. It became a sensation, pulling in an unprecedented female audience to a "dirty" picture. "It touched something in women. It was probably the first feminist erotic film released in the 1960s, and it pushed a button with every woman in America," says Metzger.

"A door opened," he recalls, "and I walked right through it."

Beginning in 1963, as the Audubon coffers started to fill, Metzger started to make his

on a library floor that is a giant enlargement of a dictionary page, the definitions for *masturbate*, *fornicate*, *ecstasy* and *copulate* as their literary backdrop. *Score*, an exploration of bisexuality, was Metzger's first foray into pushing-the-envelope soft-core. The film has real erections and is based on a sexy off-Broadway play (in which an unknown Sylvester Stallone played a randy telephone repairman).

By this time, however, *Deep Throat* had arrived, and the entire landscape for erotic films changed virtually overnight. After weak box-office receptions for his previous two films, Metzger felt forced—"We tried to resist"—by the market demand (and bill collectors) to venture into the hardcore arena. And so Henry Paris was born.

Henry is Metzger's middle name, and, he explains, "someone named Paris was very helpful to me at one point in my life." What a way to repay a favor.

Over 24 months, Metzger, as Henry Paris, made his five hardcore "fuck films," as he calls them, all released in the next few years. It is these films on which his reputation now, rather erroneously, is based.

The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann was shot over six and a half days in New York. Its premise involves a rich husband who hires a (horny) private eye to spy on his beautiful, cheating wife. The first scene: lovely Barbara Bourbon, a mainstream actress in her first (though not last) hardcore film, blowing a fortunate young man on a park bench on the East River

walkway. She takes down Marc "10½" Stevens's humongous cock with such smooth and slow plunges that she makes Linda Lovelace's *Deep Throat* efforts of the previous year look sophomoric. It is positively poetic, with a massive payoff.

Naked Came the Stranger is based on the best-selling book by Penelope Ashe, who was, in fact, no fewer than 24 authors, masterminded by New York *Newsday* columnist Mike McGrady (who later co-wrote Linda Lovelace's memoir *Ordeal*). The film contains extraordinary sequences, such as one in which a reluctant chap gets head on the top of a red double-decker bus as it drives down Fifth Avenue. One can see all the familiar storefronts pass by, as well as the Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center.



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own movies again, turning out in fast succession a series of playfully erotic (though not yet pornographic) films.

First came *The Dirty Girls*, the story of two prostitutes—one a streetwalker, the other a high-class call girl—exquisitely photographed in various stages of nudity and activity. Next was *The Alley Cats*, which features the only cameo of Metzger himself, jumping into a swimming pool in full evening dress—"The guy for the scene didn't show, so I filled in." And *Carmen, Baby* ("The total female animal"), which became Metzger's highest-grossing film, netting Audubon \$3 million.

Lickerish Quartet includes a stunning sex scene—shot at Cinecittà studios in Rome, home of Federico Fellini—with a couple

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Shooting on a Sunday morning—"Every independent filmmaker's best friend," says Metzger—the crew, director and actors were onboard for hours as the bus cruised up and down the avenue, the tourists below oblivious to the events on the top deck.

Within two years, however, Metzger abruptly stopped making hardcore. "I'd done everything I wanted to do. I was done," he says. Shortly thereafter he stopped making films altogether. He cites one factor that played a role in his filmic disappearance: the long, painful death from cancer of his production partner at Audubon Films, Ava Leighton, who had been with him from the beginning. By then, the mid-1980s, the industry had changed, Metzger says. "And when she died, all the fun went out of it. Her death left a great void."

Unlike so many of the players in the early days of hardcore who sold their films for a pittance, losing out on future millions, Metzger retained full ownership of his. (Distribpix currently distributes all the Henry Paris films in remastered form.) Since that time, he has played on the fringe with ideas and scripts and insists he may have another movie in him. Who knows?

There is a common theme to Metzger's films, both hard and soft, uncommon in a genre designed to sexually excite: classic love stories of separation and reconciliation. *The Dirty Girls*, *The Alley Cats*, *Score*, *The Image*, *The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*, *Naked Came the Stranger* and of course *Misty Beethoven* all feature this conceit. Unlike most Hollywood love stories, the journey of separation in Metzger's oeuvre inevitably involves sexual adventures that not only are given full play but, more often than not, are the actual catalysts for the couple's reconciliation. All the fun and games take place in sophisticated, rich (no one works for a living in Metzger's world) and exotic settings. "Who wants to see sex in Queens?" Metzger says. Sex is portrayed as a unifying, guiltless, happy indulgence—the utopian dream that was the promise of the sexual revolution before the unforeseen consequences of the 1980s sent fornication to condoms and fear.

Although Metzger is best known for *Misty Beethoven*, I believe his masterpiece came earlier, with his 1968 film *Thérèse and Isabelle*, in which love and sex meld so deeply and cling so close to the bone that even Metzger the master jokester surrendered to the only serious tagline of his career: "A love story." And so it is.

In keeping with his usual practice of basing films on works of literature—"I came from the editing room, and I wasn't very secure in creating narrative story structure"—Metzger bought the rights to a novel by the cult French writer Violette Leduc. He remembers the one thing she said to him before he made the movie: "Don't make a dirty picture." And he didn't—and in doing so, Radley Metzger (not as Henry Paris) made his most erotic film ever.

Shot outside Paris in somber, velvety black-and-white by the great Hans Jura,

with an evocative original score by Georges Auric, the film is a haunting, lyrical tone poem starring the luminescent Essy Persson as Thérèse and Anna Gaël as the delicate but rebellious Isabelle. When I ask Metzger what he wanted most in a female lead, he doesn't miss a beat: "Innocence." He found it in spades in these two young actresses. Using an abandoned monastery as a boarding school, the film tells the story of beautiful schoolgirls who fall in love under the scrutinizing gaze of parents, schoolmistresses and, most critically wicked of all, their own peers.

Thérèse and Isabelle make scrambling, passionate love in a bathroom stall, on the stone floor of the stark sanctuary with a crucifix looming above them and, finally, outside the school walls, alone at last, at twilight on the shore of a river, their naked bodies gliding into each other like merging shadow selves.

Metzger's allegiance to his source had him layer Leduc's exact prose over the lovemaking scenes, a risky cinematic convention, as so often words detract from erotic effect. But it works. Leduc's stark text evokes the intense, dreamlike, anarchistic experience of discovering sexual pleasure as a foreign land. It seems only fitting that it was during the shooting of *Thérèse and Isabelle* that Metzger fell in love himself, married and had a daughter.

Called the "finest commercial feature about adolescent lesbian love," the film was popular at drive-ins—but only with an added-on ending (not in the book) that Metzger despises. The entire film is a flashback told by Thérèse, who visits her childhood school as a woman; in the drive-in version, at the close of the film she is seen climbing into a waiting car with her...husband. What a relief—not a lesbian after all.

"A 100 percent gay story was a very frightening concept in 1968," says Metzger. But in the intervening years, he has located every single print with the heterosexual ending and, he says with considerable satisfaction, they are "buried in an unmarked grave."

For me the film stands alone in Metzger's oeuvre—and in the ever-evolving genre that attempts to depict the complexity of female eroticism. He miraculously melded an unapologetic, graphic depiction of female sexual excitement with that most underrated erotic component of all, the thing that sexually explicit films refuse in their headstrong prurience: love.

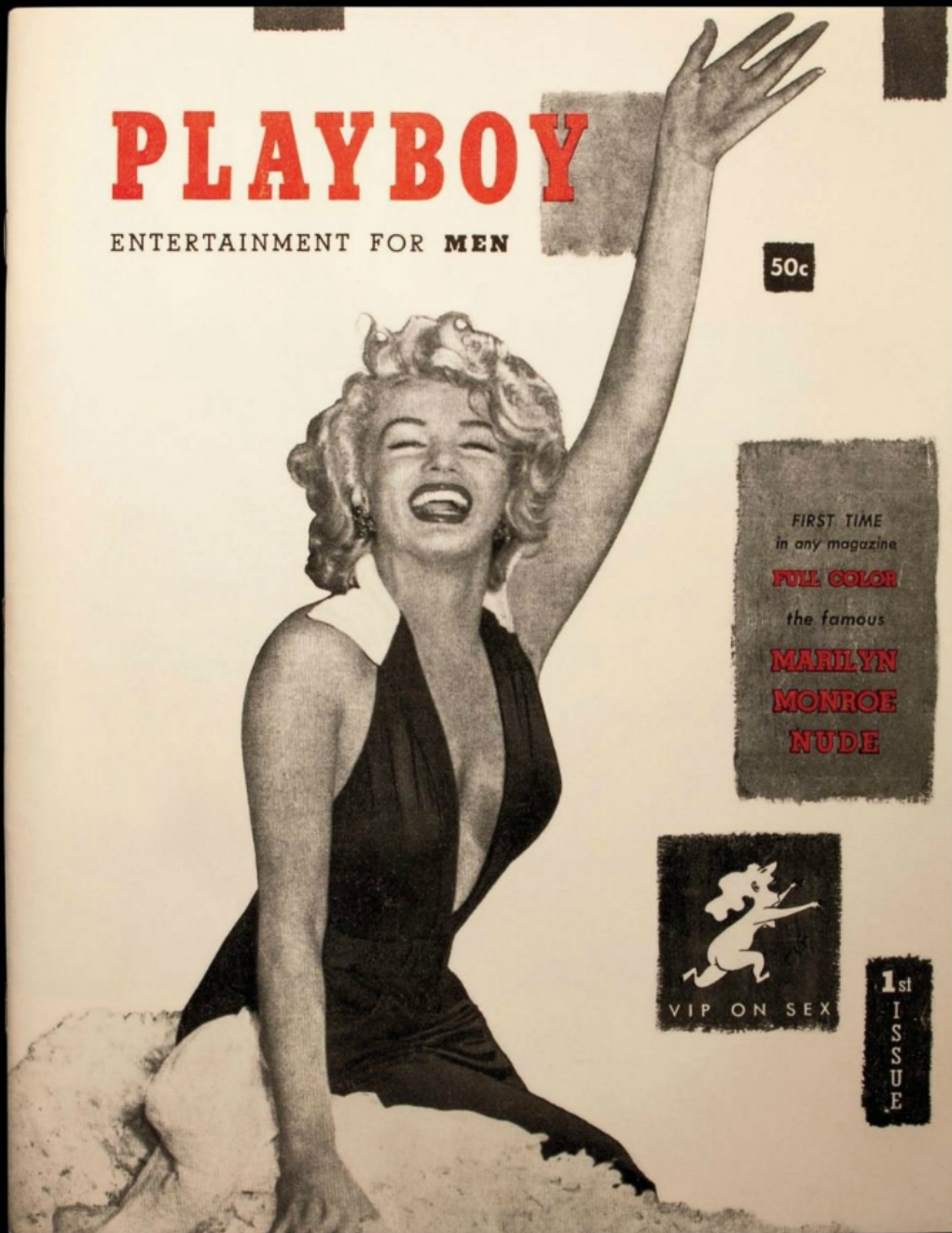
And there it is, that one memorable moment—as Jean Renoir pointed out to Metzger—that makes a film. I remember the absolute wonder of Thérèse's face, close up, bursting beyond the edges of the giant screen, as she endures Isabelle's relentless lower ministrations. It is one of the most beautiful, intimate extended images I have ever seen on film. And somehow, miraculously, the more pleasure Thérèse inherits, the more innocent she becomes, and the beauty and pain that is the deepest pleasure a woman can know is revealed.

Thanks, Radley.



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RED SOX NATION

Continued from page 78

and he was 215, big for those days. He looked like he lifted anvils. The ball made a different sound when he hit it. I saw Jimmy break his bat on a checked swing without making contact with the ball! Making me feel bad. I'd check my swing and look at the bat. Is it cracked? No? Damn, I'm a mere mortal.

NOWLIN: That team had bigger stars, but Fisk, the catcher—a tough New Englander known for his run-ins with the Yankees' Thurman Munson—really defined them.

LYNN: Pudge Fisk was my first roommate. I loved him, but I was a loner, so I paid \$1,000 to have my own room on the road. Not per night—\$1,000 for the whole season.

Yaz was the senior guy on our team. He and I were similar left-handed hitters. There was no video to study in those days, so I'd stand in the on-deck circle, watching how they pitched him. Game after game they pitched me the same way.

Lynn batted .331 with 21 home runs and 105 RBIs in 1975. Rice hit .309 with 22 home runs and 102 RBIs but hurt his wrist and missed the postseason. Still, the Sox swept Oakland in the American League Championship Series, earning a trip to the epic 1975 World Series against Cincinnati's "Big Red Machine." Boston's game one starter was muttonchopped junkballer Luis Tiant, who had fled Cuba just before Fidel Castro came to power.

BILL LITTLEFIELD, WBUR radio host: I loved Tiant's intensity and sheer love of pitching. He'd been terrible in 1969, his last year in Cleveland, and terrible his first year in Boston. Then he reinvented himself as an off-speed pitcher. A lovable reclamation project who smoked a big Cuban cigar and horsed around in the clubhouse. One time he was stopped for speeding, and when the officer asked what he was doing, he said, "Bringing some heat."

Other players would hang their heads during losing streaks, but Tiant said, "Give me the ball." I saw him throw 170 pitches one day when he had nothing—nothing but guts and his crazy windup.

PETE ROSE, 1975 World Series MVP with the Cincinnati Reds: Tiant liked to screw with hitters' heads.

LITTLEFIELD: His motion was a triumph of illusion, the illusion that he could still throw hard. He'd go through crazy contortions, cocking his hip to the point of dislocation, his back to the plate.

ROSE: He'd mess you up if you watched his head spin backward like *The Exorcist*.

But his contortions didn't bother me. Hell, his head could fall off and roll over to first base, and I'd never notice because I'm not looking at his head. I'm looking at his release point.

MARK FROST, co-creator of *Twin Peaks*, author of *Game Six: Cincinnati, Boston, and the 1975 World Series*: For me, Tiant and his father were the emotional center of the story. Luis Tiant Sr., a once-great star of the Negro Leagues reduced to poverty in Cuba, finally got a visa thanks to Senator George McGovern. McGovern hand-delivered a letter to Castro, making a passionate case for why the baseball-loving *presidente* should allow Tiant to be reunited with his aging, ailing parents.

After an emotional reunion at Logan Airport, Luis Sr. watched his son pitch a masterful shutout of the mighty Reds in game one of the World Series. Later that night, during a joyful celebration at the Tiant home, Luis came through the door and saw his father looking up at him, a sweet proud smile on his face. They held each other without saying a word, both weeping. The dream, passed down from father to son, had come all the way home.

In game four, Tiant nursed a 5-4 lead into the ninth inning. With two on and one out, the Reds' Ken Griffey sent a rocket to left-center. Lynn made an over-the-shoulder catch. Joe Morgan popped out on Tiant's 163rd pitch, and the series was tied, two games apiece.

ROSE: That series really helped the game of baseball. The NFL was catching up as the real national pastime, but the 1975 World Series helped baseball take off again. We got rained out three straight times, so these vivid personalities—me, Johnny Bench, Yaz, Fisk, Tiant, Bill Lee—entertained the writers for three days of hype.

Fenway got so wet we had to work out in a gym at Tufts University. But we got lost on the way. Our bus pulls into a gas station and the attendant's eyes bug out, seeing the Cincinnati Reds in full uniform. The guy's got a Red Sox cap on, and he gives us bad directions. We rode around Boston for an hour looking for Tufts University.

VOGEL: Game six was one of the great battles in baseball history—tied 6-6 in the 12th inning.

ROSE: I go to bat and there's Fisk behind the plate. I said, "Isn't this fun, Carlton? Isn't this as good as it gets?" He says, "Yeah. Yeah, this is fun." Maybe I relaxed him.

Bottom of the 12th: Fisk up against rookie pitcher Pat Darcy, a sinkerballer who had allowed only four homers in 130 innings. Reds catcher Johnny Bench called for a low-inside sinker. Fisk sent a towering fly down the left-field line.

NOWLIN: I had an SRO ticket to the game. The ushers let us sit in the aisle between sections 18 and 19, so I'm looking right down the line, following the flight of Fisk's long fly ball.

TV cameras were supposed to track the ball's flight too, but NBC cameraman Lou Gerard, distracted by a Fenway Park rat running past his foot, lost the ball. Gerard kept his camera on Fisk and captured an immortal sports moment: Fisk trying to wave the ball fair.

NOWLIN: Fair ball! Sox win!

ROSE: Game six—that was the only loss I ever had fun in.

NOWLIN: After the game, all over Boston, cars honked their horns for hours.

ROSE: But we could still win game seven.

BILL "SPACEMAN" LEE, Sox pitcher, 1969-1978: So could we. The Reds' lineup was stacked, but I shut 'em out for five innings in the last game.

ROSE: As tough as Tiant was, we thought of Lee as their best pitcher—the Spaceman, the famous flake.

DON NATHAN, Sox fan: One day I was at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, waiting out a rain delay. Rick Dempsey entertained the crowd with a Babe Ruth impression. He stuck a pillow under his jersey, took a big left-handed swing, ran the bases and finished by belly flopping into home. Then Bill Lee came out with a bat, ball and glove. Without a word or a look at the crowd, he placed the glove at his feet, flipped the ball in the air and fungoed it straight up. Leaned down, jammed his hand into the glove and caught the ball. A nice trick.

Then he tossed the ball again. Hit it almost straight up but a step to his left. Hand into glove, one step over, catches the ball. Steps back to where he started and hits one a step to his right. This went on, each pop-up taking him a little farther left or right, till he finally hit one too far away to run and catch. He gathered up his ball and glove and left the field, never acknowledging the cheering fans. That was Lee: skillful, entertaining and completely baffling.

VOGEL: Bill Lee claimed he sprinkled marijuana on his pancakes in the morning.

LEE: Some reporters asked me about a so-called drug problem on the team, and I said, "Yes, the Red Sox have been abusing alcohol, caffeine and tobacco for years." Then they asked about marijuana. I said I used it. So Commissioner Bowie Kuhn calls me into his office and says, "Bill, it says here you smoke pot."

"Read the story, Bowie. It says I use it."

"Well, how do you use it?"

"I make my breakfast, add an ounce of marijuana and then run six miles to the ballpark. The pot makes me impervious to bus fumes along the road." And he believed me. The commissioner said, "I'll buy that." Pretty soon I got a letter informing me I was fined \$250 for using marijuana "as a condiment."

ROSE: Yeah, Lee was a flake. But he could get you out.

LEE: Prophets in their own time are seldom embraced.

ROSE: Lee had us down in two games that series until we came back against their bullpen. Now he's shutting us out in game seven.

And then the Spaceman uncorked the craziest pitch in baseball history.

LEE: Well, I was rolling along till I got a blister. I was what they called a cunny-thumber, a guy who uses his thumb to put spin on the ball. In the fifth inning I got a blister. I'd have been okay if we had somebody who could cauterize a blister, but our trainer was this little SOB who couldn't give a massage to the Pillsbury Doughboy. The blister pops;

now I'm getting blood on the ball. Blood makes the ball rise. I still get Johnny Bench to hit a double-play ball. But our manager, Don Zimmer—"the Gerbil," so named by me—had told second baseman Denny Doyle to play farther from the bag. Doyle's late covering; he throws the ball away. Yaz almost snagged it, but he stretched too soon. So instead of being out of the inning, I've got one on, two out, Tony Pérez up. That's baseball—it's always a cloud of contingencies.

LEARY: I loved Bill Lee, but about once a month he threw an eephus pitch, a big, slow blooper....

LEE: I threw Pérez a slow curve. A very slow, very high curve. Okay, it was an eephus. Or a leephus, as I called it.

LEARY: That pitch took so long to get to the plate that if you play back the tape you'll hear me yelling, "Don't throw that pitch to Tony Pérez!"

LEE: And he hit it hard.

FRIEDMAN: For a two-run homer. The ball reached orbit somewhere over Newfoundland, and the Sox went on to lose.

Lynn was named 1975 rookie of the year. Along with a Gold Glove for his defense in center, he was also named MVP, becoming the first player to win all three awards in the same year.

LYNN: There was no ceremony in those days, no nothing. I found out about the MVP while I was driving from Boston back home to California. Stopped into a motel, flipped on the TV and saw my picture. "Hey, that's me!" I was thrilled—beyond the honor, it got me a \$20,000 bonus.

Three years later, the Sox and Yankees went down the stretch tied in the standings. Both teams won every day for a week, leading a Boston newscaster to announce, "Pope dead, Sox alive, details at 11." In a one-game play-off for the division crown, the Sox led 2-0 in the seventh—until light-hitting shortstop Bucky Dent's three-run homer sank them. The Yankees went on to win the World Series.

CARL YASTRZEMSKI, Sox left fielder, 1961-1983: [Postgame] Those bastards always have a little extra.

LEARY: I was at Emerson College, totally caught up in the Sox. After the 1975 series I thought we could win five World Series in a row. Until Bucky Dent. That's when I realized the curse was real—and considered offering my left testicle for a championship.

O'BRIEN: Next thing you know, they trade Lynn to the Angels. It was my first experience with a Red Sox leaving. Pretty soon my hero's in a Fantasy Island segment. It

was upsetting, a very un-Sox thing to do.

LYNN: I faced Radar from *M*A*S*H*. His fantasy was to face Steve Garvey, George Brett and me, and strike us all out. I went last. My line was "And I thought Nolan Ryan was tough." So much for my acting career.

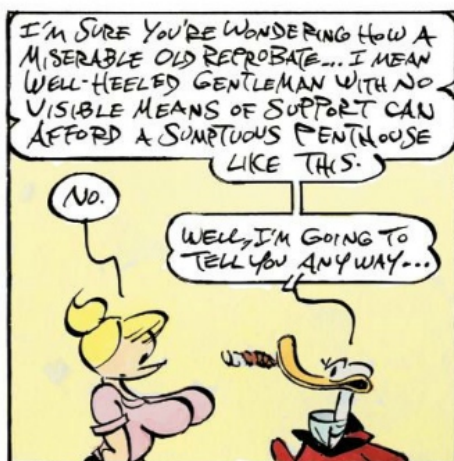
O'BRIEN: A few years later I was at Harvard. Being a Sox fan wasn't cool, but then nobody's cool at Harvard. If you're cool you drop out and start a social media empire.

TOM VERDUCCI, *Sports Illustrated* writer: My first pilgrimage to Fenway was on opening day 1985. I arrived early and walked out to the Green Monster. Seeing it up close, after years of knowing it only from NBC *Game of the Week* cameras, was a shock. The surface was dented like the dimples of a golf ball. And like a celebrity, the Monster was taller and more imposing than I imagined.

In 1986 the Sox made their fourth World Series since 1918. In game six, leading the New York Mets by two in the 10th inning, the Sox were about to win at last.

LYNN: Late in the game, Johnny McNamara usually brought Dave Stapleton in to play defense at first base. But now he lets emotion creep in. Johnny Mac was a players' manager, and he thinks they're about to

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clinch, change history, reverse the curse. He wants his regulars out there for the big moment. So he made an emotional decision. He left Bill Buckner at first base.

Three singles and a wild pitch brought Mookie Wilson to the plate. Wilson hit a dribbler to Buckner.

VERDUCCI: At that moment Theo Epstein, who would grow up to be the team's boyish general manager, was 12. He was standing on the back of his sofa, waiting to jump for joy when the Sox won. He had to skulk back down when the ball went through Buckner's legs.

NOWLIN: Buckner's error crushed Boston. We were poised to celebrate, then all of a sudden the wind went out of the whole town. I went for a walk and passed three or four other despondent people with their heads down, nobody saying a word.

LEARY: You know what nobody talks about? Bob Stanley, the pitcher, didn't run to cover first. Buckner's so far from the bag they wouldn't get Mookie even if he fields the ball. Everybody blames Buckner and forgets Bob Stanley.

TIM WAKEFIELD, Sox pitcher, 1995–2011:

My college roommate and I watched the 1986 series unfold, the ball going through Buckner's legs. So I knew about the curse before I ever got to Boston.

I was a first baseman when Pittsburgh drafted me. But I was never gonna make the big leagues as a hitter, so I became a pitcher, a knuckleball pitcher.

Wakefield reached the big leagues in 1992. He went 8–1 down the stretch for the Pirates, beat the Braves twice in that year's National League Championship Series and was set to be the series MVP. Atlanta scored three runs in the bottom of the ninth to win the game and the series. Wakefield's career crumbled. The Pirates released him in 1995.

WAKEFIELD: I signed with Boston, got my confidence back. Had a great year in 1995 [16–8, 2.95 ERA] and loved being there. Fenway's one of the last remaining citadels of baseball.

FRIEDMAN: Wakefield could be excruciating to watch. If his knuckler didn't knuckle, it was batting practice. He went 6–11 in 1999, 6–10 in 2000, with hideous ERAs. We'd say, "How can they start fucking Wakefield?" And then, when you least expected it, he'd

pitch a gem, and we'd be high-fiving and saying, "Yeah, fucking Wakefield."

In 2002 a group led by Boston businessman John Henry and former Padres owner Tom Werner bought the team.

WAKEFIELD: Not that the previous owners did a bad job, but the real turnaround came when Mr. Henry and Mr. Werner took over. We got a bigger weight room and a players' lounge. They even fixed the field. The infield at Fenway had always been crowned for drainage. They paid extra to make it flat, which helped the fielders. You could feel a new time coming. We were proud to be Red Sox, ready to go to war.

O'BRIEN: I lived in New York during my *SNL* and *Late Night* days, and it felt like being a Union spy in the Deep South during the Civil War. There always seemed to be a giant parade with Derek Jeter going past the coffee shop I was sitting in.

Before the final game of the 2003 ALCS, a Manhattan water main flooded the George Washington Bridge. The Yankees' Jason Giambi was sure he'd be late—until police officers saw the steroid slugger stuck in traffic and gave his Porsche a lights-and-sirens escort. Giambi hit a pair of homers to keep the Yanks close that night. Mariano Rivera pitched three shutout innings, and Wakefield faced Aaron Boone in extra innings.

WAKEFIELD: My confidence was all there because I'd been getting him out.

He owned Aaron Boone. They had faced each other five times in the series; Boone was zero for five, with three lazy flies and two strikeouts. But Yankees manager Joe Torre had noticed Boone stepping in the bucket, pulling balls foul.

JOE TORRE, Yankees manager, 1996–2007: [Pulling Boone aside] Try hitting to right field. That'll help you keep it fair.

WAKEFIELD: First pitch, I let it go and—

LEARY: Boom! Boone launches a home run and joins an elite club. There are four Sox-killers in the club, all with the same middle name: Babe Fucking Ruth, Harry Fucking Frazee, Bucky Fucking Dent and Aaron Fucking Boone.

AARON BOONE, Yankees third baseman, 2003: [Mobbed by teammates and reporters on the field] What I want to know is, what are all these people doing in my dream?

WAKEFIELD: It was over so fast. You're totally in the thick of it, and a second later it's over—the game, the season. That's when I really felt the curse.

As Boone touched the plate, the loudspeakers at Yankee Stadium began playing "New York, New York"—14 times in a row. Not exactly what the Sox wanted to hear.

WAKEFIELD: A media guy told me I would have been MVP if we had won. Instead I was the goat. In the clubhouse, Nomar Garciaparra came over to me. Trot Nixon and Doug Mirabelli too. They hugged me and said, "Hey, man, it's not your fault." When the reporters came in, I apologized to our fans.

VACCARO: Roger Clemens and David Wells lugged some champagne out to Monument Park, beyond the left-field fence, and drank to Babe Ruth's plaque. Wells said, "He's shining on us. The curse lives!"



"I admit I sexually harassed them, but I was hoping they would sexually harass me in return."



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LEE: I had a big rat in my house in those days. He dug through Sheetrock, lived in the refrigerator, ate all our cat food. The cat wanted nothing to do with him. That night I put some peanut butter in a trap, and at the very instant of Boone's home run, *snap!* Got him! And I realized that rat was a Sox fan. When Boone connected, he didn't want to live anymore.

VISSER: I wailed as if my dog had died. I had spent so many years in Fenway, so many years listening to Curt Gowdy on cheap transistor radios, so many years covering games, yelling in bars, caring too much. And we were never going to win a World Series.

The day after Thanksgiving 2003 the Sox traded Casey Fossum, Brandon Lyon and two minor leaguers for Yankee-killer Curt Schilling. Asked about the Yanks' mystique and aura, Schilling had scoffed, "Mystique and Aura? Those are dancers in a nightclub."

CURT SCHILLING, Sox pitcher, 2004-2008: [*Trying on a Sox cap*] I guess I hate the Yankees now.

O'BRIEN: The doorman in my building taught my son to say "Go Yankees," which troubled me. One day I'm in a hotel elevator with Ben Affleck. I knew Ben a little; he'd been on the show. But he's a busy man, probably running late to make an Oscar-winning film, so I just nod and say, "Hey, Ben." He says hey and then, just as he's getting off the elevator, I mention the doorman who taught my son to say "Go Yankees." And Ben stops, spins around, blocking the elevator door, and says, "That's fucked up. You gotta get that guy fired."

VACCARO: The hate was real. Red Sox president Larry Lucchino called the Yankees baseball's "evil empire." Yanks owner George Steinbrenner called Lucchino's comment bullshit. "That's how a sick person thinks," Steinbrenner said. After that he wouldn't even say the Red Sox's name. He called them "that team from north of here."

WAKEFIELD: I spent the winter in Florida, didn't read Boston papers or listen to sports radio, so I didn't know where I stood with the fans. Then I went up for the Baseball Writers' Association dinner, an annual event full of Sox fans. Was I still the goat? Well, they gave me the longest standing ovation I ever heard. Brought me to tears. That's when I thought there might be better times ahead.

The Yankees opened the 2004 ALCS by beating the Red Sox three times in a row. No team in baseball history had ever come back from a 3-0 deficit to win a postseason series.

NOWLIN: At batting practice before game four, Kevin Millar went around to the Yankees, warning them, "Better not let us win tonight." He had a feeling the Sox weren't done. Sure enough, they got even. Schilling won game six, the famous bloody-sock game, despite pitching with a stitched-together ankle tendon that bled through his sock. One more victory might reverse the curse. Before game seven, I asked Sox fans, "What if we beat them?" Would it ruin us? Would the city fall apart?

LEARY: I got so nervous I had to sit on the same spot on my couch, night after night.

I said, "They're winning. I can't move."

LEE: It was sweet, watching the Yankees fold. **FRIEDMAN:** David "Big Papi" Ortiz homered in the seventh game. Johnny Damon hit two. The Sox won 10-3—on to the World Series.

WAKEFIELD: It was so cool celebrating on the same mound where I'd given up the Boone home run. We kept the party going in the clubhouse. Champagne's flowing, guys are yelling, when one of the clubbies [clubhouse attendants] taps my shoulder and says, "You got a phone call." It was Joe Torre, calling from the other clubhouse to congratulate me. "You deserve it," he said. "Just make sure you enjoy it."

VACCARO: Sox fans stuck around Yankee Stadium after the game, chanting, "Thank you, Red Sox! Thank you, Red Sox!" Steinbrenner told his people to leave the lights on for them. He said, "They've earned it."

O'BRIEN: I watched the game on TV and then ran into Central Park, weeping, screaming, jumping up and down. My dog doesn't know what's going on, so he starts jumping up and down, barking. And there is *nobody* else in the park. I'm thinking, I am in the wrong fucking city. Imagine Boston tonight!

LEE: The Red Sox faced St. Louis in the

*It was only after we won
that I realized something:
There was never a curse.*

*It wasn't Babe Ruth.
It was bad bounces,
bad choices, bad luck.*

World Series. The Cardinals were the National League version of the Yankees, Boston's nemesis in 1946 and 1967, the supreme National League power. But it was our year. Naturally the Sox swept the series. Fabulous! All curses off.

LEARY: It was only after we won that I realized something: There was never a curse. It wasn't Babe Ruth. It was bad bounces, jittery infielders, bad choices, bad luck.

VERDUCCI: I got assigned the story explaining why the Red Sox were *SI*'s sportsmen of the year. I'd spent weeks writing about "the Idiots," Manny Ramirez being Manny, the bloody sock, the curse of the Bambino, Johnny, Papi and the greatest comeback story ever. So I turned to the fans. I found the grave of a man named Napoleon A. Blouin, whose headstone read 1926-1986, DARN THOSE SOCKS. I found fans who filled cemeteries on the night they won the World Series to share a toast with dead loved ones. Only then did I understand that the Red Sox weren't about Ted and Pesky and Louie and Dewey and Rice and Lynn and Manny and Big Papi. They are about the people who hold them dear, not just as a sports team but as a civic treasure. It was always true but never more than in 2004.

LEARY: I did a commercial spoof where a guy with hedge clippers comes to claim my left nut. People have thanked me for that sacrifice. I'd like to see the Sox display it at Fenway—not the real thing, a wrinkled grape or something. I would attend the ceremony and have my picture taken next to it. **VISSER:** One night I found myself on a red carpet next to Johnny Damon, who'd left in 2005 to join the dreaded Yankees. I said, "Am I supposed to speak to you?" He smiled and said, "Well, I did help bring you a World Series." Sigh.

Boston swept Colorado in the 2007 World Series, then lost in the playoffs the next two years. In 2011 they swooned down the stretch as pitchers Josh Beckett, John Lackey and Jon Lester ate fried chicken, guzzled beer and played video games in the clubhouse. In 2012 they finished last.

NOWLIN: The big move the Sox made in the disastrous 2012 season was, at first blush, a salary dump: a late-August trade with the Dodgers, swapping three huge contracts—Beckett, Carl Crawford and Adrian Gonzalez—plus Nick Punto for, essentially, some prospects. Freeing up about \$250 million while ridding the clubhouse of some perceived misfits was the kind of deal most GMs only dream of. Does chemistry matter? The Sox repopulated with "team players" Jonny Gomes, Shane Victorino, Jake Peavy and Mike Napoli.

Then, last spring, the Red Sox and their city were staggered by the Boston Marathon bombing. Before their next home game David Ortiz stood on the field at Fenway and unofficially announced the "Boston Strong" era.

DAVID ORTIZ, Sox designated hitter: [*To the crowd and the world*] This is our fucking city, and nobody's gonna dictate our freedom!

LEARY: People said the Sox were ugly—even Ortiz in his baggy uniform. But I like the baggy look. If it's good enough for Big Papi, it's good enough for me, which is a philosophy I try to follow in all of life.

JONNY GOMES, Sox outfielder: I was a journeyman. I joined them last year and saw that core group—Dustin Pedroia, David Ortiz, Jon Lester, Clay Buchholz—with a chip on their shoulder. Guys like that are the rock of the organization, and they wanted to bury the last couple of years. Once we got going, it happened quickly. We went from a team to a brotherhood. That's what the beards were all about. We had one rule: Don't shave. Your face gets so itchy you hate it, but you want that man cred—we were a bunch of salty vets getting the team back on track.

NOWLIN: Last year, for the first time in a decade, Fenway wasn't sold out for every game. But you know what? I never got that old feeling that we were bound to lose. It wasn't overconfidence—I mean, I didn't turn into a Yankees fan—but it was like a cloud had lifted.

GOMES: Were we conceited? No. Cocky, yeah. We're part of something big. I mean, you don't hear about Cardinal Nation or Yankees Nation, do you? With Red Sox Nation there's a lot of eyes on you, a lot of accountability. You gotta respect the uniform.

O'BRIEN: I watched the playoffs with my 149

son, Beckett, who's eight. I used to tell people he was named for Josh Beckett till Josh misbehaved, so I went back to Samuel Beckett, who was never seen drinking beer in the clubhouse. Anyway, playoffs—Detroit had the Sox down by four runs in the eighth inning. Ortiz comes up with the bases loaded. Beckett says, "He should hit a home run. Then they'll be tied." I said, "Beckett, baseball isn't that easy." Papi hits a grand slam, and Beckett looks at me like, "It's so simple, you fool."

LEARY: Last season I wasn't all that emotionally invested till September. Suddenly it's the World Series.

LEE: Against the Cardinals—who else?

BEN AFFLECK, actor and director: [On Twitter] I'm filming #GoneGirl in your neck of the woods. Go @RedSox!

In game four, the Cardinals had a chance to take a commanding three-games-to-one lead. Gomes came up with two on and two out in the sixth inning.

GOMES: Everything's exposed in the World Series. You may not think about the stage you're on till later, but you don't want to be the guy who loses the series.

He worked the count to 2-2, then jumped on a Seth Maness fastball.

GOMES: At contact I thought, That one's got a chance. A couple of their guys had hit balls that looked gone for sure but stayed in the park. I was watching Cardinals left fielder Matt Holliday, and he's looking up like he's got a bead on the ball, but it comes down a little past his glove—and the fence.

Three nights after Gomes's three-run homer helped the Sox even the series, they had a chance to clinch at Fenway.

LEARY: It was my first World Series in the ballpark with my son, Jack. He got his Sox DNA from me and my dad. We get to Fenway and wind up in the Yastrzemski Suite, with pictures of Yaz all over the walls. A good sign.

FRIEDMAN: And of course they win. Papi's MVP and all's right with the world.

CHRIS EVANS, actor: [On Twitter] CHAMPS!!!!!! AGAIN!!!!!! The last 12 years have been an embarrassment of riches as a Boston sports fan. Thank you, Boston. #spoiled

ELIZABETH BANKS, actor: [On Twitter] Congrats BOSTON!! #RedSox #BostonStrong #beardsbegone

TROY AIKMAN, Dallas Cowboys quarterback, 1989-2000: [On Twitter] My Little League team in the 70s was Red Sox...grew up watching Fisk, Lynn, Yaz, Rice, Tiant...congratulations to the Boston Red Sox.

GEORGE LOPEZ, actor, comedian and TV host: [On Twitter] Papi @davidortiz felicidades #Chingon

ELI ROTH, director: [On Twitter] ALL THE WAY TO LANDSDOWNE STREET!!!!!! Go @RedSox!!!!!! THANK YOU!!!!!! You made this Bear Jew very very proud to be from Beantown.

JOHN KRASINSKI, actor: [On Twitter] Aaaaaa aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! #RedSox Nation#WorldSeries#BostonStrong!!!!

O'BRIEN: Now you look in the dictionary under *championship*, and there's a picture of Jonny Gomes.

GOMES: I did my part, contributed some things. There are journeymen who get bitter and ones who know they're lucky to be in this game. I'm the kind that stays grateful and keeps truckin'.

O'BRIEN: My only problem with the new, winning Sox is their song. Neil Diamond's

"Sweet Caroline," what's that about? They couldn't get the rights to "Afternoon Delight" or Donovan's "Mellow Yellow"? But I like the beards. These are real, hardcore old-school men. They look like they're going whaling. In the offseason, they shovel coal. Meanwhile, I'm rubbing moisturizer on my hands.

LEARY: So yeah, we're winners now. My dad went to his grave wishing for a Red Sox championship, and now, my God, my son and I got three!

You still gotta hate the Yankees. That's why you'll never see me wearing a Yankees hat on *Rescue Me*. I have never put one on my head and never will. If you see me in a Yankees hat, you'll know I'm either dead or being held hostage—call the authorities.

With boyish GM Theo Epstein rebuilding the Chicago Cubs, his boyish successor, Ben Cherington, has the Red Sox on top of the baseball world.

ROSE: Cherington's done a great job puzzling that team together with secondary guys like Gomes and Shane Victorino.

O'BRIEN: Other than Papi, they're not superstars. They're guys who want to win, guys who'd go through rifle fire, bandage up their wounds and take the guy out at second.

NOWLIN: Cherington was there before Epstein. He, Theo and [former GM] Dan Duquette all valued the *Moneyball* approach that focuses on on-base percentage. The Sox work the count, grind the pitcher down until they beat him or get to the bullpen.

ROSE: But it's hard to see them winning again this year. They lost their catcher, Jarrod Saltalamacchia. They lost Jacoby Ellsbury, one of the best leadoff hitters in the game.

LYNN: Ellsbury could have taken a few million less to stay in Boston. But he's a Yankee now, and the Sox have Jackie Bradley Jr. in center at Fenway, where Jacoby and I used to play. Bradley can play center, but will he hit? As for Ellsbury, he'll do okay in New York if he gets off to a good start. Johnny Damon had the personality to handle New York, but I'm not so sure about Jacoby. And it'll sure be interesting when he comes back to Boston.

GOMES: Red Sox Nation would throw rocks at me if I said we weren't gonna win again. But there's no chance we will do it the same way again. Our center fielder is gone; we're all a year older. That's what hits you on the last day, when some of your teammates have to strip their lockers. You can never really win again because it's never the same team from year to year. It says RED SOX on your shirt, but some of the guys are different. So our mind-set's not "Let's go back-to-back." It's "Let's turn the fuckin' page." One year at a time, one win at a time.

LEE: And life goes on. These days I make maple bats, and they're beauties. Robinson Cano uses my bats. I've also got a wine called Spaceman Red, and now that laws are changing, I may start my own brand of marijuana. Spaceman pot! Believe me, it'll be out of this world.

O'BRIEN: We've won so much that it almost doesn't matter what happens this year. But talk to me again next year. If the Sox don't win, I'll be griping about the curse.



"Housekeeping, home wrecking...I do it all."



From modeling streetwear to representing Monster Energy at motocross races, Miss November 2013 Gemma Lee Farrell and her smile own the asphalt. Urban- and skate-clothing shop Moose Limited took the New Zealander around the block for a photo shoot in fresh apparel from Alife, Diamond Supply Co., Stüssy and Unif. "I like to mix it up," Gemma says of Moose's offerings, the Bunny costume and her leather Monster Girl getup. The energy-drink company has seen firsthand how Gemma attracts attention, sending her to action-sports events from L.A. to Valencia, Spain over the past four years. "Monster introduced me to a whole different world, and it has been a wild time," she says. "I'm from the smallest town ever, Pirongia. The only action sport we had was a homemade Slip 'N Slide down the gully into the river."

SHE'S THE ONE

• What do Claudia Schiffer, Bar Refaeli and Miss June 2007 Brittany Binger have in common? They are all now repped by One Management. Brittany hopes to become the next Josie Maran, the model turned cosmetics entrepreneur. "She created a brand that became an empire," Brittany says. "That's what I want."



Social Shutterfly

@MissBrittLinn, our Miss March 2014, is a bubbly woman. This is the cleanest #FriskyFriday pic to be posted on our feed this year. Soak it in.

Girl Talk

■ Arizona Sun Devil Miss April 2014 **Shanice Jordyn** visited her local Fox affiliate's studios, where she hung out with the Simpsons. Wait, is Springfield in the Grand Canyon State?



■ Miss April 2013 **Jaslyn Ome** and Miss August 2008 **Kayla Collins** ran into each other at a chic Jordan Brand event at Aria in Las Vegas. Jaslyn also watched Miss December 2009 Crystal Hefner spin records down the street at the Hard Rock Hotel.

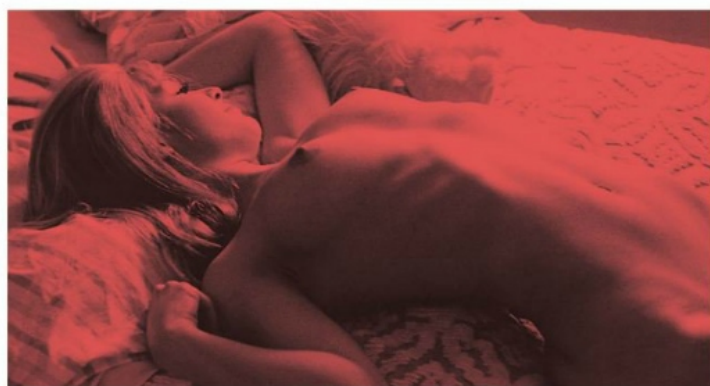


■ PMOY 2005 **Tiffany Fallon** and husband Joe Don Rooney (of Rascal Flatts) are expecting their third child. "We're so thrilled and feel so blessed to bring another little angel into our world," Rooney said.



Centerfold to Superhero

This month Lion Forge Comics is releasing a special collector's edition of the entire run of *Wonderous: The Adventures of Claire Sinclair*. The comic series features our 2011 PMOY as a medical-study volunteer who accidentally gains a dose of superpower. We anticipate steamy cosplay.



PLAYMATE FLASHBACK

Forty-five years ago we met Miss June 1969 HELENA ANTONACCIO. She's still sexy and still posing nude, as you can see in her new coffee-table book, *Helena: The Ultimate Ageless Pinup*.

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61837/68442

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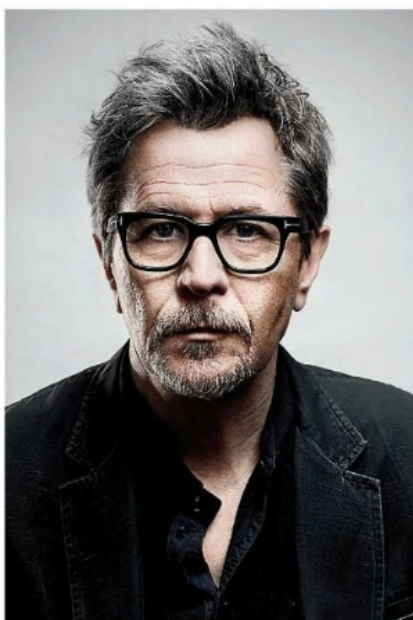
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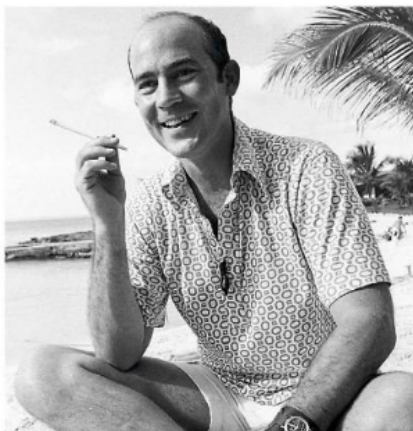
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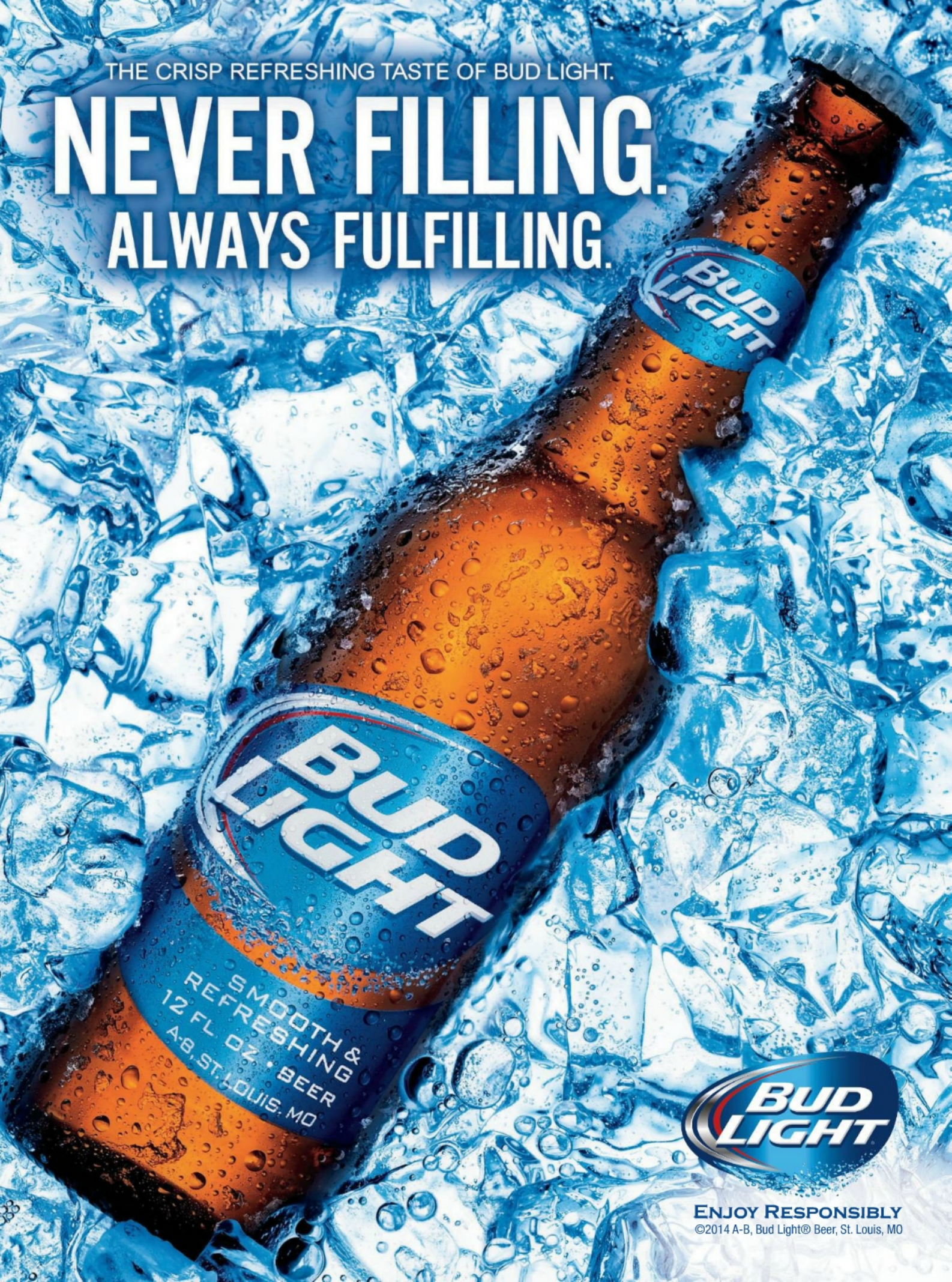
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